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MY DIARY

NORTH AND SOUTH.

BY

WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
BRADBURY AND EVANS, 11, BOUVERIE STREET.
1863.

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LONDON:
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS

TO

RICHARD QUAIN, M.D.,

These Volumes are Dedicated

IN TESTIMONY

OF

THE REGARD AND GRATITUDE

OF

THE AUTHOR.

INTRODUCTORY.

A BOOK which needs apologies ought never to have been written. This is a canon of criticism so universally accepted, that authors have abstained of late days from attempting to disarm hostility by confessions of weakness, and are almost afraid to say a prefatory word to the gentle reader.

It is not to plead in mitigation of punishment or make an appeal *ad misericordiam*, I break through the ordinary practice, but by way of introduction and explanation to those who may read these volumes, I may remark that they consist for the most part of extracts from the diaries and note-books which I assiduously kept whilst I was in the United States, as records of the events and impressions of the hour. I have been obliged to omit many passages which might cause pain or injury to individuals still living in the midst of a civil war, but the spirit of the original is preserved as far as possible, and I would entreat my readers to attribute the frequent use of the personal pronoun and personal references to the nature of the sources from which the work is derived, rather than to the vanity of the author.

Had the pages been literally transcribed, without omitting a word, the fate of one whose task it was to sift the true from the false and to avoid error in statements of fact, in a country remarkable for the extraordinary fertility with which the unreal is produced, would have excited some commiseration; but though there is much extenuated in these pages, there is not, I believe, aught set down in malice. My aim has been to retain so much relating to events passing under my eyes, or to persons who have become famous in this great struggle, as may prove interesting at present, though they did not at the time always appear in their just proportions of littleness or magnitude.

During my sojourn in the States, many stars of the first order have risen out of space or fallen into the outer darkness. The watching, trustful, millions have hailed with delight or witnessed with terror the advent of a shining planet or a splendid comet, which a little observation has resolved into watery nebulæ. In the Southern hemisphere, Bragg and Beauregard have given place to Lee and Jackson. In the North M'Dowell has faded away before M'Clellan, who having been put for a short season in eclipse by Pope, only to culminate with increased effulgence, has finally paled away before Burnside. The heroes of yesterday are the martyrs or outcasts of to-day, and no American general needs a slave behind him in the triumphal chariot to remind him that he is a mortal. Had I foreseen such rapid whirls in the wheel of fortune I might have taken more note of the men who were below, but my business was not to speculate but to describe.

The day I landed at Norfolk, a tall lean man, ill-dressed, in a slouching hat and wrinkled clothes, stood, with his arms folded and legs wide apart, against the wall of the hotel looking on the ground. One of the waiters told me it was "Professor Jackson," and I have been plagued by suspicions that in refusing an introduction which was offered to me, I missed an opportunity of making the acquaintance of the man of the stonewalls of Winchester. But, on the whole, I have been fortunate in meeting many of the soldiers and statesmen who have distinguished themselves in this unhappy war.

Although I have never for one moment seen reason to change the opinion I expressed in the first letter I wrote from the States, that the Union as it was could never be restored, I am satisfied the Free States of the North will retain and gain great advantages by the struggle, if they will only set themselves at work to accomplish their destiny, nor lose their time in sighing over vanished empire or indulging in abortive dreams of conquest and schemes of vengeance; but my readers need not expect from me any dissertations on the present or future of the great republics, which have been so loosely united by the Federal band, nor any description of the political system, social life, manners or customs of the people, beyond those which may be incidentally gathered from these pages.

It has been my fate to see Americans under their most unfavourable aspect; with all their national feelings, as well as the vices of our common humanity, exaggerated and developed by the terrible agonies of a civil war, and the throes of political revolution. Instead of the hum of industry, I heard the noise of cannon through the land. Society convulsed by cruel passions and apprehensions, and shattered by violence, presented its broken angles to the stranger, and I can readily conceive that the America I saw, was no more like the country of which her people boast so loudly, than the St. Lawrence when the ice breaks up, hurrying onwards the rugged drift and its snowy crust of crags, with hoarse roar, and crashing with irresistible force and fury to the sea, resembles the calm flow of the stately river on a summer's day.

The swarming communities and happy homes of the New England States—the most complete exhibition of the best results of the American system—it was denied me to witness; but if I was deprived of the gratification of worshipping the frigid intellectualism of Boston, I saw the effects in the field, among the men I met, of the teachings and theories of the political, moral, and religious professors, who are the chiefs of that universal Yankee nation, as they delight to call themselves, and there recognised the radical differences which must sever them for ever from a true union with the Southern States.

The contest, of which no man can predict the end or result, still rages, but notwithstanding the darkness and clouds which rest upon the scene, I place so much reliance on the innate good qualities of the great nations which are settled on the Continent of North America, as to believe they will be all the better for the sweet uses of adversity; learning to live in peace with their neighbours, adapting their institutions to their necessities, and working out, not in their old arrogance and insolence—mistaking material prosperity for good government—but in fear and trembling, the experiment on which they have cast so much discredit, and the glorious career which misfortune and folly can arrest but for a time.

W. H. RUSSELL.

London, December 8, 1862.

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MY DIARY NORTH AND SOUTH.

CHAPTER I.

Departure from Cork.—The Atlantic in March—Fellow passengers—American politics and parties—The Irish in New York—Approach to New York.

On the evening of 3rd March, 1861, I was transferred from the little steam-tender, which plies between Cork and the anchorage of the Cunard steamers at the entrance of the harbour, to the deck of the good steamship Arabia, Captain Stone; and at nightfall we were breasting the long rolling waves of the Atlantic.

The voyage across the Atlantic has been done by so many able hands, that it would be superfluous to describe mine, though it is certain no one passage ever resembled another, and no crew or set of passengers in one ship were ever identical with those in any other. For thirteen days the Atlantic followed its usual course in the month of March, and was true to the traditions which affix to it in that month the character of violence and moody changes, from bad to worse and back again. The wind was sometimes dead against us, and then the infelix Arabia with iron energy set to work, storming great Malakhofs of water, which rose above her like the side of some sward-coated hill crested with snow-drifts; and having gained the summit, and settled for an instant among the hissing sea-horses, ran plunging headlong down to the encounter of another wave, and thus went battling on with heart of fire and breath of flame—*igneus est ollis vigor*—hour after hour.

The traveller for pleasure had better avoid the Atlantic in the month of March. The wind was sometimes with us, and then the sensations of the passengers and the conduct of the ship were pretty much as they had been during the adverse breezes before, varied by the performance of a very violent "yawing" from side to side, and certain squashings of the paddle-boxes into the yeasty waters, which now ran a race with us and each other, as if bent on chasing us down, and rolling their boarding parties with foaming crests down on our decks. The boss, which we represented in the stormy shield around us, still moved on; day by day our microcosm shifted its position in the ever-advancing circle of which it was the centre, with all around and within it ever undergoing a sea change.

The Americans on board were, of course, the most interesting passengers to one like myself, who was going out to visit the great Republic under very peculiar circumstances. There was, first, Major Garnett, a Virginian, who was going back to his State to follow her fortunes. He was an officer of the regular army of the United States, who had served with distinction in Mexico; an accomplished, well-read man; reserved, and rather gloomy; full of the doctrine of States' Rights, and animated with a considerable feeling of contempt for the New Englanders, and with the strongest prejudices in favour of the institution of slavery. He laughed to scorn the doctrine that all men are born equal in the sense of all men having equal rights. Some were born to be slaves—some to be labourers in the lower strata above the slaves—others to follow useful mechanical arts—the rest were born to rule and to own their fellow-men. There was next a young Carolinian, who had left his post as attaché at St. Petersburgh to return to his State: thus, in all probability, avoiding the inevitable supercession which awaited him at the hands of the new Government at Washington. He represented, in an intensified form, all the Virginian's opinions, and held that Mr. Calhoun's interpretation of the Constitution was incontrovertibly right. There were difficulties in the way of State sovereignty, he confessed; but they were only in detail—the principle was unassailable.

To Mr. Mitchell, South Carolina represented a power quite sufficient to meet all the Northern States in arms. "The North will attempt to blockade our coast," said he; "and in that case, the South must march to the attack by land, and will probably act in Virginia." "But if the North attempts to do more than institute a blockade?—for instance, if their fleet attack your seaport towns, and land men to occupy them?" "Oh, in that case, we are quite certain of beating them." Mr. Julian Mitchell was indignant at the idea of submitting to the rule of a "rail-splitter," and of such men as Seward and Cameron. "No gentleman could tolerate such a Government."

An American family from Nashville, consisting of a lady and her son and daughter, were warm advocates of a "gentlemanly" government, and derided the Yankees with great bitterness. But they were by no means as ready to encounter the evils of war, or to break up the Union, as the South-Carolinian or the Virginian; and in that respect they represented, I was told, the negative feelings of the Border States, which are disposed to a temporising, moderate course of action, most distasteful to the passionate seceders.

There were also two Louisiana sugar-planters on board—one owning 500 slaves, the other rich in some thousands of acres; they seemed to care very little for the political aspects of the question of Secession, and regarded it merely in reference to its bearing on the sugar crop, and the security of slave property. Secession was regarded by them as a very extreme and violent measure, to which the State had resorted with reluctance; but it was obvious, at the same time, that, in event of a general secession of the Slave States from the North, Louisiana could neither have maintained her connection with the North, nor have stood in isolation from her sister States.

All these, and some others who were fellow passengers, might be termed Americans—*pur sang*. Garnett belonged to a very old family in Virginia. Mitchell came from a stock of several generations' residence in South Carolina. The Tennessee family were, in speech and thought, types of what Europeans consider true Americans to be. Now take the other side. First there was an exceedingly intelligent, well-informed young merchant of New York—nephew of an English county Member, known for his wealth, liberality, and munificence. Educated at a university in the Northern States, he had lived a good deal in England, and was returning to his father from a course of book-keeping in the house of his uncle's firm in Liverpool. His father and uncle were born near Coleraine, and he had just been to see the humble dwelling, close to the Giant's Causeway, which sheltered their youth, and where their race was cradled. In the war of 1812, the brothers were about sailing in a privateer fitted out to prey against the British, when accident fixed one of them in Liverpool, where he founded the house which has grown so greatly with the development of trade between New York and Lancashire, whilst the other settled in the States. Without being violent in tone, the young Northerner was very resolute in temper, and determined to do all which lay in his power to prevent the "glorious Union" being broken up.

The "Union" has thus founded on two continents a family of princely wealth, whose originals had probably fought with bitterness in their early youth against the union of Great Britain and Ireland. But did Mr. Brown, or the other Americans who shared his views, unreservedly approve of American institutions, and consider them faultless? By no means. The New Yorkers especially were eloquent on the evils of the suffrage, and of the licence of the Press in their own city; and displayed much irritation on the subject of naturalisation. The Irish were useful, in their way, making roads and working hard, for there were few Americans who condescended to manual labour, or who could not make far more money in higher kinds of work; but it was absurd to give the Irish votes which they used to destroy the influence of native-born citizens, and to sustain a corporation and local bodies of unsurpassable turpitude, corruption, and inefficiency.

Another young merchant, a college friend of the former, was just returning from a tour in Europe with [illegible] ...ster. His father was the son of an Irish [illegible] he did not at all differ from the [illegible] of his city in the estimate in which [illegible] element, and though he had no [illegible] or other, he was quite resolved to [illegible] ...sion called the Union, and its repre- [illegible] Federal Government. Thus the [illegible] trader, the grower of raw produce [illegible] dealt [illegible] were at opposite [illegible] wide apart as the Northern and [illegible] sat apart, ate apart, talked [illegible] with intense antipathies on [illegible] which was active and aggressive vi[illegible] reluctance, [illegible] a strange charge de plus in event of [illegible] years that the regular army the North, [illegible] composed of Irish and connection [illegible] ...ered being low enough, from her sister S[illegible] take the shilling."

All these, and [illegible] gentlemen think gers, might be termed [illegible] ...ould," they say, belonged to a very [illegible] South, and the came from a stock of [illegible] ...ed by fellows South Carolina. The T[illegible] ..." Poor and thought, types of [illegible] Americans to be. Now [illegible] was an exceedingly int[illegible] merchant of New York—[illegible] Member, known for his we[illegible] cence. Educated at a uni[illegible] States, he had lived a good de[illegible] returning to his father from a [illegible] in the house of his uncle's firm [illegible]

Government. But can it come to War? Mr. Mitchell assures me I shall see some "pretty tall fighting."

The most vehement Northerners in the steamer are Germans, who are going to the States for the first time, or returning there. They have become satisfied, no doubt, by long process of reasoning, that there is some anomaly in the condition of a country which calls itself the land of liberty, and is at the same time the potent palladium of serfdom and human chattelry. When they are not sea-sick, which is seldom, the Teutons rise up in all the might of their misery and dirt, and, making spasmodic efforts to smoke, blurt out between the puffs, or in moody intervals, sundry remarks on American politics. "These are the swine," quoth Garnett, "who are swept out of German gutters as too foul for them, and who come over to the States and presume to control the fate and the wishes of our people. In their own country they proved they were incapable of either earning a living, or exercising the duties of citizenship; and they seek in our country a licence denied them in their own, and the means of living which they could not acquire anywhere else."

And for myself I may truly say this, that no man ever set foot on the soil of the United States with a stronger and sincerer desire to ascertain and to tell the truth, [illegible] appeared to him. I had no theories to uphold, no [illegible] to subserve, no interests to advance, no [illegible] to fulfil; I was a free agent, bound to [illegible] the powerful organ of public opinion [illegible] own daily impressions of the men, [illegible] around me, without fear, favour, [illegible] for anything but that which seemed the truth. As to the questions which were distracting the States, my mind was a *tabula rasa*, or, rather, *tabula non scripta*. I felt indisposed to view with favour a rebellion against one of the established and recognised governments of the world, which, though not friendly to Great Britain, nor opposed to slavery, was without, so far as I could see, any legitimate cause of revolt, or any injury or grievance, perpetrated or imminent, assailed by States still less friendly to us, which the slave States, pure and simple, certainly were and probably are. At the same time, I knew that these were grounds which I could justly take, whilst they would not be tenable by an American, who is by the theory on which he revolted from us and created his own system of government, bound to recognise the principle that the discontent of the popular majority with its rulers, is ample ground and justification for revolution.

It was on the morning of the fourteenth day that the shores of New York loomed through the drift of a cold wintry sea, leaden-grey and comfortless, and in a little time more the coast, covered with snow, rose in sight. Towards the afternoon the sun came out and brightened the waters and the sails of the pretty trim schooners and coasters which were dancing around us. How different the graceful, tautly-rigged, clean, white-sailed vessels from the round-sterned, lumpish billyboys and nondescripts of the eastern coast of our isle! Presently there came bowling down towards us a lively little schooner-yacht, very like the once famed "America," brightly painted in green, sails dazzling white, lofty ponderous masts, no tops. As she came nearer, we saw she was crowded with men in chimney-pot black hats, and coats, and the like—perhaps a party of citizens on pleasure, cold as the day was. Nothing of the kind. The craft was our pilot-boat, and the hats and coats belonged to the hardy mariners who act as guides to the port of New York. Their boat was lowered, and was soon under our mainchains; and a chimney-pot hat having duly come over the side, delivered a mass of newspapers to the captain, which were distributed among the eager passengers, when each at once became the centre of a spell-bound circle.

CHAPTER II.

Arrival at New York—Custom house—General impressions as to North and South—Street in New York—Hotel—Breakfast—American women and men—Visit to Mr. Bancroft—Street railways.

The entrance to New York, as it was seen by us on 16th March, is not remarkable for beauty or picturesque scenery, and I incurred the ire of several passengers, because I could not consistently say it was very pretty. It was difficult to distinguish through the snow the villas and country houses, which are said to be so charming in summer. But beyond these rose a forest of masts close by a low shore of brick houses and blue roofs, above the level of which again spires of churches and domes and cupolas announced a great city. On our left, at the narrowest part of the entrance, there was a very powerful casemated work of fine close stone, in three tiers, something like Fort Paul at Sebastopol, built close to the water's edge, and armed on all the faces—apparently a tetragon with bastions. Extensive works were going on at the ground above it, which rises rapidly from the water to a height of more than a hundred feet, and the rudiments of an extensive work and heavily armed earthen parapets could be seen from the channel. On the right hand, crossing its fire with that of the batteries and works on our left, there was another regular stone fort with fortified enceinte, and higher up the channel, as it widens to the city on the same side, I could make out a smaller fort on the water's edge. The situation of the city renders it susceptible of powerful defence from the sea-side, and even now it would be hazardous to run the gauntlet of the batteries unless in powerful iron-clad ships favoured by wind and tide, which could hold the place at their mercy. Against a wooden fleet New York is now all but secure, save under exceptional circumstances in favour of the assailants.

It was dark as the steamer hauled up alongside the wharf on the New Jersey side of the river; but ere the sun set I could form some idea of the activity and industry of the people from the enormous ferry-boats moving backwards and forwards like arks on the water, impelled by the great walking-beam engines, the crowded stream full of merchantmen, steamers, and small craft, the smoke of the factories, the tall chimneys—the net-work of boats and rafts—all the evidences of commercial life in full development. What a swarming, eager crowd on the quay-wall! what a wonderful ragged regiment of labourers and porters, hailing us in broken or Hibernianized English! "These are all Irish and Germans," anxiously explained a New Yorker. "I'll bet fifty dollars there's not a native-born American among them."

With Anglo-Saxon disregard of official insignia, American Custom House officers dress very much like their British brethren, without any sign of authority as faint as even the brass button and crown, so that the stranger is somewhat uneasy when he sees unauthorised-looking people taking liberties with his plunder, especially after the admonitions he has received on board ship to look sharp about his things as soon as he lands. I was provided with an introduction to one of the principal officers, and he facilitated my egress, and at last I was bundled out through a gate into a dark alley, ankle deep in melted snow and mud, where I was at once engaged in a brisk encounter with my Irish porterhood, and, after a long struggle, succeeded in stowing my effects in and about a remarkable specimen of the hackney-coach of the last century, very high in the axle, and weak in the springs, which plashed down towards the river through a crowd of men shouting out, "You haven't paid me yet, yer honour. You haven't given anything to your own man that's been waiting here the last six months for your honour!" "*I'm* the man that put the lugidge up, sir," &c., &c. The coach darted on board a great steam ferry-boat, which had on deck a number of similar vehicles, and omnibuses, and the gliding, shifting lights, and the deep, strong breathing of the engine, told me I was moving and afloat before I was otherwise aware of it. A few minutes brought us over to the lights on the New York side—a jerk or two up a steep incline—and we were rattling over a most abominable pavement, plunging into mud-holes, squashing through snow-heaps in ill-lighted, narrow streets of low, mean-looking, wooden houses, of which an unusual proportion appeared to be lager-bier saloons, whisky-shops, oyster-houses, and billiard and smoking establishments.

The crowd on the pavement were very much what a stranger would be likely to see in a very bad part of London, Antwerp, or Hamburg, with a dash of the noisy exuberance which proceeds from the high animal spirits that defy police regulations and are superior to police force, called "rowdyism." The drive was long and tortuous; but by degrees the character of the thoroughfares and streets improved. At last we turned into a wide street with very tall houses, alternating with far humbler erections, blazing with lights, gay with shop-windows, thronged in spite of the mud with well-dressed people, and pervaded by strings of omnibuses—Oxford Street was nothing to it for length. At intervals there towered up a block of brickwork and stucco with long rows of windows lighted up tier above tier, and a swarming crowd passing in and out of the portals, which were recognised as the barrack-like glory of American civilisation — a Broadway monster hotel. More oyster-shops, lager-bier saloons, concert-rooms of astounding denominations, with external decorations very much in the style of the booths at Bartholomew Fair — churches, restaurants, confectioners, private-houses! again another series— they cannot go on expanding for ever. The coach at last drives into a large square, and lands me at the Clarendon Hotel.

Whilst I was crossing the sea, the President's Inaugural Message, the composition of which is generally attributed to Mr. Seward, had been delivered, and had reached Europe, and the causes which were at work in destroying the cohesion of the Union, had acquired greater strength and violence.

Whatever force "the declaration of causes which induced the Secession of South Carolina" might have for Carolinians, it could not influence a foreigner who knew nothing at all of the rights, sovereignty, and individual independence of a state, which, however, had no right to make war or peace, to coin money, or enter into treaty obligations with any other country. The South Carolinian was nothing to us, *quoad* South Carolina—he was merely a citizen of the United States, and we knew no more of him in any other capacity than a French authority would know of a British subject as a Yorkshireman or a Munsterman.

But the moving force of revolution is neither reason nor justice—it is most frequently passion—it is often interest. The American, when he seeks to prove that the Southern States have no right to revolt from a confederacy of states created by revolt, has by the principles on which he justifies his own revolution, placed between himself and the European a great gulf in the level of argument. According to the deeds and words of Americans, it is difficult to see why South Carolina should not use the rights claimed for each of the thirteen colonies, "to alter and abolish a form of government when it becomes destructive of the ends for which it is established, and to institute a new one." And the people must be left to decide the question as regards their own government for themselves, or the principle is worthless. The arguments, however, which are now going on are fast tending towards the *ultima ratio regum*. At present I find public attention is concentrated on the two Federal forts, Pickens and Sumter, called after two officers of the revolutionary armies in the old war. As Alabama and South Carolina have gone out, they now demand the possession of these forts, as of the soil of their several states and attached to their sovereignty. On the other hand, the Government of Mr. Lincoln considers it has no right to give up any thing belonging to the Federal Government, but evidently desires to temporize and evade any decision which might precipitate an attack on the forts by the batteries and forces prepared to act against them. There is not sufficient garrison in either for an adequate defence, and the difficulty of procuring supplies is very great. Under the circumstances every one is asking what the Government is going to do? The Southern people have declared they will resist any attempt to supply or reinforce the garrisons, and in Charleston, at least, have shown they mean to keep their word. It is a strange situation. The Federal Government, afraid to speak, and unable to act, is leaving its soldiers to do as they please. In some instances, officers of rank, such as General Twiggs, have surrendered everything to the State authorities, and the treachery and secession of many officers in the army and navy no doubt paralyze and intimidate the civilians at the head of affairs.

Sunday, 17*th March*.—The first thing I saw this morning, after a vision of a waiter pretending to brush my clothes with a feeble twitch composed of fine fibre had vanished, was a procession of men, forty or fifty perhaps, preceded by a small band (by no excess of compliment can I say, of music), trudging through the cold and slush two and two: they wore shamrocks, or the best resemblance thereto which the American soil can produce, in their hats, and green silk sashes emblazoned with crownless harp upon their coats, but it needed not these insignia to tell they were Irishmen, and their solemn mien indicated that they were going to mass. It was agreeable to see them so well clad and respectable looking, though occasional hats seemed as if they had just recovered from severe contusions, and others had the picturesque irregularity of outline now and then observable in the old country. The aspect of the street was irregular, and its abnormal look was increased by the air of the passers-by, who at that hour were domestics — very finely dressed negroes, Irish, or German. The coloured ladies made most elaborate toilettes, and as they held up their broad crinolines over the mud looked not unlike double-stemmed mushrooms. "They're concayted poor craythures them niggirs, male and faymale," was the remark of the waiter as he saw me watching them. "There seem to be no sparrows in the streets," said I. "Sparras!" he exclaimed; "and then how did you think a little baste of a sparra could fly across the ochean?" I felt rather ashamed of myself.

And so down-stairs where there was a *table d'hôte* room, with great long tables covered with cloths, plates, and breakfast apparatus, and a smaller room inside, to which I was directed by one of the white-jacketted waiters. Breakfast over, visitors began to drop in. At the "office" of the hotel, as it is styled, there is a tray of blank cards and a big pencil, whereby the cardless man who is visiting is enabled to send you his name and title. There is a comfortable "reception room," in which he can remain and read the papers, if you are engaged, so that there is little chance of your ultimately escaping him. And, indeed, not one of those who came had any but most hospitable intents.

Out of doors the weather was not tempting. The snow lay in irregular layers and discoloured mounds along the streets, and the gutters gorged with "snow-bree" flooded the broken pavement. But after a time the crowds began to issue from the churches, and it was announced as the necessity of the day, that we were to walk up and down the Fifth Avenue and look at each other. This is the west-end of London—its Belgravia and Grosvenoria represented in one long street, with offshoots of inferior dignity at right angles to it. Some of the houses are handsome, but the greater number have a compressed, squeezed-up aspect, which arises from the compulsory narrowness of frontage in proportion to the height of the building, and all of them are bright and new, as if they were just finished to order,—a most astonishing proof of the rapid development of the city. As the hall door is made an important feature in the residence, the front parlour is generally a narrow, lanky apartment, struggling for existence between the hall and the partition of the next house. The outer door, which is always provided with fine carved panels and mouldings, is of some rich varnished wood, and looks much better than our painted doors. It is generously thrown open so as to show an inner door with curtains and plate glass. The windows, which are double on account of the climate, are frequently of plate glass also. Some of the doors are on the same level as the street, with a basement story beneath; others are approached by flights of steps, the basement for servants having the entrance below the steps, and this, I believe, is the old Dutch fashion, and the name of "stoop" is still retained for it.

No liveried servants are to be seen about the streets, the doorways, or the area-steps. Black faces in gaudy caps, or an unmistakeable "Biddy" in crinoline are their substitutes. The chief charm of the street was the living ornature which moved up and down the *trottoirs.* The costumes of Paris, adapted to the severity of this wintry weather, were draped round pretty, graceful figures which, if wanting somewhat in that rounded fulness of the Medicean Venus, or in height, were *svelte* and well poised. The French boot has been driven off the field by the Balmoral, better suited to the snow; and one must at once admit—all prejudices notwithstanding—that the American woman is not only well shod and well gloved, but that she has no reason to fear comparisons in foot or hand with any daughter of Eve, except, perhaps, the Hindoo.

The great and most frequent fault of the stranger in any land is that of generalising from a few facts. Every one must feel there are "pretty days" and "ugly days" in the world, and that his experience on the one would lead him to conclusions very different from that to which he would arrive on the other. To-day I am quite satisfied that if the American women are deficient in stature and in that which makes us say, "There is a fine woman," they are easy, well formed, and full of grace and prettiness. Admitting a certain pallor—which the Russians, by the bye, were wont to admire so much that they took vinegar to produce it—the face is not only pretty, but sometimes of extraordinary beauty, the features fine, delicate, well defined. Ruby lips, indeed, are seldom to be seen, but now and then the flashing of snowy-white evenly-set ivory teeth dispels the delusion that the Americans are—though the excellence of their dentists be granted—naturally ill provided with what they take so much pains, by eating bon-bons and confectionery, to deprive of their purity and colour.

My friend R——, with whom I was walking, knew every one in the Fifth Avenue, and we worked our way through a succession of small talk nearly as far as the end of the street which runs out among divers places in the State of New York, through a *débris* of unfinished conceptions in masonry. The abrupt transition of the city into the country is not unfavourable to an idea that the Fifth Avenue might have been transported from some great workshop, where it had been built to order by a despot, and dropped among the Red men: indeed, the immense growth of New York in this direction, although far inferior to that of many parts of London, is remarkable as the work of eighteen or twenty years, and is rendered more conspicuous by being developed in this elongated street, and its contingents. I was introduced to many persons to-day, and was only once or twice asked how I liked New York; perhaps I anticipated the question by expressing my high opinion of the Fifth Avenue. Those to whom I spoke had generally something to say in reference to the troubled condition of the country, but it was principally of a self-complacent nature. "I suppose, sir, you are rather surprised, coming from Europe, to find us so quiet here in New York: we are a peculiar people, and you don't understand us in Europe."

In the afternoon I called on Mr. Bancroft, formerly minister to England, whose work on America must be rather rudely interrupted by this crisis. Anything with an "ex" to it in America is of little weight—ex-presidents are nobodies, though they have had the advantage, during their four years' tenure of office, of being prayed for as long as they live. So it is of ex-ministers, whom nobody prays for at all. Mr. Bancroft conversed for some time on the aspect of affairs, but he appeared to be unable to arrive at any settled conclusion, except that the republic, though in danger, was the most stable and beneficial form of government in the world, and that as a Government it had no power to coerce the people of the South or to save itself from the danger. I was indeed astonished to hear from him and others so much philosophical abstract reasoning as to the right of seceding, or, what is next to it, the want of any power in the Government to prevent it.

Returning home in order to dress for dinner, I got into a street-railway-car, a long low omnibus drawn by horses over a *strada ferrata* in the middle of the street. It was filled with people of all classes, and at every crossing some one or other rang the bell, and the driver stopped to let out or to take in passengers, whereby the unoffending traveller became possessed of much snow-droppings and mud on boots and clothing. I found that by far a greater inconvenience caused by these street-railways was the destruction of all comfort or rapidity in ordinary carriages.

I dined with a New York banker, who gave such a dinner as bankers generally give all over the world. He is a man still young, very kindly, hospitable, well-informed, with a most charming household—an American by theory, an Englishman in instincts and tastes—educated in Europe, and sprung from British stock. Considering the enormous interests he has at stake, I was astonished to perceive how calmly he spoke of the impending troubles. His friends, all men of position in New York society, had the same dilettante tone, and were as little anxious for the future, or excited by the present, as a party of *savans* chronicling the movements of a "magnetic storm."

On going back to the hotel, I heard that Judge Daly and some gentlemen had called to request that I would dine with the Friendly Society of St. Patrick to-morrow at Astor House. In what is called "the bar," I met several gentlemen, one of whom said, "the majority of the people of New York, and all the respectable people, were disgusted at the election of such a fellow as Lincoln to be President, and would back the Southern States, if it came to a split."

CHAPTER III.

"St. Patrick's day" in New York—Public dinner—American Constitution—General topics of conversation—Public estimate of the Government—Evening party at Mons. B——'s.

Monday, 18*th*.—"St. Patrick's day in the morning" being on the 17th, was kept by the Irish to-day. In the early morning the sounds of drumming, fifing, and bugling came with the hot water and my Irish attendant into the room. He told me: "We'll have a pretty nice day for it. The weather's often agin us on St. Patrick's day." At the angle of the square outside I saw a company of volunteers assembling. They wore bear-skin caps, some turned brown, and rusty green coatees, with white facings and crossbelts, a good deal of gold-lace and heavy worsted epaulettes, and were armed with ordinary muskets, some of them with flint-locks. Over their heads floated a green and gold flag with mystic emblems, and a harp and sunbeams. A gentleman, with an imperfect seat on horseback, which justified a suspicion that he was not to the manner born of Squire or Squireen, with much difficulty was getting them into line, and endangering his personal safety by a large infantry-sword, the hilt of which was complicated with the bridle of his charger in some inexplicable manner. This gentleman was the officer in command of the martial body, who were gathering to do honour to the festival of the old country, and the din and clamour in the streets, the strains of music, and the tramp of feet outside announced that similar associations were on their way to the rendezvous. The waiters in the hotel, all of whom were Irish, had on their best, and wore an air of pleased importance. Many of their countrymen outside on the pavement exhibited very large decorations, plates of metal, and badges attached to broad ribands over their left breasts.

After breakfast I struggled with a friend through the crowd which thronged Union Square. Bless them! They were all Irish, judging from speech, and gesture, and look; for the most part decently dressed, and comfortable, evidently bent on enjoying the day in spite of the cold, and proud of the privilege of interrupting all the trade of the principal streets, in which the Yankees most do congregate, for the day. They were on the door-steps, and on the pavement men, women, and children, admiring the big policemen—many of them compatriots—and they swarmed at the corners, cheering popular town-councillors or local celebrities. Broadway was equally full. Flags were flying from the windows and steeples—and on the cold breeze came the hammering of drums, and the blasts of many wind instruments. The display, such as it was, partook of a military character, though not much more formidable in that sense than the march of the Trades Unions, or of Temperance Societies. Imagine Broadway lined for the long miles of its course by spectators mostly Hibernian, and the great gaudy stars and stripes, or as one of the Secession journals I see styles it, the "Sanguinary United States Gridiron"—waving in all directions, whilst up its centre in the mud march the children of Erin.

First came the acting Brigadier-General and his staff, escorted by 40 lancers, very ill-dressed, and worse mounted; horses dirty, accoutrements in the same condition, bits, bridles, and buttons rusty and tarnished; uniforms ill-fitting, and badly put on. But the red flags and the show pleased the crowd, and they cheered "bould Nugent" right loudly. A band followed, some members of which had been evidently "smiling" with each other; and next marched a body of drummers in military uniform, rattling away in the French fashion. Here comes the 69th N. Y. State Militia Regiment—the battalion which would not turn out when the Prince of Wales was in New York, and whose Colonel, Corcoran, is still under court martial for his refusal. Well, the Prince had no loss, and the Colonel may have had other besides political reasons for his dislike to parade his men.

The regiment turned out, I should think, only 200 or 220 men, fine fellows enough, but not in the least like soldiers or militia. The United States uniform which most of the military bodies wore, consists of a blue tunic and trousers, and a kepi-like cap, with "U. S." in front for undress. In full dress the officers wear large gold epaulettes, and officers and men a bandit-sort of felt hat looped up at one side, and decorated with a plume of black-ostrich feathers and silk cords. The absence of facings, and the want of something to finish off the collar and cuffs, render the tunic very bald and unsightly. Another band closed the rear of the 69th, and to eke out the military show, which in all was less than 1,200 men, some companies were borrowed from another regiment of State Militia, and a troop of very poor cavalry cleared the way for the Napper-Tandy Artillery, which actually had three whole guns with them! It was strange to dwell on some of the names of the societies which followed. For instance, there were the "Dungannon Volunteers of '82," prepared of course to vindicate the famous declaration that none should make laws for Ireland, but the Queen, Lords, and Commons of Ireland! Every honest Catholic among them ignorant of the fact that the Volunteers of '82 were all Protestants. Then there was the "Sarsfield Guard!" One cannot conceive anything more hateful to the fiery high-spirited cavalier, than the republican form of Government, which these poor Irishmen are, they think, so fond of. A good deal of what passes for national sentiment, is in reality dislike to England and religious animosity.

It was much more interesting to see the long string of Benevolent, Friendly and Provident Societies, with bands, numbering many thousands, all decently clad, and marching in order with banners, insignia, badges and ribands, and the Irish flag flying along side the "stars and stripes." I cannot congratulate them on the taste or good effect of their accessories —on their symbolical standards, and ridiculous old harpers, carried on stages in "bardic costume," very like artificial white wigs and white cotton dressing-gowns, but the actual good done by these societies, is, I am told, very great, and their charity would cover far greater sins than incorrectness of dress, and a proneness to "piper's playing on the national bagpipes." The various societies mustered upwards of 10,000 men, some of them uniformed and armed, others dressed in quaint garments, and all as noisy as music and talking could make them. The Americans appeared to regard the whole thing very much as an ancient Roman might have looked on the Saturnalia; but Paddy was in the ascendant, and could not be openly trifled with.

The crowds remained in the streets long after the procession had passed, and I saw various pickpockets captured by the big policemen, and conveyed to appropriate receptacles. "Was there any man of eminence in that procession," I asked. "No; a few small local politicians, some wealthy store-keepers, and beer-saloon owners perhaps; but the mass were of the small bourgeoisie. Such a man as Mr. O'Conor, who may be considered at the head of the New York bar for instance, would not take part in it."

In the evening I went, according to invitation, to the Astor House—a large hotel, with a front like a railway terminus, in the Americo-Classical style, with great Doric columns and portico, and found, to my surprise, that the friendly party was to be a great public dinner. The halls were filled with the company, few or none in evening dress; and in a few minutes I was presented to at least twenty-four gentlemen, whose names I did not even hear. The use of badges, medals, and ribands, might, at first, lead a stranger to believe he was in very distinguished military society; but he would soon learn that these insignia were the decorations of benevolent or convivial associations. There is a latent taste for these things in spite of pure republicanism. At the dinner there were Americans of Dutch and English descent, some "Yankees," one or two Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Welchmen. The chairman, Judge Daly, was indeed a true son of the soil, and his speeches were full of good humour, fluency, and wit; but his greatest effect was produced by the exhibition of a tuft of shamrocks in a flower pot, which had been sent from Ireland for the occasion. This is done annually, but, like the miracle of St. Januarius, it never loses its effect, and always touches the heart.

I confess it was to some extent curiosity to observe the sentiment of the meeting, and a desire to see how Irishmen were affected by the change in their climate, which led me to the room. I came away regretting deeply that so many natives of the British Isles should be animated with a hostile feeling towards England, and that no statesman has yet arisen who can devise a panacea for the evils of these passionate and unmeaning differences between races and religions. Their strong antipathy is not diminished by the impossibility of gratifying it. They live in hope, and certainly the existence of these feelings is not only troublesome to American statesmen, but mischievous to the Irish themselves, inasmuch as they are rendered with unusual readiness the victims of agitators or political intriguers. The Irish element, as it is called, is much regarded in voting times, by suffraging bishops and others; at other times, it is left to its work and its toil—Mr. Seward and Bishop Hughes are supposed to be its present masters. Undoubtedly the mass of those I saw to-day were better clad than they would have been if they remained at home. As I said in the speech which I was forced to make much against my will, by the gentle violence of my companions, never had I seen so many good hats and coats in an assemblage of Irishmen in any other part of the world.

March 19. The morning newspapers contain reports of last night's speeches which are amusing in one respect, at all events, as affording specimens of the different versions which may be given of the same matter. A "citizen" who was kind enough to come in to shave me, paid me some easy compliments, in the manner of the "Barber of Seville," on what he termed the "oration" of the night before, and then proceeded to give his notions of the merits and defects of the American Constitution. "He did not care much about the Franchise—it was given to too many he thought. A man must be five years resident in New York before he is admitted to the privileges of voting. When an emigrant arrived, a paper was delivered to him to certify the fact, which he produced after a lapse of five years, when he might be registered as a voter; if he omitted the process of registration, he could however vote if identified by two householders, and a low lot," observed the barber, "they are—Irish and such like. I don't want any of their votes."

In the afternoon a number of gentlemen called, and made the kindest offers of service; letters of introduction to all parts of the States; facilities of every description—all tendered with frankness.

I was astonished to find little sympathy and no respect for the newly installed Government. They were regarded as obscure or undistinguished men. I alluded to the circumstance that one of the journals continued to speak of "The President" in the most contemptuous manner, and to designate him as the great "Rail-

Splitter." "Oh yes," said the gentleman with whom I was conversing, "that must strike you as a strange way of mentioning the Chief Magistrate of our great Republic, but the fact is, no one minds what the man writes of any one, his game is to abuse every respectable man in the country in order to take his revenge on them for his social exclusion, and at the same time to please the ignorant masses who delight in vituperation and scandal."

In the evening, dining again with my friend the banker, I had a favourable opportunity of hearing more of the special pleading which is brought to bear on the solution of the gravest political questions. It would seem as if a council of physicians were wrangling with each other over abstract dogmas respecting life and health, whilst their patient was struggling in the agonies of death before them! In the comfortable and well-appointed house wherein I met several men of position, acquirements, and natural sagacity, there was not the smallest evidence of uneasiness on account of circumstances which, to the eye of a stranger, betokened an awful crisis, if not the impending dissolution of society itself. Stranger still, the acts which are bringing about such a calamity are not regarded with disfavour, or, at least, are not considered unjustifiable.

Among the guests were the Hon. Horatio Seymour, a former Governor of the State of New York; Mr. Tylden, an acute lawyer; and Mr. Bancroft; the result left on my mind by their conversation and arguments was that, according to the Constitution, the Government could not employ force to prevent secession, or to compel States which had seceded by the will of the people to acknowledge the Federal power. In fact, according to them, the Federal Government was the mere machine put forward by a Society of Sovereign States, as a common instrument for certain ministerial acts, more particularly those which affected the external relations of the Confederation. I do not think that any of the guests sought to turn the channel of talk upon politics, but the occasion offered itself to Mr. Horatio Seymour to give me his views of the Constitution of the United States, and by degrees the theme spread over the table. I had bought the "Constitution" for three cents in Broadway in the forenoon, and had read it carefully, but I could not find that it was self-expounding; it referred itself to the Supreme Court, but what was to support the Supreme Court in a contest with armed power, either of Government or people? There was not a man who maintained the Government had any power to coerce the people of a State, or to force a State to remain in the Union, or under the action of the Federal Government; in other words, the symbol of power at Washington is not at all analogous to that which represents an established Government in other countries. *Quid prosunt leges sine armis?* Although they admitted the Southern leaders had meditated "the treason against the Union" years ago, they could not bring themselves to allow their old opponents, the Republicans now in power, to dispose of the armed force of the Union against their brother democrats in the Southern States.

Mr. Seymour is a man of compromise, but his views go farther than those which were entertained by his party ten years ago. Although secession would produce revolution, it was, nevertheless, "a right," founded on abstract principles, which could scarcely be abrogated consistently with due regard to the original compact. One of the company made a remark which was true enough, I dare say. We were talking of the difficulty of relieving Fort Sumter—an infallible topic just now. "If the British or any foreign power were threatening the fort," said he, "our Government would find means of relieving it fast enough." In fact, the Federal Government is groping in the dark; and whilst its friends are telling it to advance boldly, there are myriad voices shrieking out in its ears, "If you put out a foot you are lost." There is neither army nor navy available, and the ministers have no machinery of rewards, and means of intrigue, or modes of gaining adherents known to European administrations. The democrats behold with silent satisfaction the troubles into which the republican triumph has plunged the country, and are not at all disposed to extricate them. The most notable way of impeding their efforts is to knock them down with the "Constitution" every time they rise to the surface and begin to swim out.

New York society, however, is easy in its mind just now, and the upper world of millionaire merchants, bankers, contractors, and great traders are glad that the vulgar republicans are suffering for their success. Not a man there but resented the influence given by universal suffrage to the mob of the city, and complained of the intolerable effects of their ascendancy—of the corruption of the municipal bodies, the venality of electors and elected, and the abuse, waste, and profligate outlay of the public funds. Of these there were many illustrations given to me, garnished with historiettes of some of the civic dignitaries, and of their coadjutors in the press; but it did not require proof that universal suffrage in a city of which perhaps three-fourths of the voters were born abroad or of foreign parents, and of whom many were the scum swept off the seethings of European populations, must work most injuriously on property and capital. I confess it is to be much wondered at that the consequences are not more evil; but no doubt the time is coming when the mischief can no longer be borne, and a social reform and revolution must be inevitable.

Within only a very few hundreds of yards from the house and picture-gallery of Mons. B——, the representative of European millions, are the hovels and lodgings of his equals in political power. This evening I visited the house of Mons. B——, where his wife had a reception, to which nearly the whole of the party went. When a man looks at a suit of armour made to order by the first blacksmith in Europe, he observes that the finish of the joints and hinges is much higher than in the old iron clothes of the former time. Possibly the metal is better, and the chasings and garniture as good as the work of Milan, but the observer is not for a moment led to imagine that the fabric has stood proof of blows, or that it smacks of ancient watch-fire. If he were asked why it is so, he could not tell; any more perhaps than he could define exactly the difference between the lustrous, highly-jewelled, well-greaved Achaian of New York and the very less effective and showy creature who will in every society over the world pass muster as a gentleman. Here was an elegant house—I use the word in its real meaning—with pretty statues, rich carpets, handsome furniture, and a gallery of charming Meissoniers and genre pieces; the saloons admirably lighted—a fair fine large suite, filled with the prettiest women in the most delightful toilettes, with a proper fringe of young men, orderly, neat, and well turned-out, fretting against the usual advanced posts of turbaned and jewelled dowagers, and provided with every accessary to make the whole good society; for there was wit, sense, intelligence, vivacity; and yet there was something wanting—not in host or hostess, or company, or house—where was it?—which was conspicuous by its absence. Mr. Bancroft was kind enough to introduce me to the most lovely faces and figures, and so far enabled me to judge that nothing could be more beautiful, easy, or natural than the womanhood or girlhood of New York. It is prettiness rather than fineness; regular, intelligent, wax-like faces, graceful little figures; none of the grandiose Roman type which Von Raumer recognised in London, as in the Holy City, a quarter of a century ago. Natheless, the young men of New York ought to be thankful and grateful, and try to be worthy of it. Late in the evening I saw these same young men, Novi Eboracenses, at their club, dicing for drinks and oathing for nothing, and all very friendly and hospitable.

The club-house is remarkable as the mansion of a happy man who invented or patented a waterproof hat-lining, whereby he built a sort of Sallustian villa, with a central court-yard, à l'Alhambra, with fountains and flowers, now passed away to the New York Club. Here was Pratt's, or the defunct Fielding, or the old C. C. C.'s in disregard of time and regard of drinks—and nothing more.

CHAPTER IV.

Streets and shops in New York—Literature—A funeral—Dinner at Mr. H———'s—Dinner at Mr. Bancroft's—Political and social features—Literary breakfast; Heenan and Sayers.

March 20*th.*—The papers are still full of Sumter and Pickens. The reports that they are or are not to be relieved are stated and contradicted in each paper without any regard to individual consistency. The "Tribune" has an article on my speech at the St. Patrick's dinner, to which it is pleased to assign reasons and motives which the speaker, at all events, never had in making it.

Received several begging letters, some of them apparently with only too much of the stamp of reality about their tales of disappointment, distress, and suffering. In the afternoon went down Broadway, which was crowded, notwithstanding the piles of blackened snow by the kerbstones, and the sloughs of mud, and half frozen pools at the crossings. Visited several large stores or shops — some rival the best establishments in Paris or London in richness and in value, and far exceed them in size and splendour of exterior. Some on Broadway, built of marble, or of fine cut stone, cost from 6000*l.* to 8000*l.* a year in mere rent. Here, from the base to the fourth or fifth story, are piled collections of all the world can produce, often in excess of all possible requirements of the country; indeed I was told that the United States have always imported more goods than they could pay for. Jewellers' shops are not numerous, but there are two in Broadway which have splendid collections of jewels, and of workmanship in gold and silver, displayed to the greatest advantage in fine apartments decorated with black marble, statuary, and plate-glass.

New York has certainly all the air of a "nouveau riche." There is about it an utter absence of any appearance of a grandfather—one does not see even such evidences of eccentric taste as are afforded in Paris and London, by the existence of shops where the old families of a country cast off their "exuviæ" which are sought by the new, that they may persuade the world they are old; there is no curiosity shop, not to speak of a Wardour Street, and such efforts as are made to supply the deficiency reveal an enormous amount of ignorance or of bad taste. The new arts, however, flourish; the plague of photography has spread through all the corners of the city, and the shop-windows glare with flagrant displays of the most tawdry art. In some of the large booksellers' shops—Appleton's for example—are striking proofs of the activity of the American press, if not of the vigour and originality of the American intellect. I passed down long rows of shelves laden with the works of European authors, for the most part, oh shame! stolen and translated into American type without the smallest compunction or scruple, and without the least intention of ever yielding the most pitiful deodand to the authors. Mr. Appleton sells no less than one million and a half of Webster's spelling books a year; his tables are covered with a flood of pamphlets, some for, others against coercion; some for, others opposed to slavery,—but when I asked for a single solid, substantial work on the present difficulty, I was told there was not one published worth a cent. With such men as Audubon and Wilson in natural history, Prescott and Motley in history, Washington Irving and Cooper in fiction, Longfellow and Edgar Poe in poetry, even Bryant and the respectabilities in rhyme, and Emerson as essayist, there is no reason why New York should be a paltry imitation of Leipsig, without the good faith of Tauchnitz.

I dined with a litterateur well known in England to many people a year or two ago—sprightly, loquacious, and well informed, if neither witty nor profound —now a Southern man with Southern proclivities, as Americans say; once a Southern man with such strong anti-slavery convictions, that his expression of them in an English quarterly had secured him the hostility of his own people—one of the emanations of American literary life for which their own country finds no fitting receiver. As the best proof of his sincerity, he has just now abandoned his connection with one of the New York papers on the republican side, because he believed that the course of the journal was dictated by anti-Southern fanaticism. He is, in fact, persuaded that there will be a civil war, and that the South will have much of the right on its side in the contest. At his rooms were Mons. B——, Dr. Gwin, a Californian ex-senator, Mr. Barlow, and several of the leading men of a certain clique in New York. The Americans complain, or assert, that we do not understand them, and I confess the reproach, or statement, was felt to be well founded by myself at all events, when I heard it declared and admitted that "if Mons. Belmont had not gone to the Charleston Convention, the present crisis would never have occurred."

March 22nd.—A snow-storm worthy of Moscow or Riga flew through New York all day, depositing more food for the mud. I paid a visit to Mr. Horace Greeley, and had a long conversation with him. He expressed great pleasure at the intelligence that I was going to visit the Southern States. "Be sure you examine the slave-pens. *They* will be afraid to refuse you, and you can tell the truth." As the capital and the South form the chief attractions at present, I am preparing to escape from "the divine calm" and snows of New York. I was recommended to visit many places before I left New York, principally hospitals and prisons. Sing-Sing, the state penitentiary, is "claimed," as the Americans say, to be the first "institution" of its kind in the world. Time presses, however, and Sing-Sing is a long way off. I am told a system of torture prevails there for hardened or obdurate offendors—torture by dropping cold water on them, torture by thumbscrews, and the like—rather opposed to the views of prison philanthropists in modern days.

March 23rd.—It is announced positively that the authorities in Pensacola and Charleston have refused to allow any further supplies to be sent to Fort Pickens, the United States fleet in the Gulf, and to Fort Sumter. Everywhere the Southern leaders are forcing on a solution with decision and energy, whilst the Government appears to be helplessly drifting with the current of events, having neither bow nor stern, neither keel nor deck, neither rudder, compass, sails, or steam. Mr. Seward has declined to receive or hold any intercourse with the three gentlemen called Southern Commissioners, who repaired to Washington accredited by the Government and Congress of the Seceding States now sitting at Montgomery, so that there is no channel of mediation or means of adjustment left open. I hear, indeed, that Government is secretly preparing what force it can to strengthen the garrison at Pickens, and to reinforce Sumter at any hazard; but that its want of men, ships, and money compels it to temporise, lest the Southern authorities should forestall their designs by a vigorous attack on the enfeebled forts.

There is, in reality, very little done by New York to support or encourage the Government in any decided policy, and the journals are more engaged now in abusing each other, and in small party aggressive warfare, than in the performance of the duties of a patriotic press, whose mission at such a time is beyond all question the resignation of little differences for the sake of the whole country, and an entire devotion to its safety, honour, and integrity. But the New York people must have their intellectual drams every morning, and it matters little what the course of Government may be, so long as the aristocratic democrat can be amused by ridicule of the Great Rail Splitter, or a vivid portraiture of Mr. Horace Greeley's old coat, hat, breeches, and umbrella. The coarsest personalities are read with gusto, and attacks of a kind which would not have been admitted into the "Age" or "Satirist" in their worst days, form the staple leading articles of one or two of the most largely circulated journals in the city. "Slang" in its worst Americanised form is freely used in sensation headings and leaders, and a class of advertisements which are not allowed to appear in respectable English papers, have possession of columns of the principal newspapers, few, indeed, excluding them. It is strange, too, to see in journals which profess to represent the civilisation and intelligence of the most enlightened and highly educated people on the face of the earth, advertisements of sorcerers, wizards, and fortune-tellers by the score—"wonderful clairvoyants," "the seventh child of a seventh child," "mesmeristic necromancers," and the like, who can tell your thoughts as soon as you enter the room, can secure the affections you prize, give lucky numbers in lotteries, and make everybody's fortunes but their own. Then there are the most impudent quack programmes—very doubtful "personals" addressed to "the young lady with black hair and blue eyes, who got out of the omnibus at the corner of 7th Street"—appeals by "a lady about to be confined" to any respectable person who is desirous of adopting a child:" all rather curious reading for a stranger, or for a family.

It is not to be expected, of course, that New York is a very pure city, for more than London or Paris it is the sewer of nations. It is a city of luxury also—French and Italian cooks and milliners, German and Italian musicians, high prices, extravagant tastes and dressing, money readily made, a life in hotels, bar-rooms, heavy gambling, sporting, and prize-fighting flourish here, and combine to lower the standard of the *bourgeoisie* at all events. Where wealth is the sole aristocracy, there is great danger of mistaking excess and profusion for elegance and good taste. To-day as I was going down Broadway, some dozen or more of the most over-dressed men I ever saw were pointed out to me as "sports;" that is, men who lived by gambling-houses and betting on races; and the class is so numerous that it has its own influence, particularly at elections, when the power of a hard-hitting prize-fighter with a following makes itself unmistakeably felt. Young America essays to look like martial France in mufti, but the hat and the coat suited to the Colonel of Carabiniers *en retraite* do not at all become the thin, tall, rather long-faced gentlemen one sees lounging about Broadway. It is true, indeed, the type, though not French, is not English. The characteristics of the American are straight hair, keen, bright, penetrating eyes, and want of colour in the cheeks.

March 25th.—I had an invitation to meet several members of the New York press association at breakfast. Among the company were—Mr. Bayard Taylor, with whose extensive notes of travel his countrymen are familiar — a kind of enlarged Inglis, full of the genial spirit which makes travelling in company so agreeable, but he has come back as travellers generally do, satisfied there is no country like his own—Prince Leeboo loved his own isle the best after all—Mr. Raymond, of the "New York Times" (formerly Lieutenant-Governor of the State); Mr. Olmsted, the indefatigable, able, and earnest writer, whom to describe simply as an Abolitionist would be to confound with ignorant if zealous, unphilosophical, and impracticable men; Mr. Dana, of the "Tribune;" Mr. Hurlbert, of the "Times;" the Editor of the "Courier des Etats Unis;" Mr. Young, of the "Albion," which is the only English journal published in the States; and others. There was a good deal of pleasant conversation, though every one differed with his neighbour, as a matter of course, as soon as he touched on politics. There was talk *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis,* such as Heenan and Sayers, Secession and Sumter, the press, politicians, New York life, and so on. The first topic occupied a larger place than it was entitled to, because in all likelihood the sporting editor of one of the papers who was present expressed, perhaps, some justifiable feeling in reference to the refusal of the belt to the American. All admitted the courage and great endurance of his antagonist, but seemed convinced that Heenan, if not the better man, was at least the victor in that particular contest. It would be strange to see the great tendency of Americans to institute comparisons with ancient and recognised standards, if it were not that they are adopting the natural mode of judging of their own capabilities. The nation is like a growing lad who is constantly testing his powers in competition with his elders. He is in his youth and nonage, and he is calling down the lanes and alleys to all comers to look at his muscle, to run against or to fight him. It is a sign of youth, not a proof of weakness, though it does offend the old hands and vex the veterans.

Then one finds that Great Britain is often treated very much as an old Peninsula man may be by a set of young soldiers at a club. He is no doubt a very gallant fellow, and has done very fine things in his day, and he is listened to with respectful endurance, but there is a secret belief that he will never do anything very great again.

One of the gentlemen present said that England might dispute the right of the United States Government to blockade the ports of her own States, to which she was entitled to access under treaty, and might urge that such a blockade was not justifiable; but then, it was argued, that the President could open and shut ports as he pleased; and that he might close the Southern ports by a proclamation in the nature of an Order of Council. It was taken for granted that Great Britain would only act on sordid motives, but that the well known affection of France for the United States is to check the selfishness of her rival, and prevent a speedy recognition.

CHAPTER V.

Off to the railway station—Railway carriages—Philadelphia—Washington—Willard's Hotel—Mr. Seward—North and South—The "State Department" at Washington—President Lincoln—Dinner at Mr. Seward's.

After our pleasant breakfast came that necessity for activity which makes such meals disguised as mere light morning repasts take their revenge. I had to pack up, and I am bound to say the moral aid afforded me by the waiter, who stood with a sympathising expression of face, and looked on as I wrestled with boots, books, and great coats, was of a most comprehensive character. At last I conquered, and at six o'clock p.m. I left the Clarendon, and was conveyed over the roughest and most execrable pavements through several miles of unsympathetic, gloomy, dirty streets, and crowded thoroughfares, over jaw-wrenching street-railway tracks, to a large wooden shed covered with inscriptions respecting routes and destinations on the bank of the river, which as far as the eye could see, was bordered by similar establishments, where my baggage was deposited in the mud. There were no porters, none of the recognised and established aides to locomotion to which we are accustomed in Europe, but a number of amateurs divided the spoil, and carried it into the offices, whilst I was directed to struggle for my ticket in another little wooden box, from which I presently received the necessary document, full of the dreadful warnings and conditions, which railway companies inflict on the public in all free countries.

The whole of my luggage, except a large bag, was taken charge of by a man at the New York side of the ferry, who "checked it through" to the capital—giving me a slip of brass with a number corresponding with a brass ticket for each piece. When the boat arrived at the stage at the other side of the Hudson, in my innocence I called for a porter to take my bag. The passengers were moving out of the capacious ferry-boat in a steady stream, and the steam throat and bell of the engine were going whilst I was looking for my porter; but at last a gentleman passing, said, "I guess y'ill remain here a considerable time before y'ill get any one to come for that bag of yours," and taking the hint, I just got off in time to stumble into a long box on wheels, with a double row of most uncomfortable seats, and a passage down the middle, where I found a place beside Mr. Sanford, the newly-appointed United States Minister to Belgium, who was kind enough to take me under his charge to Washington.

The night was closing in very fast as the train started, but such glimpses as I had of the continuous line of pretty-looking villages of wooden houses, two stories high, painted white, each with its Corinthian portico, gave a most favourable impression of the comfort and prosperity of the people. The rail passed through the main street of most of these hamlets and villages, and the bell of the engine was tolled to warn the inhabitants, who drew up on the side walks, and let us go by. Soon the white houses faded away into faint blurred marks on the black ground of the landscape, or twinkled with starlike lights, and there was nothing more to see. The passengers were crowded as close as they could pack, and as there was an immense iron stove in the centre of the car, the heat and stuffiness became most trying, although I had been undergoing the ordeal of the stove-heated New York houses for nearly a week. Once a minute, at least, the door at either end of the carriage was opened, and then closed with a sharp crashing noise, that jarred the nerves, and effectually prevented sleep. It generally was done by a man whose sole object seemed to be to walk up the centre of the carriage in order to go out of the opposite door —occasionally it was the work of the newspaper boy, with a sheaf of journals and trashy illustrated papers under his arm. Now and then it was the conductor; but the periodical visitor was a young gentleman with a chain and rings, who bore a tray before him, and solicited orders for "gum drops," and "lemon drops," which, with tobacco, apples, and cakes, were consumed in great quantities by the passengers.

At 10 o'clock, P.M., we crossed the river by a ferry boat to Philadelphia, and drove through the streets, stopping for supper a few moments at the La Pierre Hotel. To judge from the vast extent of the streets, of small, low, yet snug-looking houses, through which we passed, Philadelphia must contain in comfort the largest number of small householders of any city in the world. At the other terminus of the rail, to which we drove in a carriage, we procured for a small sum, a dollar I think, berths in a sleeping car, an American institution of considerable merit. Unfortunately a party of prize-fighters had a mind to make themselves comfortable, and the result was anything but conducive to sleep. They had plenty of whiskey, and were full of song and fight, nor was it possible to escape their urgent solicitations "to take a drink," by feigning the soundest sleep. One of these, a big man, with a broken nose, a mellow eye, and a very large display of rings, jewels, chains and pins, was in very high spirits, and informed us he was "Going to Washington to get a foreign mission from Bill Seward. He wouldn't take Paris, as he didn't care much about French or Frenchmen; but he'd just like to show John Bull how to do it; or he'd take Japan if they were very pressing." Another told us he was "Going to the bosom of Uncle Abe" (meaning the President)—"that he knew him well in Kentucky years ago, and a high toned gentleman he was." Any attempts to persuade them to retire to rest made by the conductors were treated with sovereign contempt, but at last whiskey asserted its supremacy, and having established the point that they "would not sleep unless they —— pleased," they slept and snored.

At six, A.M., we were roused up by the arrival of the train at Washington, having crossed great rivers and traversed cities without knowing it during the night. I looked out and saw a vast mass of white marble towering above us on the left, stretching out in colonnaded porticoes, and long flanks of windowed masonry, and surmounted by an unfinished cupola, from which scaffold and cranes raised their black arms. This was the Capitol. To the right was a cleared space of mud, sand, and fields studded with wooden sheds and huts, beyond which, again, could be seen rudimentary streets of small red brick houses, and some church-spires above them.

Emerging from the station, we found a vociferous crowd of blacks, who were the hackney-coachmen of the place; but Mr. Sanford had his carriage in waiting, and drove me straight to Willard's Hotel where he consigned me to the landlord at the bar. Our route lay through Pennsylvania avenue—a street of much breadth and length, lined with ælanthus trees, each in a white-washed wooden sentry box, and by most irregularly-built houses in all kinds of material, from deal plank to marble—of all heights, and every sort of trade. Few shop-windows were open, and the principal population consisted of blacks, who were moving about on domestic affairs. At one end of the long vista there is the Capitol; and at the other, the Treasury buildings—a fine block in marble, with the usual American classical colonnades.

Close to these rises the great pile of Willard's Hotel, now occupied by applicants for office, and by the members of the newly-assembled Congress. It is a quadrangular mass of rooms, six stories high, and some hundred yards square; and it probably contains at this moment more scheming, plotting, planning heads, more aching and joyful hearts, that any building of the same size ever held in the world. I was ushered into a bed-room which had just been vacated by some candidate—whether he succeeded or not I cannot tell, but if his testimonials spoke truth, he ought to have been selected at once for the highest office. The room was littered with printed copies of letters testifying that J. Smith, of Hartford, Conn., was about the ablest, honestest, cleverest, and best man the writers ever knew. Up and down the long passages doors were opening and shutting for men with papers bulging out of their pockets, who hurried as if for their life in and out, and the building almost shook with the tread of the candidature, which did not always in its present aspect justify the correctness of the original appellation.

It was a remarkable sight, and difficult to understand unless seen. From California, Texas, from the Indian Reserves, and the Mormon territory, from Nebraska, as from the remotest borders of Minniesota, from every portion of the vast territories of the Union, except from the Seceded States, the triumphant republicans had winged their way to the prey.

There were crowds in the hall through which one could scarce make his way — the writing-room was crowded, and the rustle of pens rose to a little breeze —the smoking-room, the bar, the barbers, the reception-room, the ladies' drawing-room—all were crowded. At present not less than 2,500 people dine in the public room every day. On the kitchen floor there is a vast apartment, a hall without carpets or any furniture but plain chairs and tables, which are ranged in close rows, at which flocks of people are feeding, or discoursing, or from which they are flying away. The servants never cease shoving the chairs to and fro with a harsh screeching noise over the floor, so that one can scarce hear his neighbour speak. If he did, he would probably hear as I did, at this very hotel, a man order breakfast, "Black tea and toast, scrambled eggs, fresh spring shad, wild pigeon, pigs' feet, two robins on toast, oysters," and a quantity of breads and cakes of various denominations. The waste consequent on such orders is enormous — and the ability required to conduct these enormous establishments successfully is expressed by the common phrase in the States, "Brown is a clever man, but he can't manage an hotel." The tumult, the miscellaneous nature of the company — my friends the prize-fighters are already in possession of the doorway—the heated, muggy rooms, not to speak of the great abominableness of the passages and halls, despite a most liberal provision of spittoons, conduce to render these institutions by no means agreeable to a European. Late in the day I succeeded in obtaining a sitting-room with a small bed-room attached, which made me somewhat more independent and comfortable—but you must pay highly for any departure from the routine life of the natives. Ladies enjoy a handsome drawing-room, with piano, sofas, and easy chairs, all to themselves.

I dined at Mr. Sanford's, where I was introduced to Mr. Seward, Secretary of State; Mr. Truman Smith, an ex-senator, much respected among the Republican party; Mr. Anthony, a senator of the United States, a journalist, a very intelligent-looking man, with an Israelitish cast of face; Colonel Foster of the Illinois railway, of reputation in the States as a geologist; and one or two more gentlemen. Mr. Seward is a slight, middle-sized man, of feeble build, with the stoop contracted from sedentary habits and application to the desk, and has a peculiar attitude when seated, which immediately attracts attention. A well-formed and large head is placed on a long, slender neck, and projects over the chest in an argumentative kind of way, as if the keen eyes were seeking for an adversary; the mouth is remarkably flexible, large but well-formed, the nose prominent and aquiline, the eyes secret, but penetrating, and lively with humour of some kind twinkling about them; the brow bold and broad, but not remarkably elevated; the white hair silvery and fine—a subtle, quick man, rejoicing in power, given to perorate and to oracular utterances, fond of badinage, bursting with the importance of state mysteries, and with the dignity of directing the foreign policy of the greatest country—as all Americans think—in the world. After dinner he told some stories of the pressure on the President for place, which very much amused the guests who knew the men, and talked freely and pleasantly of many things —stating, however, few facts positively. In reference to an assertion in a New York paper, that orders had been given to evacuate Sumter, "That," he said, "is a plain lie—no such orders have been given. We will give up nothing we have—abandon nothing that has been entrusted to us. If people would only read these statements by the light of the President's inaugural, they would not be deceived." He wanted no extra session of Congress. "History tells us that kings who call extra parliaments lose their heads," and he informed the company he had impressed the President with his historical parallels.

All through this conversation his tone was that of a man very sanguine, and with a supreme contempt for those who thought there was anything serious in secession. "Why," said he, "I myself, my brothers, and sisters, have been all secessionists — we seceded from home when we were young, but we all went back to it sooner or later. These States will all come back in the same way." I doubt if he was ever in the South; but he affirmed that the state of living and of society there was something like that in the State of New York sixty or seventy years ago. In the North all was life, enterprise, industry, mechanical skill. In the South there was dependence on black labour, and an idle extravagance which was mistaken for elegant luxury—tumble-down old hackney-coaches, such as had not been seen north of the Potomac for half a century, harness never cleaned, ungroomed horses, worked at the mill one day and sent to town the next, badly furnished houses, bad cookery, imperfect education. No parallel could be drawn between them and the Northern States at all. "You are all very angry," he said, "about the Morrill tariff. You must, however, let us be best judges of our own affairs. If we judge rightly, you have no right to complain; if we judge wrongly, we shall soon be taught by the results, and shall correct our error. It is evident that if the Morrill tariff fulfils expectations, and raises a revenue, British manufacturers suffer nothing, and we suffer nothing, for the revenue is raised here, and trade is not injured. If the tariff fails to create a revenue, we shall be driven to modify or repeal it."

The company addressed him as "Governor," which led to Mr. Seward's mentioning that when he was in England he was induced to put his name down with that prefix in a hotel book, and caused a discussion among the waiters as to whether he was the "Governor" of a prison or of a public company. I hope the great people of England treated Mr. Seward with the attention due to his position, as he would assuredly feel and resent very much any slight on the part of those in high places. From what he said, however, I infer that he was satisfied with the reception he had met in London. Like most Americans who can afford it, he has been up the Nile. The weird old stream has great fascinations for the people of the Mississippi —as far at least as the first cataract.

March 27th.—This morning, after breakfast, Mr. Sanford called, according to promise, and took me to the State department. It is a very humble—in fact, dingy—mansion, two stories high, and situated at the end of the magnificent line of colonnade in white marble, called the Treasury, which is hereafter to do duty as the head-quarters of nearly all the public departments. People familiar with Downing Street, however, cannot object to the dinginess of the bureaux in which the foreign and state affairs of the American Republic are transacted. A flight of steps leads to the hall-door, on which an announcement in writing is affixed, to indicate the days of reception for the various classes of persons who have business with the Secretary of State; in the hall, on the right and left, are small rooms, with the names of the different officers on the doors—most of them persons of importance; half-way in the hall a flight of stairs conducts us to a similar corridor, rather dark, with doors on each side opening into the bureaux of the chief clerks. All the appointments were very quiet, and one would see much more bustle in the passages of a Poor Law Board or a parish vestry.

In a moderately sized, but very comfortable, apartment, surrounded with book-shelves, and ornamented with a few engravings, we found the Secretary of State seated at his table, and enjoying a cigar; he received me with great courtesy and kindness, and after a time said he would take occasion to present me to the President, who was to give audience that day to the minister of the new kingdom of Italy, who had hitherto only represented the kingdom of Sardinia.

I have already described Mr. Seward's personal appearance; his son, to whom he introduced me, is the Assistant-Secretary of State, and is editor or proprietor of a journal in the State of New York, which has a reputation for ability and fairness. Mr. Frederick Seward is a slight delicate-looking man, with a high forehead, thoughtful brow, dark eyes, and amiable expression; his manner is very placid and modest, and, if not reserved, he is by no means loquacious. As we were speaking, a carriage drove up to the door, and Mr. Seward exclaimed to his father, with something like dismay in his voice, "Here comes the Chevalier in full uniform!"—and in a few seconds in effect the Chevalier Bertinatti made his appearance, in cocked hat, white gloves, diplomatic suit of blue and silver lace, sword, sash, and riband of the cross of Savoy. I thought there was a quiet smile on Mr. Seward's face as he saw his brilliant companion, who contrasted so strongly with the more than republican simplicity of his own attire. "Fred, do you take Mr. Russell round to the President's, whilst I go with the Chevalier. We will meet at the White House." We accordingly set out through a private door leading to the grounds, and within a few seconds entered the hall of the moderate mansion, White House, which has very much the air of a portion of a bank or public office, being provided with glass doors and plain heavy chairs and forms. The domestic who was in attendance was dressed like any ordinary citizen, and seemed perfectly indifferent to the high position of the great personage with whom he conversed, when Mr. Seward asked him, "Where is the President?" Passing through one of the doors on the left, we entered a handsome spacious room, richly and rather gorgeously furnished, and rejoicing in a kind of "*demi-jour*," which gave increased effect to the gilt chairs and ormolu ornaments. Mr. Seward and the Chevalier stood in the centre of the room, whilst his son and I remained a little on one side: "For," said Mr. Seward, "you are not to be supposed to be here."

Soon afterwards there entered, with a shambling, loose, irregular, almost unsteady gait, a tall, lank, lean man, considerably over six feet in height, with stooping shoulders, long pendulous arms, terminating in hands of extraordinary dimensions, which, however, were far exceeded in proportion by his feet. He was dressed in an ill-fitting, wrinkled suit of black, which put one in mind of an undertaker's uniform at a funeral; round his neck a rope of black silk was knotted in a large bulb, with flying ends projecting beyond the collar of his coat; his turned-down shirt-collar disclosed a sinewy muscular yellow neck, and above that, nestling in a great black mass of hair, bristling and compact like a ruff of mourning pins, rose the strange quaint face and head, covered with its thatch of wild republican hair, of President Lincoln. The impression produced by the size of his extremities, and by his flapping and wide projecting ears, may be removed by the appearance of kindliness, sagacity, and the awkward bonhommie of his face; the mouth is absolutely prodigious; the lips, straggling and extending almost from one line of black beard to the other, are only kept in order by two deep furrows from the nostril to the chin; the nose itself—a prominent organ—stands out from the face, with an inquiring, anxious air, as though it were sniffing for some good thing in the wind; the eyes dark, full, and deeply set, are penetrating, but full of an expression which almost amounts to tenderness; and above them projects the shaggy brow, running into the small hard frontal space, the development of which can scarcely be estimated accurately, owing to the irregular flocks of thick hair carelessly brushed across it. One would say that, although the mouth was made to enjoy a joke, it could also utter the severest sentence which the head could dictate, but that Mr. Lincoln would be ever more willing to temper justice with mercy, and to enjoy what he considers the amenities of life, than to take a harsh view of men's nature and of the world, and to estimate things in an ascetic or puritan spirit. A person who met Mr. Lincoln in the street would not take him to be what—according to the usages of European society—is called a "gentleman;" and, indeed, since I came to the United States, I have heard more disparaging allusions made by Americans to him on that account than I could have expected among simple republicans, where all should be equals; but, at the same time, it would not be possible for the most indifferent observer to pass him in the street without notice.

As he advanced through the room, he evidently controlled a desire to shake hands all round with everybody, and smiled good-humouredly till he was suddenly brought up by the staid deportment of Mr. Seward, and by the profound diplomatic bows of the Chevalier Bertinatti. Then, indeed, he suddenly jerked himself back, and stood in front of the two ministers, with his body slightly drooped forward, and his hands behind his back, his knees touching, and his feet apart. Mr. Seward formally presented the minister, whereupon the President made a prodigiously violent demonstration of his body in a bow which had almost the effect of a smack in its rapidity and abruptness, and, recovering himself, proceeded to give his utmost attention, whilst the Chevalier, with another bow, read from a paper a long address in presenting the royal letter accrediting him as "minister resident;" and when he said that "the king desired to give, under your enlightened administration, all possible strength and extent to those sentiments of frank sympathy which do not cease to be exhibited every moment between the two peoples, and whose origin dates back as far as the exertions which have presided over their common destiny as self-governing and free nations," the President gave another bow still more violent, as much as to accept the allusion.

The minister forthwith handed his letter to the President, who gave it into the custody of Mr. Seward, and then, dipping his hand into his coat-pocket, Mr. Lincoln drew out a sheet of paper, from which he read his reply, the most remarkable part of which was his doctrine "that the United States were bound by duty not to interfere with the differences of foreign governments and countries." After some words of compliment, the President shook hands with the minister, who soon afterwards retired. Mr. Seward then took me by the hand and said—"Mr. President, allow me to present to you Mr. Russell, of the London 'Times.'" On which Mr. Lincoln put out his hand in a very friendly manner, and said, "Mr. Russell, I am very glad to make your acquaintance, and to see you in this country. The London 'Times' is one of the greatest powers in the world,—in fact, I don't know anything which has much more power,—except perhaps the Mississippi. I am glad to know you as its minister." Conversation ensued for some minutes, which the President enlivened by two or three peculiar little sallies, and I left agreeably impressed with his shrewdness, humour, and natural sagacity.

In the evening I dined with Mr. Seward, in company with his son, Mr. Seward, junior, Mr. Sanford, and a quaint, natural specimen of an American rustic lawyer, who was going to Brussels as Secretary of Legation. His chief, Mr. Sanford, did not appear altogether happy when introduced to his secretary, for he found that he had a very limited knowledge (if any) of French, and of other things which it is generally considered desirable that secretaries should know.

Very naturally, conversation turned on politics. Although no man can foresee the nature of the crisis which is coming, nor the mode in which it is to be encountered, the faith of men like Mr. Sanford and Mr. Seward in the ultimate success of their principles, and in the integrity of the Republic, is very remarkable; and the boldness of their language in reference to foreign powers almost amounts to arrogance and menace, if not to temerity. Mr. Seward asserted that the Ministers of England or of France had no right to make any allusion to the civil war which appeared imminent; and that the Southern Commissioners who had been sent abroad could not be received by the Government of any foreign power, officially or otherwise, even to hand in a document or to make a representation, without incurring the risk of breaking off relations with the Government of the United States. As regards the great object of public curiosity, the relief of Fort Sumter, Mr. Seward maintains a profound silence, beyond the mere declaration, made with a pleasant twinkle of the eye, that "the whole policy of the Government, on that and other questions, is put forth in the President's inaugural, from which there will be no deviation." Turning to the inaugural message, however, there is no such very certain indication, as Mr. Seward pretends to discover, of the course to be pursued by Mr. Lincoln and the cabinet. To an outside observer, like myself, it seems as if they were waiting for events to develop themselves, and rested their policy rather upon acts that had occurred, than upon any definite principle designed to control or direct the future.

I should here add that Mr. Seward spoke in high terms of the ability, dexterity, and personal qualities of Mr. Jefferson Davis, and declared his belief that but for him the Secession movement never could have succeeded as far as it has gone, and would, in all probability, indeed, have never taken place at all. After dinner cigars were introduced, and a quiet little rubber of whist followed. The Secretary is given to expatiate at large, and told us many anecdotes of foreign travel;—if I am not doing him injustice, I would say further, that he remembers his visit to England, and the attention he received there, with peculiar satisfaction. He cannot be found fault with because he has formed a most exalted notion of the superior intelligence, virtue, happiness, and prosperity of his own people. He said that it would not be proper for him to hold any communication with the Southern Commissioners then in Washington; which rather surprised me, after what I had heard from their friend, Mr. Banks. On returning to my hotel, I found a card from the President, inviting me to dinner the following day.

CHAPTER VI.

A state dinner at the White House—Mrs. Lincoln—The Cabinet Ministers—A newspaper correspondent—Good Friday at Washington,

March 28th.—I was honoured to-day by visits from a great number of Members of Congress, journalists, and others. Judging from the expressions of most of the Washington people, they would gladly see a Southern Cabinet installed in their city. The cold shoulder is given to Mr. Lincoln, and all kinds of stories and jokes are circulated at his expense. People take particular pleasure in telling how he came towards the seat of his Government disguised in a Scotch cap and cloak, whatever that may mean.

In the evening I repaired to the White House. The servant who took my hat and coat was particularly inquisitive as to my name and condition in life; and when he heard I was not a minister, he seemed inclined to question my right to be there at all: "for," said he, "there are none but members of the cabinet, and their wives and daughters, dining here to-day." Eventually he relaxed—instructed me how to place my hat so that it would be exposed to no indignity, and informed me that I was about to participate in a prandial enjoyment of no ordinary character. There was no parade or display, no announcement—no gilded staircase, with its liveried heralds, transmitting and translating one's name from landing to landing. From the unpretending ante-chamber, a walk across the lofty hall led us to the reception-room, which was the same as that in which the President held his interview yesterday.

Mrs. Lincoln was already seated to receive her guests. She is of the middle age and height, of a plumpness degenerating to the *embonpoint* natural to her years; her features are plain, her nose and mouth of an ordinary type, and her manners and appearance homely, stiffened, however, by the consciousness that her position requires her to be something more than plain Mrs. Lincoln, the wife of the Illinois lawyer; she is profuse in the introduction of the word "sir" in every sentence, which is now almost an Americanism confined to certain classes, although it was once as common in England. Her dress I shall not attempt to describe, though it was very gorgeous and highly coloured. She handled a fan with much energy, displaying a round, well-proportioned arm, and was adorned with some simple jewellery. Mrs. Lincoln struck me as being desirous of making herself agreeable; and I own I was agreeably disappointed, as the Secessionist ladies at Washington had been amusing themselves by anecdotes which could scarcely have been founded on fact.

Several of the Ministers had already arrived; by-and-by all had come, and the party only waited for General Scott, who seemed to be the representative man in Washington of the monarchical idea, and to absorb some of the feeling which is lavished on the pictures and memory, if not on the monument, of Washington. Whilst we were waiting, Mr. Seward took me round, and introduced me to the Ministers, and to their wives and daughters, among the latter, Miss Chase, who is very attractive, agreeable, and sprightly. Her father, the Finance Minister, struck me as one of the ✓ most intelligent and distinguished persons in the whole assemblage; tall, of a good presence, with a well-formed head, fine forehead, and a face indicating energy and power. There is a peculiar droop and motion of the lid of one eye, which seems to have suffered from some injury, that detracts from the agreeable effect of his face; but, on the whole, he is one who would not pass quite unnoticed in a European crowd of the same description.

In the whole assemblage there was not a scrap of lace or a piece of ribbon, except the gorgeous epaulettes of an old naval officer who had served against us in the last war, and who represented some branch of the naval department. Nor were the Ministers by any means remarkable for their personal appearance.

Mr. Cameron, the Secretary for War, a slight man, above the middle height, with grey hair, deep-set keen grey eyes, and a thin mouth, gave me the idea of a person of ability and adroitness. His colleague, the Secretary of the Navy, a small man, with a great long grey beard and spectacles, did not look like one of much originality or ability; but peole who know Mr. Welles declare that he is possessed of administrative power, although they admit that he does not know the stem from the stern of a ship, and are in doubt whether he ever saw the sea in his life. Mr. Smith, the Minister of the Interior, is a bright-eyed, smart (I use the word in the English sense) gentleman, with the reputation of being one of the most conservative members of the cabinet. Mr. Blair, the Postmaster-General, is a person of much greater influence than his position would indicate. He has the reputation of being one of the most determined republicans in the Ministry; but he held peculiar notions with reference to the black and the white races, which, if carried out, would not by any means conduce to the comfort or happiness of free negroes in the United States. He is a tall, lean man, with a hard, Scotch, practical-looking head—an anvil for ideas to be hammered on. His eyes are small and deeply set, and have a rat-like expression; and he speaks with caution, as though he weighed every word before he uttered it. The last of the Ministers is Mr. Bates, a stout, thick-set, common-looking man, with a large beard, who fills the office of Attorney-General. Some of the gentlemen were in evening dress; others wore black frock coats, which it seems, as in Turkey, are considered to be *en regle* at a Republican Ministerial dinner.

In the conversation which occurred before dinner, I was amused to observe the manner in which Mr. Lincoln used the anecdotes for which he is famous. Where men bred in courts, accustomed to the world, or versed in diplomacy, would use some subterfuge, or would make a polite speech, or give a shrug of the shoulders as the means of getting out of an embarrassing position, Mr. Lincoln raises a laugh by some bold west-country anecdote, and moves off in the cloud of merriment produced by his joke. Thus, when Mr. Bates was remonstrating apparently against the appointment of some indifferent lawyer to a place of judicial importance, the President interposed with, "Come now, Bates, he's not half as bad as you think. Besides that, I must tell you, he did me a good turn long ago. When I took to the law, I was going to court one morning, with some ten or twelve miles of bad road before me, and I had no horse. The judge overtook me in his waggon. 'Hollo, Lincoln! Are you not going to the court-house? Come in and I'll give you a seat.' Well, I got in, and the judge went on reading his papers. Presently the waggon struck a stump on one side of the road; then it hopped off to the other. I looked out, and I saw the driver was jerking from side to side in his seat; so says I, 'Judge, I think your coachman has been taking a little drop too much this morning.' 'Well I declare, Lincoln,' said he, 'I should not much wonder if you are right, for he has nearly upset me half-a-dozen of times since starting.' So, putting his head out of the window, he shouted, 'Why, you infernal scoundrel, you are drunk!' Upon which, pulling up his horses, and turning round with great gravity, the coachman said, 'By gorra! that's the first rightful decision you have given for the last twelvemonth.'" Whilst the company were laughing, the President beat a quiet retreat from the neighbourhood of the Attorney-General.

It was at last announced that General Scott was unable to be present, and that, although actually in the house, he had been compelled to retire from indisposition, and we moved in to the banquetting-hall. The first "state dinner," as it is called, of the President was not remarkable for ostentation. No liveried servants, no Persic splendour of ancient plate, or *chefs d'œuvre* of art glittered round the board. Vases of flowers decorated the table, combined with dishes in what may be called the "Gallo-American" style, with wines which owed their parentage to France, and their rearing and education to the United States, which abound in cunning nurses for such productions. The conversation was suited to the state dinner of a cabinet at which women and strangers were present. I was seated next Mr. Bates and the very agreeable and lively Secretary of the President, Mr. Hay, and except when there was an attentive silence caused by one of the President's stories, there was a Babel of small talk round the table, in which I was surprised to find a diversity of accent almost as great as if a number of foreigners had been speaking English. I omitted the name of Mr. Hamlin, the Vice-President, as well as those of less remarkable people who were present; but it would not be becoming to pass over a man distinguished for nothing so much as his persistent and unvarying adhesion to one political doctrine, which has made him, in combination with the belief in his honesty, the occupant of a post which leads to the Presidency, in event of any occurrence which may remove Mr. Lincoln.

After dinner the ladies and gentlemen retired to the drawing-room, and the circle was increased by the addition of several politicians. I had an opportunity of conversing with some of the Ministers, if not with all, from time to time, and I was struck by the uniform tendency of their remarks in reference to the policy of Great Britain. They seemed to think that England was bound by her anti-slavery antecedents to discourage to the utmost any attempts of the South to establish its independence on a basis of slavery, and to assume that they were the representatives of an active war of emancipation. As the veteran Commodore Stewart passed the chair of the young lady to whom I was speaking, she said, "I suppose, Mr. Russell, you do not admire that officer?" "On the contrary," I said, "I think he is a very fine-looking old man." "I don't mean that," she replied; "but you know he can't be very much liked by you, because he fought so gallantly against you in the last war, as you must know." I had not the courage to confess ignorance of the Captain's antecedents. There is a delusion among more than the fair American who spoke to me, that we entertain in England the sort of feeling, morbid or wholesome as it may be, in reference to our reverses at New Orleans and elsewhere, that is attributed to Frenchmen respecting Waterloo.

On returning to Willard's Hotel, I was accosted by a gentleman who came out from the crowd in front of the office. "Sir," he said, "you have been dining with our President to-night." I bowed. "Was it an agreeable party?" said he. "What do you think of Mr. Lincoln?" "May I ask to whom I have the pleasure of speaking?" "My name is Mr. ——, and I am the correspondent of the New York ——." "Then, sir," I replied, "it gives me satisfaction to tell you that I think a great deal of Mr. Lincoln, and that I am equally pleased with my dinner. I have the honour to bid you good evening." The same gentleman informed me afterwards that he had created the office of Washington Correspondent to the New York papers. "At first," said he, "I merely wrote news, and no one cared much; then I spiced it up, squibbed a little, and let off stories of my own. Congress men contradicted me—issued cards—said they were not facts. The public attention was attracted, and I was told to go on; and so the Washington correspondence became a feature in all the New York papers by degrees." The hum and bustle in the hotel to-night were wonderful All the office seekers were in the passages, hungering after senators and representatives, and the ladies in any way related to influential people, had an *entourage* of courtiers sedulously paying their respects. Miss Chase, indeed, laughingly told me that she was pestered by applicants for her father's good offices, and by persons seeking introduction to her as a means of making demands on "Uncle Sam."

As I was visiting a book-shop to-day, a pert, smiling young fellow, of slight figure and boyish appearance came up and introduced himself to me as an artist who had contributed to an illustrated London paper during the Prince of Wales's tour, and who had become acquainted with some of my friends; and he requested permission to call on me, which I gave without difficulty or hesitation. He visited me this evening, poor lad! and told me a sad story of his struggles, and of the dependence of his family on his efforts, as a prelude to a request that I would allow him to go South when I was making the tour there, of which he had heard. He was under an engagement with the London paper, and had no doubt that if he was with me his sketches would all be received as illustrations of the places to which my letters were attracting public interest in England at the time. There was no reason why I should be averse to his travelling with me in the same train. He could certainly go if he pleased. At the same time I intimated that I was in no way to be connected with or responsible for him.

March 29th, Good Friday.—The religious observance of the day was not quite as strict as it would be in England. The Puritan aversion to ceremonials and formulary observances has apparently affected the American world, even as far south as this. The people of colour were in the streets dressed in their best. The first impression produced by fine bonnets, gay shawls, brightly-coloured dresses, and silk brodequins, on black faces, flat figures, and feet to match, is singular; but, in justice to the backs of many of the gaudily-dressed women, who, in little groups, were going to church or chapel, it must be admitted that this surprise only came upon one when he got a front view. The men generally affected black coats, silk or satin waistcoats, and parti-coloured pantaloons. They carried Missal or Prayer-book, pocket-handkerchief, cane or parasol, with infinite affectation of correctness.

As I was looking out of the window, a very fine, tall young negro, dressed irreproachably, save as to hat and boots, passed by. "I wonder what he is?" I exclaimed inquiringly to a gentleman who stood beside me. "Well," he said, "that fellow is not a free nigger; he looks too respectable. I daresay you could get him for 1500 dollars, without his clothes. You know," continued he, "what our Minister said when he saw a nigger at some Court in Europe, and was asked what he thought of him: 'Well, I guess,' said he, 'if you take off his fixings, he may be worth 1000 dollars down.' In the course of the day, Mr. Banks, a corpulent, energetic young Virginian, of strong Southern views, again called on me. As the friend of the Southern Commissioners he complained vehemently of the refusal of Mr. Seward to hold intercourse with him. "These fellows mean treachery, but we will baulk them." In answer to a remark of mine, that the English Minister would certainly refuse to receive Commissioners from any part of the Queen's dominions which had seized upon the forts and arsenals of the empire and menaced war, he replied: "The case is quite different. The Crown claims a right to govern the whole of your empire; but the Austrian Government could not refuse to receive a deputation from Hungary for an adjustment of grievances; nor could any State belonging to the German Diet attempt to claim sovereignty over another, because they were members of the same Confederation." I remarked "that his views of the obligations of each State of the Union were perfectly new to me, as a stranger ignorant of the controversies which distracted them. An Englishman had nothing to do with a Virginian and New Yorkist, or a South Carolinian—he scarcely knew anything of a Texan, or of an Arkansasian; we only were conversant with the United States as an entity; and all our dealings were with citizens of the United States of North America." This, however, only provoked logically diffuse dissertations on the Articles of the Constitution, and on the spirit of the Federal Compact.

Later in the day, I had the advantage of a conversation with Mr. Truman Smith, an old and respected representative in former days, who gave me a very different account of the matter; and who maintained that by the Federal Compact each State had delegated irrevocably the essence of its sovereignty to a Government to be established in perpetuity for the benefit of the whole body. The Slave States, seeing that the progress of free ideas, and the material power of the

North, were obtaining an influence which must be subversive of the supremacy they had so long exercised in the Federal Government for their own advantage, had developed this doctrine of States' Rights as a cloak to treason, preferring the material advantages to be gained by the extension of their system to the grand moral position which they would occupy as a portion of the United States in the face of all the world.

It is on such radical differences of ideas as these, that the whole of the quarrel, which is widening every day, is founded. The Federal Compact, at the very outset, was written on a torn sheet of paper, and time has worn away the artificial cement by which it was kept together. The corner stone of the Constitution had a crack in it, which the heat and fury of faction have widened into a fissure from top to bottom, never to be closed again.

In the evening I had the pleasure of dining with an American gentleman who has seen much of the world, travelled far and wide, who has read much and beheld more, a scholar, a politician, after his way, a poet, and an ologist — one of those modern Grœculi, who is unlike his prototype in Juvenal only in this, that he is not hungry, and that he will not go to heaven if you order him.

Such men never do or can succeed in the United States; they are far too refined, philosophical, and cosmopolitan. From what I see, success here may be obtained by refined men, if they are dishonest, never by philosophical men, unless they be corrupt—not by cosmopolitan men under any circumstances whatever; for to have sympathies with any people, or with any nation in the world, except his own, is to doom a statesman with the American public, unless it be in the form of an affectation of pity or good will, intended really as an offence to some allied people. At dinner there was the very largest naval officer I have ever seen in company, although I must own that our own service is not destitute of some good specimens, and I have seen an Austrian admiral at Pola, and the superintendent of the Arsenal at Tophaneh, who were not unfit to be marshals of France. This Lieutenant, named Nelson, was certainly greater in one sense than his British namesake, for he weighed 260 pounds.

It may be here remarked, *passim* and *obiter*, that the Americans are much more precise than ourselves in the enumeration of weights and matters of this kind. They speak of pieces of artillery, for example, as being of so many pounds weight, and of so many inches long, where we would use cwts. and feet. With a people addicted to vertical rather than lateral extension in everything but politics and morals, precision is a matter of importance. I was amused by a description of some popular personage I saw in one of the papers the other day, which after an enumeration of many high mental and physical attributes, ended thus, "In fact he is a remarkably fine high-toned gentleman, and weighs 210 pounds."

The Lieutenant was a strong Union man, and he inveighed fiercely, and even coarsely, against the members of his profession who had thrown up their commissions. The superintendent of the Washington Navy Yard is supposed to be very little disposed in favour of this present Government; in fact, Capt. Buchanan may be called a Secessionist, nevertheless, I am invited to the wedding of his daughter, in order to see the President give away the bride. Mr. Nelson says, Sumter and Pickens are to be reinforced. Charleston is to be reduced to order, and all traitors hanged, or he will know the reason why; and, says he, "I have some weight in the country." In the evening, as we were going home, notwithstanding the cold, we saw a number of ladies sitting out on the door steps, in white dresses. The streets were remarkably quiet and deserted; all the coloured population had been sent to bed long ago. The fire bell, as usual, made an alarm or two about midnight.

CHAPTER VII.

Barbers' shops—Place-hunting—The Navy Yard—Dinner at Lord Lyons'—Estimate of Washington among his countrymen—Washington's house and tomb—The Southern Commissioners—Dinner with the Southern Commissioners—Feeling towards England among the Southerners—Animosity between North and South.

March 30*th*.—Descended into the barber's shop off the hall of the hotel; all the operators, men of colour, mostly mulattoes, or yellow lads, good-looking, dressed in clean white jackets and aprons, were smart, quick, and attentive. Some seven or eight shaving chairs were occupied by gentlemen intent on early morning calls. Shaving is carried in all its accessories to a high degree of publicity, if not of perfection, in America; and as the poorest, or as I may call them without offence, the lowest orders in England have their easy shaving for a penny, so the highest, if there be any in America, submit themselves in public to the inexpensive operations of the negro barber. It must be admitted that the chairs are easy and well-arranged, the fingers nimble, sure, and light; but the affectation of French names, and the corruption of foreign languages, in which the hairdresssers and barbers delight, are exceedingly amusing. On my way down a small street near the Capitol, I observed in a shop window, "Rowland's make easier paste," which I attribute to an imperfect view of the etymology of the great "Macassar;"

on another occasion, I was asked to try Somebody's "Curious Elison," which I am afraid was an attempt to adapt to a shaving paste, an address not at all suited to profane uses. It appears that the trade of barber is almost the birthright of the free negro or coloured man in the United States. There is a striking exemplification of natural equality in the use of brushes, and the senator flops down in the seat, and has his noble nose seized by the same fingers which the moment before were occupied by the person and chin of an unmistakeable rowdy.

In the midst of the divine calm produced by hard hand rubbing of my head, I was aroused by a stout gentleman who sat in a chair directly opposite. Through the door which opened into the hall of the hotel, one could see the great crowd passing to and fro, thronging the passage as though it had been the entrance to the Forum, or the "Salle de pas perdus." I had observed my friend's eye gazing fixedly through the opening on the outer world. Suddenly, with his face half-covered with lather, and a bib tucked under his chin, he got up from his seat exclaiming, "Senator! Senator! hallo!" and made a dive into the passage—whether he received a stern rebuke, or became aware of his impropriety, I know not, but in an instant he came back again, and submitted quietly, till the work of the barber was completed.

The great employment of four-fifths of the people at Willard's at present seems to be to hunt senators and congress men through the lobbies. Every man is heavy with documents—those which he cannot carry in his pockets and hat, occupy his hands, or are thrust under his arms. In the hall are advertisements announcing that certificates, and letters of testimonial, and such documents, are printed with expedition and neatness. From paper collars, and cards of address to carriages, and new suites of clothes, and long hotel bills, nothing is left untried or uninvigorated. The whole city is placarded with announcements of facilities for assaulting the powers that be, among which must not be forgotten the claims of the "excelsior card-writer," at Willard's, who prepares names, addresses, styles, and titles in superior penmanship. The men who have got places, having been elected by the people, must submit to the people, who think they have established a claim on them by their favours. The majority confer power, but they seem to forget that it is only the minority who can enjoy the first fruits of success. It is as if the whole constituency of Marylebone insisted on getting some office under the Crown the moment a member was returned to Parliament. There are men at Willard's who have come literally thousands of miles to seek for places which can only be theirs for four years, and who with true American facility have abandoned the calling and pursuits of a lifetime for this doubtful canvas; and I was told of one gentleman, who having been informed that he could not get a judgeship, condescended to seek a place in the Post Office, and finally applied to Mr. Chase to be appointed keeper of a "lighthouse," he was not particular where. In the forenoon I drove to the Washington Navy Yard, in company with Lieutenant Nelson and two friends. It is about two miles outside the city, situated on a fork of land projecting between a creek and the Potomac river, which is here three-quarters of a mile broad. If the French had a Navy Yard at Paris it could scarcely be contended that English, Russians, or Austrians would not have been justified in destroying it in case they got possession of the city by force of arms, after a pitched battle fought outside its gates. I confess I would not give much for Deptford and Woolwich if an American fleet succeeded in forcing its way up the Thames; but our American cousins,—a little more than kin and less than kind, who speak with pride of Paul Jones and of their exploits on the Lakes,—affect to regard the burning of the Washington Navy Yard by us, in the last war, as an unpardonable outrage on the law of nations, and an atrocious exercise of power. For all the good it did, for my own part, I think it were as well had it never happened, but no jurisconsult will for a moment deny that it was a legitimate, even if extreme, exercise of a belligerent right in the case of an enemy who did not seek terms from the conqueror; and who, after battle lost, fled and abandoned the property of their state, which might be useful to them in war, to the power of the victor. Notwithstanding all the unreasonableness of the American people in reference to their relations with foreign powers, it is deplorable such scenes should ever have been enacted between members of the human family so closely allied by all that shall make them of the same household.

The Navy Yard is surrounded by high brick walls; in the gateway stood two sentries in dark blue tunics, yellow facings, with eagle buttons, brightly polished arms, and white Berlin gloves, wearing a cap something like a French kepi, all very clean and creditable. Inside are some few trophies of guns taken from us at York Town, and from the Mexicans in the land of

Cortez. The interior inclosure is surrounded by red brick houses, and stores and magazines, picked out with white stone; and two or three green grass-plots, fenced in by pillars and chains and bordered by trees, give an air of agreeable freshness to the place. Close to the river are the workshops: of course there is smoke and noise of steam and machinery. In a modest office, surrounded by books, papers, drawings, and models, as well as by shell and shot and racks of arms of different descriptions, we found Capt. Dahlgren, the acting superintendent of the yard, and the inventor of the famous gun which bears his name, and is the favourite armament of the American navy. By our own sailors they are irreverently termed "soda-water bottles," owing to their shape. Capt. Dahlgren contends that guns capable of throwing the heaviest shot may be constructed of cast-iron, carefully prepared and moulded so that the greatest thickness of metal may be placed at the points of resistance, at the base of the gun, the muzzle and forward portions being of very moderate thickness.

All inventors, or even adapters of systems, must be earnest self-reliant persons, full of confidence, and, above all, impressive, or they will make little way in the conservative, *status-quo*-loving world. Captain Dahlgren has certainly most of these characteristics, but he has to fight with his navy department, with the army, with boards and with commissioners,—in fact, with all sorts of obstructors. When I was going over the yard, he deplored the parsimony of the department, which refused to yield to his urgent entreaties for additional furnaces to cast guns.

No large guns are cast at Washington. The foundries are only capable of turning out brass field-pieces and boat-guns. Capt. Dahlgren obligingly got one of the latter out to practice for us—a 12-pounder howitzer, which can be carried in a boat, run on land on its carriage, which is provided with wheels, and is so light that the gun can be drawn readily about by the crew. He made some good practice with shrapnel at a target 1200 yards distant, firing so rapidly as to keep three shells in the air at the same time. Compared with our establishments, this dockyard is a mere toy, and but few hands are employed in it. One steam sloop, the "Pawnee," was under the shears, nearly ready for sea: the frame of another was under the building-shed. There are no facilities for making iron ships, or putting on plate-armour here. Everything was shown to us with the utmost frankness. The fuse of the Dahlgren shell is constructed on the *vis inertiæ* principle, and is not unlike that of the Armstrong.

On returning to the hotel, I found a magnificent bouquet of flowers, with a card attached to them, with Mrs. Lincoln's compliments, and another card announcing that she had a "reception" at 3 o'clock. It was rather late before I could get to the White House, and there were only two or three ladies in the drawing-room when I arrived. I was informed afterwards that the attendance was very scanty. The Washington ladies have not yet made up their minds that Mrs. Lincoln is the fashion. They miss their Southern friends, and constantly draw comparisons between them and the vulgar Yankee women and men who are now in power. I do not know enough to say whether the affectation of superiority be justified; but assuredly if New York be Yankee, there is nothing in which it does not far surpass this preposterous capitol. The impression of homeliness produced by Mrs Lincoln on first sight, is not diminished by closer acquaintance. Few women not to the manner born there are, whose heads would not be disordered, and circulation disturbed, by a rapid transition, almost instantaneous, from a condition of obscurity in a country town to be mistress of the White House. Her smiles and her frowns become a matter of consequence to the whole American world. As the wife of the country lawyer, or even of the congress man, her movements were of no consequence. The journals of Springfield would not have wasted a line upon them. Now, if she but drive down Pennsylvania Avenue, the electric wire thrills the news to every hamlet in the Union which has a newspaper; and fortunate is the correspondent who, in a special despatch, can give authentic particulars of her destination and of her dress. The lady is surrounded by flatterers and intriguers, seeking for influence or such places as she can give. As Selden says, "Those who wish to set a house on fire begin with the thatch."

March 31*st, Easter Sunday.*—I dined with Lord Lyons and the members of the Legation; the only stranger present being Senator Sumner. Politics were of course eschewed, for Mr. Sumner is Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations of the Senate, and Lord Lyons is a very discreet Minister; but still there crept in a word of Pickens and Sumter, and that was all. Mr. Fox, formerly of the United States' Navy, and since that a master of a steamer in the commercial marine, who is related to Mr. Blair, has been sent on some mission to Fort Sumter, and has been allowed to visit Major Anderson by the authorities at Charleston; but it is not known what was the object of his mission. Everywhere there is Secession resignation, in a military sense of the word. The Southern Commissioners declare they will soon retire to Montgomery, and that any attempt to reinforce or supply the forts will be a *casus belli.* There is the utmost anxiety to know what Virginia will do. General Scott belongs to the State, and it is feared he may be shaken if the State goes out. Already the authorities of Richmond have intimated they will not allow the foundry to furnish guns to the seaboard forts, such as Munroe and Norfolk in Virginia. This concession of an autonomy is really a recognition of States' Rights. For if a State can vote itself in or out of the Union, why can it not make war or peace, and accept or refuse the Federal Government? In fact, the Federal system is radically defective against internal convulsion, however excellent it is or may be for purposes of external polity. I walked home with Mr. Sumner to his rooms, and heard some of his views, which were not so sanguine as those of Mr. Seward, and I thought I detected a desire to let the Southern States go out with their slavery if they so desired it. Mr. Chase, by the way, expressed sentiments of the same kind more decidedly the other day.

April 1st.—On Easter Monday, after breakfast with Mr. Olmsted, I drove over to visit Senator Douglas. Originally engaged in some mechanical avocation, by his ability and eloquence he has raised himself to the highest position in the State short of the Presidency, which might have been his but for the extraordinary success of his opponent in a fortuitous suffrage scramble. He is called the Little Giant, being *modo bipedali staturâ*, but his head entitles him to some recognition of intellectual height. His sketch of the causes which have led to the present disruption of parties, and the hazard of civil war, was most vivid and able; and for more than an hour he spoke with a vigour of thought and terseness of phrase which, even on such dreary and uninviting themes as squatter sovereignty and the Kansas-Nebraska question, interested a foreigner in the man and the subject. Although his sympathies seemed to go with the South on the question of slavery and territorial extension, he condemned altogether the attempt to destroy the Union.

April 2nd.—The following day I started early, and performed my pilgrimage to "the shrine of St. Washington," at Mount Vernon, as a foreigner on board called the place. Mr. Bancroft has in his possession a letter of the General's mother, in which she expresses her gratification at his leaving the British army in a manner which implies that he had been either extravagant in his expenses or wild in his manner of living. But if he had any human frailties in after life, they neither offended the morality of his age, or shocked the susceptibility of his countrymen; and from the time that the much maligned and unfortunate Braddock gave scope to his ability, down to his retirement into private life, after a career of singular trials and extraordinary successes, his character acquired each day greater altitude, strength, and lustre. Had his work failed, had the Republic broken up into small anarchical states, we should hear now little of Washington. But the principles of liberty founded in the original Constitution of the colonies themselves, and in no degree derived from or dependent on the revolution, combined with the sufferings of the Old and the bounty of nature in the New World to carry to an unprecedented degree the material prosperity, which Americans have mistaken for good government, and the physical comforts which have made some States in the Union the nearest approach to Utopia. The Federal Government hitherto "let the people alone," and they went on their way singing and praising their Washington as the author of so much greatness and happiness. To doubt his superiority to any man of woman born, is to insult the American people. They are not content with his being great—or even greater than the great: he must be greatest of all;—"first in peace, and first in war." The rest of the world cannot find fault with the assertion, that he is "first in the hearts of his countrymen." But he was not possessed of the highest military qualities, if we are to judge from most of the regular actions, in which the British had the best of it; and the final blow, when Cornwallis surrendered at York Town, was struck by the arm of France, by Rochambeau and the French fleet, rather than by Washington and his Americans. He had all the qualities for the work for which he was designed, and is fairly entitled to the position his countrymen have given him as the immortal czar of the United States. His pictures are visible everywhere—in the humblest inn, in the Minister's bureau, in the millionaire's gallery. There are far more engravings of Washington in America than there are of Napoleon in France, and that is saying a good deal.

What have we here? The steamer, which has been paddling down the gentle current of the Potomac, here a mile and more in breadth, banked in by forest, through which can be seen homesteads and white farm-houses, in the midst of large clearings and corn-fields — has moved in towards a high bluff, covered with trees, on the summit of which is visible the trace of some sort of building—a ruined summer-house, rustic temple—whatever it may be; and the bell on deck begins to toll solemnly, and some of the pilgrims uncover their heads for a moment. The boat stops at a rotten, tumble-down little pier, which leads to a waste of mud, and a path rudely cut through the wilderness of briars on the hill-side. The pilgrims, of whom there are some thirty or forty, of both sexes, mostly belonging to the lower classes of citizens, and comprising a few foreigners like myself, proceed to climb this steep, which seemed in a state of nature covered with primæval forest, and tangled weeds and briars, till the plateau, on which stands the house of Washington and the domestic offices around it, is reached. It is an oblong wooden house, of two stories in height, with a colonnade towards the river face, and a small balcony on the top and on the level of the roof, over which rises a little paltry gazebo. There are two windows, a glass door at one end of the oblong, and a wooden alcove extending towards the slave quarters, which are very small sentry-box huts, that have been recently painted, and stand at right angles to the end of the house, with dog-houses and poultry-hutches attached to them. There is no attempt at neatness or order about the place; though the exterior of the house is undergoing repair, the grass is unkempt, the shrubs untrimmed,—neglect, squalor, and chicken feathers have marked the lawn for their own. The house is in keeping, and threatens to fall to ruin. I entered the door, and found myself in a small hall, stained with tobacco juice. An iron railing ran across the entrance to the stairs. Here stood a man at a gate, who presented a book to the visitors, and pointed out the notice therein, that "no person is permitted to inscribe his name in this book who does not contribute to the Washington Fund, and that any name put down without money would be erased." Notwithstanding the warning, some patriots succeeded in recording their names without any pecuniary mulct, and others did so at a most reasonable rate. When I had contributed in a manner which must have represented an immense amount of Washingtoniolatry, estimated by the standard of the day, I was informed I could not go upstairs as the rooms above were closed to the public, and thus the most interesting portion of the house was shut from the strangers. The lower rooms presented nothing worthy of notice — some lumbering, dusty, decayed furniture; a broken harpsichord, dust, cobwebs — no remnant of the man himself. But over the door of one room hung the key of the Bastille.* The gardens, too, were tabooed; but through the gate I could see a wilderness of neglected trees and shrubs, not unmingled with a suspicion of a present kitchen-ground. Let us pass to the Tomb, which is some distance from the house, beneath the shade of some fine trees. It is a plain brick mausoleum, with a pointed arch, barred by an iron grating, through which the light penetrates a chamber or small room containing two sarcophagi of stone. Over the arch, on a slab let into the brick, are the words: "Within this enclosure rest the remains of Gen. George Washington." The fallen leaves which had drifted into the chamber rested thickly on the floor, and were piled up on the sarcophagi, and it was difficult to determine which was the hero's grave without the aid of an expert, but there was neither guide nor guardian on the spot. Some four or five gravestones, of various members of the family, stand in the ground outside the little mausoleum. The place was most depressing. One felt angry with a people whose lip service was accompanied by so little of actual respect. The owner of this property, inherited from the "Pater Patriæ," has been abused in good set terms because he asked its value from the country which has been so very mindful of the services of his ancestor, and which is now erecting by slow stages the overgrown Cleopatra's needle that is to be a Washington monument when it is finished. Mr. Everett has been lecturing, the Ladies' Mount Vernon Assocation has been working, and every one has been adjuring everybody else to give liberally; but the result so lately achieved is by no means worthy of the object. Perhaps the Americans think it is enough to say—"*Si monumentum quœris, circumspice.*" But, at all events, there is a St. Paul's round those words.

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* Since borrowed, it is supposed, by Mr. Seward, and handed over by him to Mr. Stanton. Lafayette gave it to Washington, he also gave his name to the Fort which has played so conspicuous a part in the war for liberty—"La liberté des deux mondes," might well sigh if he could see his work, and what it has led to.

On the return of the steamer I visited Fort Washington, which is situated on the left bank of the Potomac. I found everything in a state of neglect—gun carriages rotten, shot piles rusty, furnaces tumbling to pieces. The place might be made strong enough on the river front, but the rear is weak, though there is low marshy land at the back. A company of regulars were on duty. The sentries took no precautions against surprise.

Twenty determined men, armed with revolvers, could have taken the whole work; and, for all the authorities knew, we might have had that number of Virginians and the famous Ben McCullough himself on board. Afterwards, when I ventured to make a remark to General Scott as to the carelessness of the garrison, he said: "A few weeks ago it might have been taken by a bottle of whisky. The whole garrison consisted of an old Irish pensioner." Now at this very moment Washington is full of rumours of desperate descents on the capital, and an attack on the President and his Cabinet. The long bridge across the Potomac into Virginia is guarded, and the militia and volunteers of the district of Columbia are to be called out to resist McCullough and his Richmond desperadoes.

April 3rd.—I had an interview with the Southern Commissioners to-day, at their hotel. For more than an hour I heard, from men of position and of different sections in the South, expressions which satisfied me the Union could never be restored, if they truly represented the feelings and opinions of their fellow-citizens. They have the idea they are ministers of a foreign power treating with Yankeedom, and their indignation is moved by the refusal of Government to negotiate with them, armed as they are with full authority to arrange all questions arising out of an amicable separation—such as the adjustment of Federal claims for property, forts, stores, public works, debts, land purchases, and the like. One of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, Mr. Campbell, is their intermediary, and of course it is not known what hopes Mr. Seward has held out to him; but there is some imputation of Punic faith against the Government on account of recent acts, and there is no doubt the Commissioners hear, as I do, that there are preparations at the Navy Yard and at New York to relieve Sumter, at any rate, with provisions, and that Pickens has actually been reinforced by sea. In the evening I dined at the British Legation, and went over to the house of the Russian Minister, M. de Stoeckl, in the evening. The diplomatic body in Washington constitute a small and very agreeable society of their own, in which few Americans mingle except at the receptions and large evening assemblies. As the people now in power are *novi homines*, the wives and daughters of ministers and attachés are deprived of their friends who belonged to the old society in Washington, and who have either gone off to Secession, or sympathise so deeply with the Southern States that it is scarcely becoming to hold very intimate relations with them in the face of Government. From the house of M. de Stoeckl I went to a party at the residence of M. Tassara, the Spanish Minister, where there was a crowd of diplomats, young and old. Diplomatists seldom or never talk politics, and so Pickens and Sumter were unheard of; but it is stated nevertheless that Virginia is on the eve of secession, and will certainly go if the President attempts to use force in relieving and strengthening the Federal forts.

April 4th.—I had a long interview with Mr. Seward to-day at the State Department. He set forth at great length the helpless condition in which the President and the cabinet found themselves when they began the conduct of public affairs at Washington. The last cabinet had tampered with treason, and had contained traitors; a miserable imbecility had encouraged the leaders of the South to mature their plans, and had furnished them with the means of carrying out their design. One Minister had purposely sent away the navy of the United States to distant and scattered stations; another had purposely placed the arms, ordnance, and munitions of war in undue proportions in the Southern States, and had weakened the Federal Government so that they might easily fall into the hands of the traitors and enable them to secure the war *materiel* of the Union; a Minister had stolen the public funds for traitorous purposes—in every port, in every department of the State, at home and abroad, on sea and by land, men were placed who were engaged in this deep conspiracy — and when the voice of the people declared Mr. Lincoln President of the United States, they set to work as one man to destroy the Union under the most flimsy pretexts. The President's duty was clearly defined by the Constitution. He had to guard what he had, and to regain, if possible, what he had lost. He would not consent to any dismemberment of the Union nor to the abandonment of one iota of Federal property—nor could he do so if he desired.

These and many more topics were presented to me to show that the Cabinet was not accountable for the temporising policy of inaction, which was forced upon them by circumstances, and that they would deal vigorously with the Secession movement—as vigorously as Jackson did with nullification in South Carolina, if they had the means. But what could they do when such men as Twiggs surrendered his trust and sacrificed the troops to a crowd of Texans; or when naval and military officers resigned *en masse*, that they might accept service in the rebel forces? All this excitement would come right in a very short time—it was a brief madness, which would pass away when the people had opportunity for reflection. Meantime the danger was that foreign powers would be led to imagine the Federal Government was too weak to defend its rights, and that the attempt to destroy the Union and to set up a Southern Confederacy was successful. In other words, again, Mr. Seward fears that, in this transition state between their forced inaction and the *coup* by which they intend to strike down Secession, Great Britain may recognise the Government established at Montgomery, and is ready, if needs be, to threaten Great Britain with war as the consequence of such recognition. But he certainly assumed the existence of strong Union sentiments in many of the seceded States, as a basis for his remarks, and admitted that it would not become the spirit of the American Government, or of the Federal system, to use armed force in subjugating the Southern States against the will of the majority of the people. Therefore if the majority desire Secession, Mr. Seward would let them have it—but he cannot believe in anything so monstrous, for to him the Federal Government and Constitution, as interpreted by his party, are divine, heaven-born. He is fond of repeating that the Federal Government never yet sacrificed any man's life on account of his political opinions, but if this struggle goes on it will sacrifice thousands—tens of thousands, to the idea of a Federal Union. "Any attempt against us," he said, "would revolt the good men of the South, and arm all men in the North to defend their Government."

But I had seen that day an assemblage of men doing a goose-step march forth dressed in blue tunics and grey trowsers, shakoes and cross-belts, armed with musket and bayonet, cheering and hurrahing in the square before the War Department, who were, I am told, the District of Columbia volunteers and militia. They had indeed been visible in various forms parading, marching, and trumpeting about the town with a poor imitation of French *pas* and *élan,* but they did not, to the eye of a soldier, give any appearance of military efficiency, or to the eye of the anxious statesman any indication of the *animus pugnandi.* Starved, washed-out creatures most of them, interpolated with Irish and flat-footed, stumpy Germans. It was matter for wonderment that the Foreign Minister of a nation which was in such imminent danger in its very capital, and which, with its chief and his cabinet, was almost at the mercy of the enemy, should hold the language I was aware he had transmitted to the most powerful nations of Europe. Was it consciousness of the strength of a great people, who would be united by the first apprehension of foreign interference, or was it the peculiar emptiness of a bombast which is called Buncombe? In all sincerity I think Mr. Seward meant it as it was written.

When I arrived at the hotel, I found our young artist waiting for me, to entreat I would permit him to accompany me to the South. I had been annoyed by a paragraph which had appeared in several papers, to the effect that "The talented young artist, our gifted countryman, Mr. Deodore F. Moses, was about to accompany Mr. &c. &c., in his tour through the South." I had informed the young gentleman that I could not sanction such an announcement, whereupon he assured me he had not in any way authorised it, but having mentioned incidentally to a person connected with the press that he was going to travel southwards with me, the injudicious zeal of his friend had led him to think he would do a service to the youth by making the most of the very trifling circumstance.

I dined with Senator Douglas, where there was a large party, among whom were Mr. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury; Mr. Smith, Secretary of the Interior; Mr. Forsyth, Southern Commissioner; and several members of the Senate and Congress. Mrs. Douglas did the honours of her house with grace and charming goodnature. I observe a great tendency to abstract speculation and theorising among Americans, and their after-dinner conversation is apt to become didactic and sententious. Few men speak better than Senator Douglas: his words are well chosen, the flow of his ideas even and constant, his intellect vigorous, and thoughts well cut, precise, and vigorous —he seems a man of great ambition, and he told me he is engaged in preparing a sort of Zollverein scheme for the North American continent, including Canada, which will fix public attention everywhere, and may lead to a settlement of the Northern and Southern controversies. For his mind, as for that of many Americans, the aristocratic idea embodied in Russia is very seductive; and he dwelt with pleasure on the courtesies he had received at the court of the Czar, implying that he had been treated differently in England, and perhaps France. And yet, had Mr. Douglas become President of the United States, his goodwill towards Great Britain might have been invaluable, and surely it had been cheaply purchased by a little civility and attention to a distinguished citizen and statesman of the Republic. Our Galleos very often care for none of these things.

April 5*th.*—Dined with the Southern Commissioners and a small party at Gautier's, a French restaurateur in Pennsylvania avenue. The gentlemen present were, I need not say, all of one way of thinking; but as these leaves will see the light before the civil war is at an end, it is advisable not to give their names, for it would expose persons resident in Washington, who may not be suspected by the Government, to those marks of attention which they have not yet ceased to pay to their political enemies. Although I confess that in my judgment too much stress has been laid in England on the severity with which the Federal authorities have acted towards their political enemies, who were seeking their destruction, it may be candidly admitted, that they have forfeited all claim to the lofty position they once occupied as a Government existing by moral force, and by the consent of the governed, to which Bastilles and *lettrès de cachét*, arbitrary arrests, and doubtful, illegal, if not altogether unconstitutional, suspension of *habeas corpus* and of trial by jury were unknown.

As Col. Pickett and Mr. Banks are notorious Secessionists, and Mr. Phillips has since gone South, after the arrest of his wife on account of her anti-federal tendencies, it may be permitted to mention that they were among the guests. I had pleasure in making the acquaintance of Governor Roman. Mr. Crawford, his brother commissioner, is a much younger man, of considerably greater energy and determination, but probably of less judgment. The third commissioner, Mr. Forsyth, is fanatical in his opposition to any suggestions of compromise or reconstruction; but, indeed, upon that point, there is little difference of opinion amongst any of the real adherents of the South. Mr. Lincoln they spoke of with contempt; Mr. Seward they evidently regarded as the ablest and most unscrupulous of their enemies; but the tone in which they alluded to the whole of the Northern people indicated the clear conviction that trade, commerce, the pursuit of gain, manufacture, and the base mechanical arts, had so degraded the whole race, they would never attempt to strike a blow in fair fight for what they prized so highly in theory and in words. Whether it be in consequence of some secret influence which slavery has upon the minds of men, or that the aggression of the North upon their institutions has been of a nature to excite the deepest animosity and most vindictive hate, certain it is there is a degree of something like ferocity in the Southern mind towards New England which exceeds belief. I am persuaded that these feelings of contempt are extended towards England. They believe that we, too, have had the canker of peace upon us. One evidence of this, according to Southern men, is the abolition of duelling. This practice, according to them, is highly wholesome and meritorious; and, indeed, it may be admitted that in the state of society which is reported to exist in the Southern States, it is a useful check on such men as it restrained in our own islands in the last century. In the course of conversation, one gentleman remarked, that he considered it disgraceful for any man to take money for the dishonour of his wife or his daughter. "With us," he said, "there is but one mode of dealing known. The man who dares tamper with the honour of a white woman, knows what he has to expect. We shoot him down like a dog, and no jury in the South will ever find any man guilty of murder for punishing such a scoundrel." An argument which can scarcely be alluded to was used by them, to show that these offences in slave States had not the excuse which might be adduced to diminish their gravity when they occurred in States where all the population were white. Indeed, in this, as in some other matters of a similar character, slavery is their *summum bonum* of morality, physical excellence, and social purity. I was inclined to question the correctness of the standard which they had set up, and to inquire whether the virtue which needed this murderous use of the pistol and the dagger to defend it, was not open to some doubt; but I found there was very little sympathy with my views among the company.

The gentlemen at table asserted that the white men in the slave States are physically superior to the men of the free States; and indulged in curious theories in morals and physics to which I was a stranger. Disbelief of anything a Northern man—that is, a Republican—can say, is a fixed principle in their minds. I could not help remarking, when the conversation turned on the duplicity of Mr. Seward, and the wickedness of the Federal Government in refusing to give the assurance Sumter would not be relieved by force of arms, that it must be of very little consequence what promises Mr. Seward made, as, according to them, not the least reliance was to be placed on his word. The notion that the Northern men are cowards is justified by instances in which Congress-men have been insulted by Southern men without calling them out, and Mr. Sumner's case was quoted as the type of the affairs of the kind between the two sides.

I happened to say that I always understood Mr. Sumner had been attacked suddenly and unexpectedly, and struck down before he could rise from his desk to defend himself; whereupon a warm refutation of that version of the story was given, and I was assured that Mr. Brooks, who was a very slight man, and much inferior in height to Mr. Sumner, struck him a slight blow at first, and only inflicted the heavier strokes when irritated by the Senator's cowardly demeanor. In reference to some remark made about the cavaliers and their connection with the South, I reminded the gentlemen that, after all, the descendants of the Puritans were not to be despised in battle: and that the best gentry in England were worsted at last by the train-bands of London, and the "rabbledom" of Cromwell's Independents.

Mr., or Colonel, Pickett, is a tall good-looking man, of pleasant manners, and well educated. But this gentleman was a professed buccaneer, a friend of Walker, the grey-eyed man of destiny—his comrade in his most dangerous razzie. He was a newspaper writer, a soldier, a filibuster; and he now threw himself into the cause of the South with vehemence; it was not difficult to imagine he saw in that cause the realisation of the dreams of empire in the south of the Gulf, and of conquest in the islands of the sea, which have such a fascinating influence over the imagination of a large portion of the American people. He referred to Walker's fate with much bitterness, and insinuated he was betrayed by the British officer who ought to have protected him.

The acts of Mr. Floyd and Mr. Howell Cobb, which must be esteemed of doubtful morality, are here justified by the States' Rights doctrine. If the States had a right to go out, they were quite right in obtaining their quota of the national property which would not have been given to them by the Lincolnites. Therefore, their friends were not to be censured because they had sent arms and money to the South.

Altogether the evening, notwithstanding the occasional warmth of the controversy, was exceedingly instructive; one could understand from the vehemence and force of the speakers the full meaning of the phrase of "firing the Southern heart," so often quoted as an illustration of the peculiar force of political passion to be brought to bear against the Republicans in the Secession contest. Mr. Forsyth, struck me as being the most astute, and perhaps most capable, of the gentlemen whose mission to Washington seems likely to be so abortive. His name is historical in America—his father filled high office, and his son has also exercised diplomatic function. Despotisms and Republics of the American model approach each other closely. In Turkey the Pasha unemployed sinks into insignificance, and the son of the Pasha deceased is literally nobody. Mr. Forsyth was not selected as Southern Commissioner on account of the political status acquired by his father; but the position gained by his own ability, as editor of "The Mobile Register," induced the Confederate authorities to select him for the post. It is quite possible to have made a mistake in such matters, but I am almost certain that the coloured waiters who attended us at table looked as sour and discontented as could be, and seemed to give their service with a sort of protest. I am told that the tradespeople of Washington are strongly inclined to favour the southern side.

April 6th.—To-day I paid a second visit to General Scott, who received me very kindly, and made many inquiries respecting the events in the Crimea and the Indian mutiny and rebellion. He professed to have no apprehension for the safety of the capital; but in reality there are only some 700 or 800 regulars to protect it and the Navy Yard, and two field-batteries, commanded by an officer of very doubtful attachment to the Union. The head of the Navy Yard is openly accused of treasonable sympathies.

Mr. Seward has definitively refused to hold any intercourse whatever with the Southern Commissioners, and they will retire almost immediately from the capital. As matters look very threatening, I must go South and see with my own eyes how affairs stand there, before the two sections come to open rupture. Mr. Seward, the other day, in talking of the South, described them as being in every respect behind the age, with fashions, habits, level of thought, and modes of life, belonging to the worst part of the last century. But still he never has been there himself! The Southern men come up to the Northern cities and springs, but the Northerner rarely travels southwards. Indeed, I am informed, that if he were a well-known Abolitionist, it would not be safe for him to appear in a Southern city. I quite agree with my thoughtful and earnest friend, Olmsted, that the United States can never be considered as a free country till a man can speak as freely in Charleston as he can in New York or Boston.

I dined with Mr. Riggs, the banker, who had an agreeable party to meet me. Mr. Corcoran, his former partner, who was present, erected at his own cost, and presented to the city, a fine building, to be used as an art gallery and museum; but as yet the arts which are to be found in Washington are political and feminine only. Mr. Corcoran has a private gallery of pictures, and a collection, in which is the much-praised Greek Slave of Hiram Powers. The gentry of Columbia are thoroughly Virginian in sentiment, and look rather south than north of the Potomac for political results. The President, I hear this evening, is alarmed lest Virginia should become hostile, and his policy, if he has any, is temporising and timid. It is perfectly wonderful to hear people using the word "Government" at all, as applied to the President and his cabinet—a body which has no power "according to the constitution" to save the country governed or itself from destruction. In fact, from the circumstances under which the constitution was framed, it was natural that the principle point kept in view should be the exhibition of a strong front to foreign powers, combined with the least possible amount of constriction on the internal relations of the different States.

In the hotel the roar of office-seekers is unabated. Train after train adds to their numbers. They cumber the passages. The hall is crowded to such a degree that suffocation might describe the degree to which the pressure reaches, were it not that tobacco-smoke invigorates and sustains the constitution. As to the condition of the floor it is beyond description.

CHAPTER VIII.

New York Press—Rumours as to the Southerners—Visit to the Smithsonian Institute — Pythons — Evening at Mr. Seward's — Rough draft of official dispatch to Lord J. Russell — Estimate of its effect in Europe—The attitude of Virginia.

April 7th.—Raining all day, cold and wet. I am tired and weary of this perpetual jabber about Fort Sumter. Men here who know nothing at all of what is passing send letters to the New York papers, which are eagerly read by the people in Washington as soon as the journals reach the city, and then all these vague surmises are taken as gospel, and argued upon as if they were facts. The "Herald" keeps up the courage and spirit of its Southern friends by giving the most florid accounts of their prospects, and making continual attacks on Mr. Lincoln and his Government; but the majority of the New York papers are inclined to resist Secession and aid the Government. I dined with Lord Lyons in the evening, and met Mr. Sumner, Mr. Blackwell, the manager of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, his wife, and the members of the Legation. After dinner I visited M. de Stoeckl, the Russian Minister, and M. Tassara, the Minister of Spain, who had small receptions. There were few Americans present. As a rule, the diplomatic circle, which has, by-the-by., no particular centre, radii, or circumference, keeps its members pretty much within itself. The great people here are mostly the representatives of the South American powers, who are on more intimate relations with the native families in Washington than are the transatlantic ministers.

April 8th.—How it does rain! Last night there were torrents of water in the streets literally a foot deep. It still runs in muddy whirling streams through the channels, and the rain is falling incessantly from a dull leaden sky. The air is warm and clammy. There are all kind of rumours abroad, and the barbers' shops shook with "shaves" this morning. Sumter, of course, was the main topic. Some reported that the President had promised the Southern Commissioners, through their friend Mr. Campbell, Judge of the Supreme Court, not to use force in respect to Pickens or Sumter. I wrote to Mr. Seward, to ask him if he could enable me to make any definite statement on these important matters. The Southerners are alarmed at the accounts they have received of great activity and preparations in the Brocklyn and Boston navy yards, and declare that "treachery" is meant. I find myself quite incapable of comprehending their position. How can the United States Government be guilty of "treachery" towards subjects of States which are preparing to assert their independence, unless that Government has been guilty of falsehood or admitted the justice of the decision to which the States had arrived?

As soon as I had finished my letters, I drove over to the Smithsonian Institute, and was most kindly received by Professor Henry, who took me through the library and museum, and introduced me to Professor Baird, who is great in natural history, and more particularly in ornithology. I promised the professors some skins of Himalayan pheasants, as an addition to the collection. In the library we were presented to two very fine and lively rock snakes, or pythons, I believe, some six feet long or more, which moved about with much grace and agility, putting out their forked tongues and hissing sharply when seized by the hand or menaced with a stick. I was told that some persons doubted if serpents hissed; I can answer for it that rock snakes do most audibly. They are not venomous, but their teeth are sharp and needle like. The eye is bright and glistening; the red forked tongue, when protruded, has a rapid vibratory motion, as if it were moved by the muscles which produce the quivering hissing noise. I was much interested by Professor Henry's remarks on the large map of the continent of North America in his study: he pointed out the climatic conditions which determined the use, profits, and necessity of slave labour, and argued that the vast increase of population anticipated in the valley of the Mississippi, and the prophecies of imperial greatness attached to it, were fallacious. He seems to be of opinion that most of the good land of America is already cultivated, and that the crops which it produces tend to exhaust it, so as to compel the cultivators eventually to let it go fallow or to use manure. The fact is, that the influence of the great mountain-chain in the west, which intercepts all the rain on the Pacific side, causes an immense extent of country between the eastern slope of the chain and the Mississippi, as well as the district west of Minnesota, to be perfectly dry and uninhabitable; and, as far as we know, it is as worthless as a moor, except for the pasturage of wild cattle and the like.

On returning to my hotel, I found a note from Mr. Seward, asking me to visit him at nine o'clock. On going to his house, I was shown to the drawing-room, and found there only the Secretary of State, his son, and Mrs. Seward. I made a *parti carré* for a friendly rubber of whist, and Mr. Seward, who was my partner, talked as he played, so that the score of the game was not favourable. But his talk was very interesting. "All the preparations of which you hear mean this only. The Government, finding the property of the State and Federal forts neglected and left without protection, are determined to take steps to relieve them from that neglect, and to protect them. But we are determined in doing so to make no aggression. The President's inaugural clearly shadows out our policy. We will not go beyond it—we have no intention of doing so—nor will we withdraw from it." After a time Mr. Seward put down his cards, and told his son to go for a portfolio which he would find in a drawer of his table. Mrs. Seward lighted the drop light of the gas, and on her husband's return with the paper left the room. The Secretary then lit his cigar, gave one to me, and proceeded to read slowly and with marked emphasis, a very long, strong, and able dispatch, which he told me was to be read by Mr. Adams, the American Minister in London, to Lord John Russell. It struck me that the tone of the paper was hostile, that there was an undercurrent of menace through it, and that it contained insinuations that Great Britain would interfere to split up the Republic, if she could, and was pleased at the prospect of the dangers which threatened it.

At all the stronger passages Mr. Seward raised his voice, and made a pause at their conclusion as if to challenge remark or approval. At length I could not help saying, that the despatch would, no doubt, have an excellent effect when it came to light in Congress, and that the Americans would think highly of the writer; but I ventured to express an opinion that it would not be quite so acceptable to the Government and people of Great Britain. This Mr. Seward, as an American statesman, had a right to make but a secondary consideration. By affecting to regard Secession as a mere political heresy which can be easily confuted, and by forbidding foreign countries alluding to it, Mr. Seward thinks he can establish the supremacy of his own Government, and at the same time gratify the vanity of the people. Even war with us may not be out of the list of those means which would be available for re-fusing the broken union into a mass once more. However, the Secretary is quite confident in what he calls "re-action." "When the Southern States," he says, "see that we mean them no wrong—that we intend no violence to persons, rights, or things—that the Federal Government seeks only to fulfil obligations imposed on it in respect to the national property, they will see their mistake, and one after another they will come back into the union." Mr. Seward anticipates this process will at once begin, and that Secession will all be done and over in three months—at least, so he says. It was after midnight ere our conversation was over, much of which of course I cannot mention in these pages.

April 9th.—A storm of rain, thunder, and lightning. The streets are converted into water-courses. From the country we hear of bridges washed away by inundations, and roads rendered impassable. Accounts from the South are gloomy, but the *turba Remi* in Willard's are as happy as ever, at least as noisy and as greedy of place. By-the-by, I observe that my prize-fighting friend of the battered nose has been rewarded for his exertions at last. He has been standing drinks all round till he is not able to stand himself, and he has expressed his determination never to forget all the people in the passage. I dined at the Legation in the evening, where there was a small party, and returned to the hotel in torrents of rain.

CHAPTER IX.

Dinner at General Scott's—Anecdotes of General Scott's early life—The startling dispatch—Insecurity of the Capital.

April 10th.—To-day I devoted to packing up such things as I did not require, and sending them to New York. I received a characteristic note from General Scott, asking me to dine with him to-morrow, and apologising for the shortness of his invitation, which arose from his only having just heard that I was about to leave so soon for the South. The General is much admired by his countrymen, though they do not spare some "amiable weaknesses;" but, in my mind, he can only be accused of a little vanity, which is often found in characters of the highest standard. He likes to display his reading, and is troubled with a desire to indulge in fine writing. Some time ago he wrote a long letter to the "National Intelligencer," in which he quoted Shakspere and Paley to prove that President Buchanan ought to have garrisoned the forts at Charleston and Pensacola, as he advised him to do; and he has been the victim of poetic aspirations. The General's dinner hour was early; and when I arrived at his modest lodgings, which, however, were in the house of a famous French cook, I found a troop of mounted volunteers of the district, parading up and down the street. They were not bad of their class, and the horses, though light, were active, hardy, and spirited; but the men put on their uniforms badly, wore long hair, their coats and buttons and boots were unbrushed, and the horses' coats and accoutrements bore evidence of neglect. The General, who wore an undress blue frock-coat, with eagle-covered brass buttons, and velvet collar and cuffs, was with Mr. Seward and Mr. Bates, the Attorney-General, and received me very courteously. He was interrupted by cheering from the soldiers in the street, and by clamours for "General Scott." He moves with difficulty, owing to a fall from his horse, and from the pressure of increasing years; and he evidently would not have gone out if he could have avoided it. But there is no privacy for public men in America.

Out the General went to them, and addressed a few words to his audience in the usual style about "rallying round," and "dying gloriously," and "old flag of our country," and all that kind of thing; after which, the band struck up "Yankee Doodle." Mr. Seward called out "General, make them play the 'Star-Spangled Banner,' and 'Hail Columbia.'" And so I was treated to the strains of the old bacchanalian chant, "When Bibo," &c., which the Americans have impressed to do duty as a national air. Then came an attempt to play "God save the Queen," which I duly appreciated as a compliment; and then followed dinner, which did credit to the cook, and wine, which was most excellent, from France, Spain, and Madeira. The only addition to our party was Major Cullum, aide-de-camp to General Scott, an United States' engineer, educated at West Point. The General underwent a little badinage about the phrase "a hasty plate of soup," which he used in one of his despatches during the Mexican War, and he appealed to me to decide whether it was so erroneous or ridiculous as Mr. Seward insisted. I said I was not a judge, but certainly similar liberal usage of a well-known figure of prosody might be found to justify the phrase. The only attendants at table were the General's English valet and a coloured servant; and the table apparatus which bore such good things was simple and unpretending. Of course the conversation was of a general character, and the General, evidently picking out his words with great precision, took the lead in it, telling anecdotes of great length, graced now and then with episodes, and fortified by such episodes as—"Bear with me, dear sir, for a while, that I may here diverge from the main current of my story, and proceed to mention a curious——" &c., and so on.

To me his conversation was very interesting, particularly that portion which referred to his part in the last war, where he was wounded and taken prisoner. He gave an account of the Battle of Chippewa, which was, he said, fought on true scientific principles; and in the ignorance common to most Englishmen of reverses to their arms, I was injudicious enough, when the battle was at its height, and whole masses of men were moving in battalions and columns over the table, to ask how many were engaged. The General made the most of his side: "We had, sir, twenty-one hundred and seventy-five men in the field." He told us how, when the British men-of-war provoked general indignation in Virginia by searching American vessels for deserters in the Chesapeake, the State of Virginia organised a volunteer force to guard the shores, and, above all things, to prevent the country people sending down supplies to the vessels, in pursuance of the orders of the Legislature and Governor. Young Scott, then reading for the bar, became corporal of a troop of these patrols. One night, as they were on duty by the banks of the Potomac, they heard a boat with muffled oars coming rapidly down the river, and soon saw her approaching quite close to the shore under cover of the trees. When she was abreast of the troopers, Scott challenged "What boat is that?" "It's His Majesty's ship 'Leopard,' and what the d—— is that to you? Give way, my lads!" "I at once called on him to surrender," said the General, "and giving the word to charge, we dashed into the water. Fortunately, it was not deep, and the midshipman in charge, taken by surprise by a superior force, did not attempt to resist us. We found the boat manned by four sailors, and filled with vegetables and other supplies, and took possession of it; and I believe it is the first instance of a man-of-war's boat being captured by cavalry. The Legislature of Virginia, however, did not approve of the capture, and the officer was given up accordingly.

"Many years afterwards, when I visited Europe, I happened to be dining at the hospitable mansion of Lord Holland, and observed during the banquet that a gentleman at table was scrutinising my countenance in a manner indicative of some special curiosity. Several times, as my eye wandered in his direction, I perceived that he had been continuing his investigations, and at length I rebuked him by a continuous glance. After dinner, this gentleman came round to me and said, 'General Scott, I hope you will pardon my rudeness in staring at you, but the fact is that you bear a most remarkable resemblance to a great overgrown, clumsy, country fellow of the same name, who took me prisoner in my boat when I was a midshipman in the "Chesapeake," at the head of a body of mounted men. He was, I remember quite well, Corporal Scott.' 'That Corporal Scott, sir, and the individual who addresses you, are identical one with the other.' The officer whose acquaintance I thus so auspiciously renewed, was Captain Fox, a relation of Lord Holland, and a post-captain in the British navy."

Whilst he was speaking, a telegraphic dispatch was brought in, which the General perused with evident uneasiness. He apologised to me for reading it by saying the dispatch was from the President on Cabinet business, and then handed it across the table to Mr. Seward. The Secretary read it, and became a little agitated, and raised his eyes inquiringly to the General's face, who only shook his head. Then the paper was given to Mr. Bates, who read it, and gave a grunt, as it were, of surprise. The General took back the paper, read it twice over, and then folded it up and put it in his pocket. "You had better not put it there, General," interposed Mr. Seward; "it will be getting lost, or into some other hands." And so the General seemed to think, for he immediately threw it into the fire, before which certain bottles of claret were gently mellowing.

The communication was evidently of a very unpleasant character. In order to give the Ministers opportunity for a conference, I asked Major Cullum to accompany me into the garden, and lighted a cigar. As I was walking about in the twilight, I observed two figures at the end of the little enclosure, standing as if in concealment close to the wall. Major Cullum said "The men you see are sentries I have thought it expedient to place there for the protection of the General. The villains might assassinate him, and would do it in a moment if they could. He would not hear of a guard, nor anything of the sort, so, without his knowing it, I have sentries posted all round the house all night." This was a curious state of things for the commander of the American army, in the midst of a crowded city, the capital of the free and enlightened Republic, to be placed in! On our return to the sitting-room, the conversation was continued some hour or so longer. I retired with Mr. Seward in his carriage. As we were going up Pennsylvania Avenue—almost lifeless at that time—I asked Mr. Seward whether he felt quite secure against any irruption from Virginia, as it was reported that one Ben McCullough, the famous Texan desperado, had assembled 500 men at Richmond for some daring enterprise: some said to carry off the President, cabinet, and all. He replied that, although the capital was almost defenceless, it must be remembered that the bold bad men who were their enemies were equally unprepared for active measures of aggression.

CHAPTER X.

Preparations for war at Charleston—My own departure for the Southern States—Arrival at Baltimore—Commencement of hostilities at Fort Sumter—Bombardment of the Fort—General feeling as to North and South—Slavery—First impressions of the City of Baltimore—Departure by steamer.

April 12*th*.—This morning I received an intimation that the Government had resolved on taking decisive steps which would lead to a development of events in the South and test the sincerity of Secession. The Confederate general at Charleston, Beauregard, has sent to the Federal officer in command at Sumter, Major Anderson, to say, that all communication between his garrison and the city must cease; and, at the same time, or probably before it, the Government at Washington informed the Confederate authorities that they intended to forward supplies to Major Anderson, peaceably if permitted, but at all hazards to send them. The Charleston people are manning the batteries they have erected against Sumter, have fired on a vessel under the United States flag, endeavouring to communicate with the fort, and have called out and organised a large force in the islands opposite the place and in the city of Charleston.

I resolved therefore to start for the Southern States to-day, proceeding by Baltimore to Norfolk instead of going by Richmond, which was cut off by the floods. Before leaving, I visited Lord Lyons, Mr. Seward, the French and Russian Ministers; left cards on the President, Mrs. Lincoln, General Scott, Mr. Douglas, Mr. Sumner, and others. There was no appearance of any excitement in Washington, but Lord Lyons mentioned, as an unusual circumstance, that he had received no telegraphic communication from Mr. Bunch, the British Consul at Charleston. Some ladies said to me that when I came back I would find some nice people at Washington, and that the rail-splitter, his wife, the Sewards, and all the rest of them, would be driven to the place where they ought to be: "Varina Davis is a lady, at all events, not like the other. We can't put up with such people as these!" A naval officer whom I met, told me, "if the Government are really going to try force at Charlestown, you'll see they'll be beaten, and we'll have a war between the gentlemen and the Yankee rowdies; if they attempt violence, you know how that will end." The Government are so uneasy that they have put soldiers into the Capitol, and are preparing it for defence.

At 6 P.M. I drove to the Baltimore station in a storm of rain, accompanied by Mr. Warre, of the British Legation. In the train there was a crowd of people, many of them disappointed place-hunters, and much discussion took place respecting the propriety of giving supplies to Sumter by force, the weight of opinion being against the propriety of such a step. The tone in which the President and his cabinet were spoken of was very disrespectful. One big man, in a fur coat, who was sitting near me, said, "Well, darn me if I wouldn't draw a bead on Old Abe, Seward—aye, or

General Scott himself, though I've got a perty good thing out of them, if they due try to use their soldiers and sailors to beat down States' Rights. If they want to go they've a right to go." To which many said, "That's so! That's true!"

When we arrived at Baltimore, at 8 P.M., the streets were deep in water. A coachman, seeing I was a stranger, asked me two dollars, or 8*s.* 4*d.*, to drive to the Eutaw House, a quarter of a mile distance; but I was not surprised, as I had paid three-and-a-half and four dollars to go to dinner and return to the hotel in Washington. On my arrival, the landlord, no less a person than a major or colonel, took me aside, and asked me if I had heard the news. "No, what is it?" "The President of the Telegraph Company tells me he has received a message from his clerk at Charleston that the batteries have opened fire on Sumter because the Government has sent down a fleet to force in supplies." The news had, however, spread. The hall and bar of the hotel were full, and I was asked by many people whom I had never seen in my life, what my opinions were as to the authenticity of the rumour. There was nothing surprising in the fact that the Charleston people had resented any attempt to reinforce the forts, as I was aware, from the language of the Southern Commissioners, that they would resist any such attempt to the last, and make it a *casus* and *causa belli.*

April 14.—The Eutaw House is not a very good specimen of an American hotel, but the landlord does his best to make his guests comfortable, when he likes them. The American landlord is a despot who regulates his dominions by ukases affixed to the walls, by certain state departments called "offices" and "bars," and who generally is represented, whilst he is away on some military, political, or commercial undertaking, by a lieutenant; the deputy being, if possible, a greater man than the chief. It requires so much capital to establish a large hotel, that there is little fear of external competition in the towns. And Americans are so gregarious that they will not patronise small establishments.

I was the more complimented by the landlord's attention this morning when he came to the room, and in much excitement informed me the news of Fort Sumter being bombarded by the Charleston batteries was confirmed, "And now," said he, "there's no saying where it will all end."

After breakfast I was visited by some gentlemen of Baltimore, who were highly delighted with the news, and I learned from them there was was a probability of their State joining those which had seceded. The whole feeling of the landed and respectable classes is with the South. The dislike to the Federal Government at Washington is largely spiced with personal ridicule and contempt of Mr. Lincoln. Your Marylander is very tenacious about being a gentleman, and what he does not consider gentlemanly is simply unfit for anything, far less for place and authority.

The young draftsman, of whom I spoke, turned up this morning, having pursued me from Washington. He asked me whether I would still let him accompany me. I observed that I had no objection, but that I could not permit such paragraphs in the papers again, and suggested there would be no difficulty in his travelling by himself, if he pleased. He replied that his former connection with a Black Republican paper might lead to his detention or molestation in the South, but that if he was allowed to come with me, no one would doubt that he was employed by an illustrated London paper. The young gentleman will certainly never lose anything for the want of asking.

At the black barber's I was meekly interrogated by my attendant as to my belief in the story of the bombardment. He was astonished to find a stranger could think the event was probable. "De gen'lmen of Baltimore will be quite glad ov it. But maybe it'l come bad after all." I discovered my barber had strong ideas that the days of slavery were drawing to an end. "And what will take place then, do you think?" "Wall, sare, 'spose coloured men will be good as white men." That is it. They do not understand what a vast gulf flows between them and the equality of position with the white race which most of those who have aspirations imagine to be meant by emancipation. He said the town slave-owners were very severe and harsh in demanding larger sums than the slaves could earn. The slaves are sent out to do jobs, to stand for hire, to work on the quays and docks. Their earnings go to the master, who punishes them if they do not bring home enough. Sometimes the master is content with a fixed sum, and all over that amount which the slave can get may be retained for his private purposes.

Baltimore looks more ancient and respectable than the towns I have passed through, and the site on which it stands is undulating, so that the houses have not that flatness and uniformity of height which make the streets of New York and Philadelphia resemble those of a toy city magnified. Why Baltimore should be called the "Monumental City" could not be divined by a stranger. He would never think that a great town of 250,000 inhabitants could derive its name from an obelisk cased in white marble to George Washington, even though it be more than 200 feet high, nor from the grotesque column called "Battle Monument," erected to the memory of those who fell in the skirmish outside the city in which the British were repulsed in 1814. I could not procure any guide to the the city worth reading, and strolled about at discretion, after a visit to the Maryland Club, of which I was made an honorary member. At dark I started for Norfolk, in the steamer "Georgianna."

CHAPTER XI.

Scenes on board an American steamer—The "Merrimac"—Irish sailors in America—Norfolk—A telegram on Sunday; news from the seat of war—American "chaff" and our Jack Tars.

Sunday, April 14.—A night of disturbed sleep, owing to the ponderous thumping of the walking beam close to my head, the whizzing of steam, and the roaring of the steam-trumpet to warn vessels out of the way—musquitoes, too, had a good deal to say to me in spite of my dirty gauze curtains. Soon after dawn the vessel ran alongside the jetty at Fortress Monroe, and I saw indistinctly the waterface of the work which is in some danger of being attacked, it is said, by the Virginians. There was no flag on the staff above the walls, and the place looked dreary and desolate. It has a fine bastioned profile, with moat and armed lunettes — the casemates were bricked up or occupied by glass windows, and all the guns I could make out were on the parapets. A few soldiers were lounging on the jetty, and after we had discharged a tipsy old officer, a few negroes, and some parcels, the steam-pipe brayed—it does not whistle—again, and we proceeded across the mouth of the channel and James' River towards Elizabeth River, on which stand Portsmouth and Gosport.

Just as I was dressing, the door opened, and a tall, neatly dressed negress came in and asked me for my ticket. She told me she was ticket-collector for the boat, and that she was a slave. The latter intelligence was given without any reluctance or hesitation. On my way to the upper deck I observed the bar was crowded by gentlemen engaged in consuming, or waiting for, cocktails or mint-juleps. The latter, however, could not be had just now in such perfection as usual, owing to the inferior condition of the mint. In the matter of drinks, how hospitable the Americans are! I was asked to take as many as would have rendered me incapable of drinking again; my excuse on the plea of inability to grapple with cocktails and the like before breakfast, was heard with surprise, and I was urgently entreated to abandon so bad a habit.

A clear, fine sun rose from the waters of the bay up into the purest of pure blue skies. On our right lay a low coast fringed with trees, and wooded densely with stunted forest, through which creeks could be seen glinting far through the foliage. Anxious-looking little wooden lighthouses, hard set to preserve their equilibrium in the muddy waters, and bent at various angles, marked the narrow channels to the towns and hamlets on the banks, the principal trade and occupation of which are oyster selling and oyster eating. We are sailing over wondrous deposits and submarine crops of the much-loved bivalve. Wooden houses painted white appear on the shores, and one large building with wings and a central portico surmounted by a belvedere, destined for the reception of the United States' sailors in sickness, is a striking object in the landscape.

The steamer in a few minutes came alongside a dirty, broken down, wooden quay, lined with open booths, on which a small crowd, mostly of negroes, had gathered. Behind the shed there rose tiled and shingled roofs of mean dingy houses, and we could catch glimpses of the line of poor streets, narrow, crooked, ill-paved, surmounted by a few church-steeples, and the large sprawling advertisement-boards of the tobacco-stores and oyster-sellers, which was all we could see of Portsmouth or Gosport. Our vessel was in a narrow creek; at one side was the town—in the centre of the stream the old "Pennsylvania," intended to be of 120 guns, but never commissioned, and used as receiving ship, was anchored—alongside the wall of the Navy Yard below us, lay the "Merrimac," apparently in ordinary. The only man-of-war fit for sea was a curiosity—a stumpy bluff-bowed, Dutch-built-looking sloop, called the "Cumberland." Two or three smaller vessels, dismasted, were below the "Merrimac," and we could just see the building-sheds in which were one or two others, I believe, on the stocks. A fleet of oyster-boats anchored, or in sailless observance of the Sunday, dotted the waters. There was an ancient and fishlike smell about the town worthy of its appearance and of its functions as a seaport. As the vessel came close alongside, there was the usual greeting between friends, and many a cry, "Well, you've heard the news? The Yankees out of Sumter! Isn't it fine!" There were few who did not participate in that sentiment, but there were some who looked black as night and said nothing.

Whilst we were waiting for the steam ferry-boat, which plies to Norfolk at the other side of the creek to take us over, a man-of-war-boat pulled alongside, and the coxswain, a handsome, fine-looking sailor, came on deck, and, as I happened to be next him, asked me if Captain Blank had come down with us? I replied, that I did not know, but that the captain could tell him no doubt. "He?" said the sailor, pointing with great disgust to the skipper of the steamer, "Why he knows nothin' of his passengers, except how many dollars they come to," and started off to prosecute his inquiries among the other passengers. The boat alongside was clean, and was manned by six as stout fellows as ever handled an oar. Two I made sure of were Englishmen, and when the coxswain was retiring from his fruitless search, I asked him where he hailed from. "The Cove of Cork. I was in the navy nine years, but when I got on the West Ingy Station, I heerd how Uncle Sam treated his fellows, and so I joined him." "Cut and run, I suppose?" "Well, not exactly. I got away, sir. Emigrated, you know!" "Are there any other Irishmen or Englishmen on board?" "I should think there was. That man in the bow there is a mate of mine, from the sweet Cove of Cork; Driscoll by name, and there's a Belfast man pulls number two; and the stroke, and the chap that pulls next to him is Englishmen, and fine sailors they are, Bates and Rookey. They were in men-of-war too." "What! five out of seven, British subjects!" "Oh, aye, that is—we onst was—most of us now are 'Mericans, I think. There's plenty more of us aboard the ship."

The steam ferry was a ricketty affair, and combined with the tumble-down sheds and quays to give a poor idea of Norfolk. The infliction of tobacco-juice on board was remarkable. Although it was but seven o'clock every one had his quid in working order, and the air was filled with yellowish-brown rainbows and liquid parabolas, which tumbled in spray or in little flocks of the weed on the foul decks. As it was Sunday, some of the numerous flagstaffs which adorn the houses in both cities displayed the United States' bunting; but nothing could relieve the decayed air of Norfolk. The omnibus which was waiting to receive us must have been the earliest specimen of carriage building in that style on the Continent; and as it lunged and flopped over the prodigious bad pavement, the severe nature of which was aggravated by a street railway, it opened the seams as if it were going to fall into firewood. The shops were all closed, of course; but the houses, wooden and brick, were covered with signs and placards indicative of large trade in tobacco and oysters.

Poor G. P. R. James, who spent many years here, could have scarce caught a novel from such a place, spite of great oysters, famous wild fowl, and the lauded poultry and vegetables which are produced in the surrounding districts. There is not a hill for the traveller to ascend towards the close of a summer's day, nor a moated castle for a thousand miles around. An execrable, tooth-cracking drive ended at last in front of the Atlantic Hotel, where I was doomed to take up my quarters. It is a dilapidated, uncleanly place, with tobacco-stained floor, full of flies and strong odours. The waiters were all slaves: untidy, slip-shod, and careless creatures. I was shut up in a small room, with the usual notice on the door, that the proprietor would not be responsible for anything, and that you were to lock your doors for fear of robbers, and that you must take your meals at certain hours, and other matters of the kind. My *umbra* went over to Gosport to take some sketches, he said; and after a poor meal, in a long room filled with "citizens," all of them discussing Sumter, I went out into the street.

The people, I observe, are of a new and marked type, —very tall, loosely yet powerfully made, with dark complexions, strongly-marked features, prominent noses, large angular mouths in square jaws, deep-seated bright eyes, low, narrow foreheads,—and are all of them much given to ruminate tobacco. The bells of the churches were tolling, and I turned into one; but the heat, great enough outside, soon became nearly intolerable; nor was it rendered more bearable by my proximity to some blacks, who were, I presume, servants or slaves of the great people in the forward pews. The clergyman or minister had got to the Psalms, when a bustle arose near the door which attracted his attention, and caused all to turn round. Several persons were standing up and whispering, whilst others were stealing on tiptoe out of the church. The influence extended itself gradually and all the men near the doors were leaving rapidly. The minister, obviously interested, continued to read, raising his eyes towards the door. At last the persons near him rose up and walked boldly forth, and I at length followed the example, and getting into the street, saw men running towards the hotel. "What is it?" exclaimed I to one. "Come along, the telegraph's in at the Day Book. The Yankees are whipped!" and so continued. I came at last to a crowd of men, struggling, with their faces toward the wall of a shabby house, increased by fresh arrivals, and diminished by those who, having satisfied their curiosity, came elbowing forth in a state of much excitement, exultation, and perspiration. "It's all right enough!" "Didn't I tell you so?" "Bully for Beauregard and the Palmetto State!" I shoved on, and read at last the programme of the cannonade and bombardment, and of the effects upon the fort, on a dirty piece of yellowish paper on the wall. It was a terrible writing. At all the street corners men were discussing the news with every symptom of joy and gratification. Now I confess I could not share in the excitement at all. The act seemed to me the prelude to certain war.

I walked up the main street, and turned up some of the alleys to have a look at the town, coming out on patches of water and bridges over the creeks, or sandy lanes shaded by trees, and lined here and there by pretty wooden villas, painted in bright colours. Everywhere negroes, male and female, gaudily dressed or in rags; the door-steps of the narrow lanes swarming with infant niggerdom — big-stomached, curve-legged, rugged-headed, and happy—tumbling about dim-eyed toothless hags, or thick-lipped mothers. Not a word were they talking about Sumter. "Any news to-day?" said I to a respectable-looking negro in a blue coat and brass buttons, wonderful hat, and vest of amber silk, check trowsers, and very broken-down shoes. "Well, sare, I tink nothin' much occur. Der hem a fire at Squire Nichol's house last night; leastway so I hear, sare." Squire, let me say parenthetically, is used to designate justices of the peace. Was it a very stupid *poco-curante*, or a very cunning, subtle Sambo?

In my walk I arrived at a small pier, covered with oyster shells, which projected into the sea. Around it, on both sides, were hosts of schooners and pungys, smaller half-decked boats, waiting for their load of the much-loved fish for Washington, Baltimore, and

Richmond. Some brigs and large vessels lay alongside the wharves and large warehouses higher up the creek. Observing a small group at the end of the pier I walked on, and found that they consisted of fifteen or twenty well-dressed mechanical kind of men, busily engaged in "chaffing," as Cockneys would call it, the crew of the man-of-war boat I had seen in the morning. The sailors were stretched on the thwarts, some rather amused, others sullen at the ordeal. "You better just pull down that cussed old rag of yours, and bring your old ship over to the Southern Confederacy. I guess we can take your 'Cumberland' whenever we like! Why don't you go, and touch off your guns at Charleston?" Presently the coxswain came down with a parcel under his arm, and stepped into the boat. "Give way, my lads;" and the oars dipped in the water. When the boat had gone a few yards from the shore, the crowd cried out: "Down with the Yankees! Hurrah for the Southern Confederacy!" and some among them threw oyster shells at the boat, one of which struck the coxswain on the head. "Back water! Back water all. Hard!" he shouted; and as the boat's stern neared the land, he stood up and made a leap in among the crowd like a tiger. "You cowardly d——d set. Who threw the shells?" No one answered at first, but a little wizened man at last squeaked out: "I guess you'll have shells of another kind if you remain here much longer." The sailor howled with rage: "Why, you poor devils, I'd whip any half dozen of you, —teeth, knives, and all—in five minutes; and my boys there in the boat would clear your whole town. What do you mean by barking at the Stars and Stripes? Do you see that ship?" he shouted, pointing towards the

"Cumberland." "Why the lads aboard of her would knock every darned seceder in your State into a cocked hat in a brace of shakes! And now who's coming on?" The invitation was not accepted, and the sailor withdrew, with his angry eyes fixed on the people, who gave him a kind of groan; but there were no oyster shells this time. "In spite of his blowing, I tell yer," said one of them, "there's some good men from old Virginny abo'rd o' that ship that will never fire a shot agin us." "Oh, we'll fix her right enough," remarked another, "when the time comes." I returned to my room, sat down, and wrote for some hours. The dinner in the Atlantic Hotel was of a description to make one wish the desire for food had never been invented. My neighbour said he was not "quite content about this Sumter business. There's nary one killed nor wownded."

Sunday is a very dull day in Norfolk—no mails, no post, no steamers; and, at the best, Norfolk must be dull exceedingly. The superintendent of the Seabord and Roanoke Railway, having heard that I was about proceeding to Charleston, called upon me to offer every facility in his power. Sent Moses with letters to post-office. At night the musquitoes were very aggressive and successful. This is the first place in which the bedrooms are unprovided with gas. A mutton dip almost made me regret the fact.

CHAPTER XII.

Portsmouth—Railway journey through the forest—The great Dismal Swamp—American newspapers—Cattle on the line—Negro labour—On through the Pine Forest—The Confederate flag—Goldsborough; popular excitement—Weldon—Wilmington—The Vigilance Committee.

Monday, April 15.—Up at dawn. Crossed by ferry to Portsmouth, and arrived at railway station, which was at no place in particular, in a street down which the rails were laid. Mr. Robinson, the superintendent, gave me permission to take a seat in the engine car, to which I mounted accordingly, was duly introduced to, and shook hands with the engineer and the stoker, and took my seat next the boiler. Can any solid reason be given why we should not have those engine sheds or cars in England? They consist of a light frame placed on the connection of the engine with the tender, and projecting so as to include the end of the boiler and the stoke-hole. They protect the engineer from rain, storm, sun, or dust. Windows at each side afford a clear view in all directions, and the engineer can step out on the engine itself by the doors on the front part of the shed. There is just room for four persons to sit uncomfortably, the persons next the boiler being continually in dread of roasting their legs at the furnace, and those next the tender being in danger of getting logs of wood from it shaken down on their feet. Nevertheless I rarely enjoyed anything more than that trip. It is true one's enjoyment was marred by want of breakfast, for I could not manage the cake of dough and the cup of bitter, sour, greasy nastiness, called coffee, which were presented to me in lieu of that meal this morning.

But the novelty of the scene through which I passed atoned for the small privation. I do not speak of the ragged streets and lines of sheds through which the train passed, with the great bell of the engine tolling as if it were threatening death to the early pigs, cocks, hens, and negroes and dogs which walked between the rails — the latter, by-the-bye, were always the first to leave—the negroes generally divided with the pigs the honour of making the nearest stand to the train—nor do I speak of the miserable suburbs of wooden shanties, nor of the expanse of inundated lands outside the town. Passing all these, we settled down at last to our work: the stoker fired up, the engine rattled along over the rugged lane between the trees which now began to sweep around us from the horizon, where they rose like the bank of a river or the shores of a sea, and presently we plunged into the gloom of the primæval forest, struggling as it were, with the last wave of the deluge.

The railroad, leaving the land, boldly leaped into the air, and was carried on frailest cobweb-seeming tracery of wood far above black waters, from which rose a thick growth and upshooting of black stems of dead trees, mingled with the trunks and branches of others still living, throwing out a most luxuriant vegetation. The trestle-work over which the train was borne, judged by the eye, was of the slightest possible construction. Sometimes one series of trestles was placed above another, so that the cars ran on a level with the tops of the trees; and, looking down, we could see before the train passed the inky surface of the waters, broken into rings and agitated, round the beams of wood. The trees were draped with long creepers and shrouds of Spanish moss, which fell from branch to branch, smothering the leaves in their clammy embrace, or waving in pendulous folds in the air. Cypress, live oak, the dogwood, and pine struggled for life with the water, and about their stems floated balks of timber, waifs and strays carried from the rafts by flood or the forgotten spoils of the lumberer. On these lay tortoises, turtles, and enormous frogs, which lifted their heads with a lazy curiosity when the train rushed by, or flopped into the water as if the sight and noise were too much for their nerves. Once a dark body of greater size plashed into the current which marked the course of a river. "There's many allygaitors come up here at times," said the engineer, in reply to my question; "but I don't take much account of them."

When the trestle-work ceased, the line was continued through the same description of scenery, generally in the midst of water, on high embankments which were continually cut by black rapid streams, crossed by bridges on trestles of great span. The strange tract we are passing through is the "Dismal Swamp," a name which must have but imperfectly expressed its horrors before the railway had traversed its outskirts, and the canal, which is constructed in its midst, left traces of the presence of man in that remnant of the world's exit from the flood. In the centre of this vast desolation there is a large loch, called "Lake Drummond," in the jungle and brakes around which the runaway slaves of the plantations long harboured, and once or twice assembled bands of depredators, which were hunted down, broken up, and destroyed like wild beasts.

Mr. Robinson, a young man some twenty-seven years of age, was an excellent representative of the young American — full of intelligence, well-read, a little romantic in spite of his practical habits and dealing with matters of fact, much attached to the literature, if not to the people, of the old country; and so far satisfied that English engineers knew something of their business, as to be anxious to show that American engineers were not behind them. He asked me about Washington politics with as much interest as if he had never read a newspaper. I made a remark to that effect. "Oh, sir, we can't believe," exclaimed he, "a word we read in our papers. They tell a story one day, to contradict it the next. We never know when to trust them, and that's one reason, I believe, you find us all so anxious to ask questions and get information from gentlemen we meet travelling." Of the future he spoke with apprehension; "but," said he, "I am here representing the interests of a large number of Northern shareholders, and I will do my best for them. If it comes to blows after this, they will lose all, and I must stand by my own friends down South, though I don't belong to it."

So we rattle on, till the scene, at first so attractive, becomes dreary and monotonous, and I tire of looking out for larger turtles or more alligators. The silence of these woods is oppressive. There is no sign of life where the train passes through the water, except among the amphibious creatures. After a time, however, when we draw out of the swamp and get into a dry patch, wild, ragged-looking cattle may be seen staring at us through the trees, or tearing across the rail, and herds of porkers, nearly in the wild-boar stage, scuttle over the open. Then the engineer opens the valve; the sonorous roar of the engine echoes through the woods, and now and then there is a little excitement caused by a race between a pig and the engine, and piggy is occasionally whipped off his legs by the cow-lifter, and hoisted volatile into the ditch at one side. When a herd of cattle, however, get on the line and show fight, the matter is serious. The steam horn is sounded, the bell rung, and steam is eased off, and every means used to escape collision; for the railway company is obliged to pay the owner for whatever animals the trains kill, and a cow's body on one of these poor rails is an impediment sufficient to throw the engine off, and "send us to immortal smash."

It was long before we saw any workmen or guards on the line; but at one place I got out to look at a shanty of one of the road watchmen. It was a building of logs, some 20ft. long by 12ft. broad, made in the rudest manner, with an earthen roof, and mud stuffed and plastered between the logs to keep out the rain. Although the day was exceedingly hot, there were two logs blazing on the hearth, over which was suspended a pot of potatoes. The air inside was stifling, and the black beams of the roof glistened with a clammy sweat from smoke and unwholesome vapours. There was not an article of furniture, except a big deal chest and a small stool, in the place; a mug and a tea-cup stood on a rude shelf nailed to the wall. The owner of this establishment, a stout negro, was busily engaged with others in "wooding up" the engine from the pile of cut timber by the roadside. The necessity of stopping caused by the rapid consumption is one of the *désagrémens* of wood fuel. The wood is cut down and stacked on platforms, at certain intervals along the line; and the quantity used is checked off against the company at the rate of so much per chord. The negro was one of many slaves let out to the company. White men would not do the work, or were too expensive; but the overseers and gangsmen were whites. "How can they bear that fire in the hut?" "Well. If you went into it in the very hottest day in summer, you would find the niggers sitting close up to blazing pine logs, and they sleep at night, or by day when they've fed to the full, in the same way." My friend, nevertheless, did not seem to understand that any country could get on without negro labourers.

By degrees we got beyond the swamps, and came upon patches of cleared land—that is, the forest hap been cut down, and the only traces left of it were the stumps, some four or five feet high, "snagging" up above the ground; or the trees had been girdled round, so as to kill them, and the black trunks and stiff arms gave an air of meagre melancholy and desertion to the place, which was quite opposite to their real condition. Here it was that the normal forest and swamp had been subjugated by man. Presently we came in sight of a flag fluttering from a lofty pine, which had been stripped of its branches, throwing broad bars of red and white to the air, with a blue square in the upper quarter containing seven stars. "That's our flag,"—said the engineer, who was a quiet man, much given to turning steam cocks, examining gauges, wiping his hands in fluffy impromptu handkerchiefs, and smoking tobacco—"That's our flag! And long may it wave,—o'er the land of the free and the home of the ber-rave!" As we passed, a small crowd of men, women, and children, of all colours, in front of a group of poor broken-down shanties or log huts, cheered—to speak more correctly—whooped and yelled vehemently. The cry was returned by the passengers in the train. "We're all the right sort hereabouts," said the engineer. "Hurrah for Jeff Davis!" The right sort were not particularly flourishing in outward aspect, at all events. The women, pale-faced, were tawdry and ragged; the men, yellow, seedy looking. For the first time in the States, I noticed bare-footed people.

Now began another phase of scenery—an interminable pine forest, far as the eye could reach, shutting out the light on each side by a wooden wall. From this forest came the strongest odour of turpentine; presently black streaks of smoke floated out of the wood, and here and there we passed cleared spaces, where in rude-looking furnaces and factories people more squalid and miserable looking than before were preparing pitch, tar, turpentine, resin, and other naval stores, for which this part of North Carolina is famous. The stems of the trees around are marked by white scars, where the tappings for the turpentine take place, and many dead trunks testified how the process ended.

Again, over another log village, a Confederate flag floated in the air; and the people ran out, negroes and all, and cheered as before. The new flag is not so glaring and gaudy as the Stars and Stripes; but, at a distance, when the folds hang together, there is a considerable resemblance in the general effect of the two. If ever there is a real *sentiment du drapeau* got up in the South, it will be difficult indeed for the North to restore the Union. These pieces of coloured bunting seem to twine themselves through heart and brain.

The stations along the roadside now gradually grew in proportion, and instead of a small sentry-box beside a wood pile, there were three or four wooden houses, a platform, a booking office, an "exchange" or drinking room, and general stores, like the shops of assorted articles in an Irish town. Around these still grew the eternal forest, or patches of cleared land dotted with black stumps. These stations have very grand names, and the stores are dignified by high-sounding titles; nor are "billiard saloons" and "restaurants" wanting. We generally found a group of people waiting at each; and it really was most astonishing to see well-dressed, respectable-looking men and women emerge out of the "dismal swamp," and out of the depths of the forest, with silk parasols and crinoline, bandboxes and portmanteaux, in the most civilised style. There were always some negroes, male and female, in attendance on the voyagers, handling the baggage or the babies, and looking comfortable enough, but not happy. The only evidence of the good spirits and happiness of these people which I saw was on the part of a number of men who were going off from a plantation for the fishing on the coast. They and their wives and sisters, arrayed in their best—which means their brightest, colours—were grinning from ear to ear as they bade good-bye. The negro likes the mild excitement of sea fishing, and in pursuit of it he feels for the moment free.

At Goldsborough, which is the first place of importance on the line, the wave of the secession tide struck us in full career. The station, the hotels, the street through which the rail ran was filled with an excited mob, all carrying arms, with signs here and there of a desire to get up some kind of uniform—flushed faces, wild eyes, screaming mouths, hurrahing for "Jeff Davis" and "the Southern Confederacy," so that the yells overpowered the discordant bands which were busy with "Dixie's Land." Here was the true revolutionary furor in full sway. The men hectored, swore, cheered, and slapped each other on the backs; the women, in their best, waved handkerchiefs and flung down garlands from the windows. All was noise, dust, and patriotism.

It was a strange sight and a wonderful event at which we were assisting. These men were a levy of the people of North Carolina called out by the Governor of the State for the purpose of seizing upon forts Caswell and Macon, belonging to the Federal Government, and left unprotected and undefended. The enthusiasm of the "citizens" was unbounded, nor was it quite free from a taint of alcohol. Many of the Volunteers had flint firelocks, only a few had rifles. All kinds of head-dress were visible, and caps, belts and pouches of infinite variety. A man in a large wide-awake, with a cock's feather in it, a blue frockcoat, with a red sash and a pair of cotton trowsers thrust into his boots, came out of Griswold's hotel with a sword under his arm, and an article, which might have been a napkin of long service, in one hand. He waved the article enthusiastically, swaying to and fro on his legs, and ejaculating "H'ra for Jeff Dav's—H'ra for S'thern E'r'rights!" and tottered over to the carriage through the crowd amid the violent vibration of all the ladies' handkerchiefs in the balcony. Just as he got into the train, a man in uniform dashed after him, and caught him by the elbow, exclaiming, "Them's not the cars, General! The cars this way, General!" The military dignitary, however, felt that if he permitted such liberties in the hour of victory he was degraded for ever, so, screwing up his lips and looking grave and grand, he proceeded as follows: "Sergeant, you go be ——. I say these are my cars! They're *all* my cars! I'll send them where I please—to —— if I like, sir. They shall go where I please—to New York, sir, or New Orleans, sir! And —— sir, I'll arrest you." This famous idea distracted the General's attention from his project of entering the train, and muttering, "I'll arrest you," he tacked backwards and forwards to the hotel again.

As the train started on its journey, there was renewed yelling, which split the ear—a savage cry many notes higher than the most ringing cheer. At the wayside inn, where we dined—*pièce de résistance* being pig—the attendants, comely, well-dressed, clean negresses were slaves — "worth a thousand dollars each." I am not favourably impressed by either the food or the mode of living, or the manners of the company. One man made very coarse jokes about "Abe Lincoln" and "negro wenches," which nothing but extreme party passion and bad taste could tolerate. Several of the passengers had been clerks in Government offices at Washington, and had been dismissed because they would not take the oath of allegiance. They were hurrying off full of zeal and patriotism to tender their services to the Montgomery Government.

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I had been the object of many attentions and civilities from gentlemen in the train during my journey. One of them, who told me he was a municipal dignitary of Weldon, having exhausted all the inducements that he could think of to induce me to spend some time there, at last, in desperation, said he would be happy to show me "the antiquities of the place." Weldon is a recent uprising in wood and log houses from the swamps, and it would puzzle the archæologists of the world to find anything antique about it.

At nightfall the train stopped at Wilmington, and I was shot out on a platform under a shed, to do the best I could. In a long, lofty, and comfortless room, like a barn, which abutted on the platform, there was a table covered with a dirty cloth, on which lay little dishes of pickles, fish, meat, and potatoes, at which were seated some of our fellow-passengers. The equality of all men is painfully illustrated when your neighbour at table eats with his knife, dips the end of it into the salt, and disregards the object and end of napkins. But it is carried to a more disagreeable extent when it is held to mean that any man who comes to an inn has a right to share your bed. I asked for a room, but I was told that there were so many people moving about just now that it was not possible to give me one to myself; but at last I made a bargain for exclusive possession. When the next train came in, however, the woman very coolly inquired whether I had any objection to allow a passenger to divide my bed, and seemed very much displeased at my refusal; and I perceived three big-bearded men snoring asleep in one bed in the next room to me as I passed through the passage to the dining-room.

The 'artist' Moses, who had gone with my letter to the post, returned, after a long absence, pale and agitated. He said he had been pounced upon by the Vigilance Committee, who were rather drunk, and very inquisitive. They were haunting the precincts of the Post-office and the railway station, to detect Lincolnites and Abolitionists, and were obliged to keep themselves wide awake by frequent visits to the adjacent bars, and he had with difficulty dissuaded them from paying me a visit. They cross-examined him respecting my opinion of secession, and desired to have an audience with me in order to give me any information which might be required. I cannot say what reply was given to their questioning; but I certainly refused to have any interview with the Vigilance Committee of Wilmington, and was glad they did not disturb me. Rest, however, there was little or none. I might have as well slept on the platform of the railway station outside. Trains coming in and going out shook the room and the bed on which I lay, and engines snorted, puffed, roared, whistled, and rang bells close to my keyhole.

CHAPTER XIII.

Sketches round Wilmington—Public opinion—Approach to Charleston and Fort Sumter—Introduction to General Beauregard— Ex-Governor Manning—Conversation on the chances of the war—"King Cotton" and England—Visit to Fort Sumter—Market-place at Charleston.

EARLY next morning, soon after dawn, I crossed the Cape Fear River, on which Wilmington is situated, by a steam ferry-boat. On the quay lay quantities of shot and shell. "How came these here?" I inquired. "They're anti-abolition pills," said my neighbour; "they've been waiting here for two months back, but now that Sumter's taken, I guess they won't be wanted." To my mind, the conclusion was by no means legitimate. From the small glance I had of Wilmington, with its fleet of schooners and brigs crowding the broad and rapid river, I should think it was a thriving place. Confederate flags waved over the public buildings, and I was informed that the Forts had been seized without opposition or difficulty. I can see no sign here of the "affection to the Union," which, according to Mr. Seward, underlies all "secession proclivities."

As we traversed the flat and uninteresting country, through which the rail passes, Confederate flags and sentiments greeted us everywhere; men and women repeated the national cry; at every station militia men and volunteers were waiting for the train, and the everlasting word.

"Sumter" ran through all the conversation in the cars.

The Carolinians are capable of turning out a fair force of cavalry. At each stopping-place I observed saddle-horses tethered under the trees, and light driving vehicles, drawn by wiry muscular animals, not remarkable for size, but strong-looking and active. Some farmers in blue jackets, and yellow braid and facings, handed round their swords to be admired by the company. A few blades had flashed in obscure Mexican skirmishes—one, however, had been borne against "the Britishers." I inquired of a fine, tall, fair-haired young fellow whom they expected to fight. "That's more than I can tell," quoth he. "The Yankees ain't such cussed fools as to think they can come here and whip us, let alone the British." "Why, what have the British got to do with it?" "They are bound to take our part: if they don't, we'll just give them a hint about cotton, and that will set matters right." This was said very much with the air of a man who knows what he is talking about, and who was quite satisfied "he had you there." I found it was still displeasing to most people, particularly one or two of the fair sex, that more Yankees were not killed at Sumter. All the people who addressed me prefixed my name, which they soon found out, by "Major" or "Colonel"—"Captain" is very low, almost indicative of contempt. The conductor who took our tickets was called "Captain."

At the Peedee river the rail is carried over marsh and stream on trestle work for two miles. "This is the kind of country we'll catch the Yankees in, if they come to invade us. They'll have some pretty tall swimming, and get knocked on the head, if ever they gets to land. I wish there was ten thousand of the cusses in it this minute." At Nichol's station on the frontiers of South Carolina, our baggage was regularly examined at the Custom House, but I did not see any one pay duties. As the train approached the level and marshy land near Charleston, the square block of Fort Sumter was seen rising above the water with the "stars and bars" flying over it, and the spectacle created great enthusiasm among the passengers. The smoke was still rising from an angle of the walls. Outside the village-like suburbs of the city a regiment was marching for old Virginny amid the cheers of the people—cavalry were picketed in the fields and gardens —tents and men were visible in the byways.

It was nearly dark when we reached the station. I was recommended to go to the Mills House, and on arriving there found Mr. Ward, whom I had already met in New York and Washington, and who gave me an account of the bombardment and surrender of the fort. The hotel was full of notabilities. I was introduced to ex-Governor Manning, Senator Chesnut, Hon. Porcher Miles, on the staff of General Beauregard, and to Colonel Lucas, aide-de-camp to Governor Pickens. I was taken after dinner and introduced to General Beauregard, who was engaged, late as it was, in his room at the Head Quarters writing despatches. The General is a small, compact man, about thirty-six years of age, with a quick, and intelligent eye and action, and a good deal of the Frenchman in his manner and look. He received me in the most cordial manner, and introduced me to his engineer officer, Major Whiting, whom he assigned to lead me over the works next day.

After some general conversation I took my leave;

but before I went, the General said, "You shall go everywhere and see everything; we rely on your discretion, and knowledge of what is fair in dealing with what you see. Of course you don't expect to find regular soldiers in our camps or very scientific works." I answered the General, that he might rely on my making no improper use of what I saw in this country, but, "unless you tell me to the contrary, I shall write an account of all I see to the other side of the water, and if, when it comes back, there are things you would rather not have known, you must not blame me." He smiled, and said, "I dare say we'll have great changes by that time."

That night I sat in the Charleston club with John Manning. Who that has ever met him can be indifferent to the charms of manner and of personal appearance, which render the ex-Governor of the State so attractive? There were others present, senators or congressmen, like Mr. Chesnut, and Mr. Porcher Miles. We talked long, and at last angrily, as might be between friends, of political affairs.

I own it was a little irritating to me to hear men indulge in extravagant broad menace and rhodomontade, such as came from their lips. "They would welcome the world in arms with hospitable hands to bloody graves." "They never could be conquered." "Creation could not do it," and so on. I was obliged to handle the question quietly at first—to ask them "if they admitted the French were a brave and warlike people!" "Yes, certainly." "Do you think you could better defend yourselves against invasion than the people of France?" "Well, no; but we'd make it a pretty hard business for the Yankees." "Suppose the Yankees, as you call them, come with such preponderance of men and matériel, that they are three to your one, will you not be forced to submit?" "Never." "Then either you are braver, better disciplined, more warlike than the people and soldiers of France, or you alone, of all the nations in the world, possess the means of resisting physical laws which prevail in war, as in other affairs of life." "No. The Yankees are cowardly rascals. We have proved it by kicking and cuffing them till we are tired of it; besides, we know John Bull very well. He will make a great fuss about non-interference at first, but when he begins to want cotton he'll come off his perch." I found this was the fixed idea everywhere. The doctrine of "cotton is king,"—to us who have not much considered the question a grievous delusion or an unmeaning babble—to them is a lively all-powerful faith without distracting heresies or schisms. They have in it enunciated their full belief, and indeed there is some truth in it, in so far as we year after year by the stimulants of coal, capital, and machinery have been working up a manufacture on which four or five millions of our population depend for bread and life, which cannot be carried on without the assistance of a nation, that may at any time refuse us an adequate supply, or be cut off from giving it by war.

Political economy, we are well aware, is a fine science, but its followers are capable of tremendous absurdities in practice. The dependence of such a large proportion of the English people on this sole article of American cotton is fraught with the utmost danger to our honour and to our prosperity. Here were these Southern gentlemen exulting in their power to control the policy of Great Britain, and it was small consolation to me to assure them they were mistaken; in case we did not act as they anticipated, it could not be denied Great Britain would plunge an immense proportion of her people—a nation of manufacturers—into pauperism, which must leave them dependent on the national funds, or more properly on the property and accumulated capital of the district.

About 8·30 p.m. a deep bell began to toll. "What is that?" "It's for all the coloured people to clear out of the streets and go home The guards will arrest any who are found out without passes in half an hour." There was much noise in the streets, drums beating, men cheering, and marching, and the hotel is crammed full with soldiers.

April 17th.—The streets of Charleston present some such aspect as those of Paris in the last revolution. Crowds of armed men singing and promenading the streets. The battle-blood running through their veins—that hot oxygen which is called "the flush of victory" on the cheek; restaurants full, revelling in bar rooms, club-rooms crowded, orgies and carousings in tavern or private house, in tap-room, from cabaret—down narrow alleys, in the broad highway. Sumter has set them distraught; never was such a victory; never such brave lads; never such a fight. There are pamphlets already full of the incident. It is a bloodless Waterloo or Solferino.

After breakfast I went down to the quay, with a party of the General's staff, to visit Fort Sumter. The senators and governors turned soldiers wore blue military caps, with "palmetto" trees embroidered thereon; blue frockcoats, with upright collars, and shoulder-straps edged with lace, and marked with two silver bars, to designate their rank of captain; gilt buttons, with the palmetto in relief; blue trowsers, with a gold-lace cord, and brass spurs—no straps. The day was sweltering, but a strong breeze blew in the harbour, and puffed the dust of Charleston, coating our clothes, and filling our eyes with powder. The streets were crowded with lanky lads, clanking spurs, and sabres, with awkward squads marching to and fro, with drummers beating calls, and ruffles, and points of war; around them groups of grinning negroes delighted with the glare and glitter, a holiday, and a new idea for them—secession flags waving out of all the windows—little Irish boys shouting out, "Battle of Fort Sumter! New edishun!"—As we walked down towards the quay, where the steamer was lying, numerous traces of the unsettled state of men's minds broke out in the hurried conversations of the various friends who stopped to speak for a few moments. "Well, governor, the old Union is gone at last!" "Have you heard what Abe is going to do?" "I don't think Beauregard will have much more fighting for it. What do you think?" And so on. Our little Creole friend, by the bye, is popular beyond description. There are all kinds of doggerel rhymes in his honour—one with a refrain—

"With cannon and musket, with shell and petard,
We salute the North with our Beau-regard"—

is much in favour.

We passed through the market, where the stalls are kept by fat negresses and old "unkeys." There is a sort of vulture or buzzard here, much encouraged as scavengers, and—but all the world has heard of the Charleston vultures — so we will leave them to their garbage. Near the quay, where the steamer was lying, there is a very fine building in white marble, which attracted our notice. It was unfinished, and immense blocks of the glistening stone destined for its completion, lay on the ground. "What is that?" I inquired. "Why, it's a custom-house Uncle Sam was building for our benefit, but I don't think he'll ever raise a cent for his treasury out of it." "Will you complete it?" "I should think not. We'll lay on few duties; and what we want is free-trade, and no duties at all, except for public purposes. The Yankees have plundered us with their custom-houses and duties long enough." An old gentleman here stopped us. "You will do me the greatest favour," he said to one of our party who knew him, "if you will get me something to do for our glorious cause. Old as I am, I can carry a musket—not far, to be sure, but I can kill a Yankee if he comes near." When he had gone, my friend told me the speaker was a man of fortune, two of whose sons were in camp at Morris' Island, but that he was suspected of Union sentiments, as he had a Northern wife, and hence his extreme vehemence and devotion.

CHAPTER XIV.

Southern volunteers—Unpopularity of the press—Charleston—Fort Sumter—Morris' Island—Anti-union enthusiasm—Anecdote of Colonel Wigfall—Interior view of the fort—North versus South.

THERE was a large crowd around the pier staring at the men in uniform on the boat, which was filled with bales of goods, commissariat stores, trusses of hay, and hampers, supplies for the volunteer army on Morris' Island. I was amused by the names of the various corps, "Tigers," "Lions," "Scorpions," "Palmetto Eagles," "Guards," of Pickens, Sumter, Marion, and of various other denominations, painted on the boxes. The original formation of these volunteers is in companies, and they know nothing of battalions or regiments. The tendency in volunteer outbursts is sometimes to gratify the greatest vanity of the greatest number. These companies do not muster more than fifty or sixty strong. Some were "dandies," and "swells," and affected to look down on their neighbours and comrades. Major Whiting told me there was difficulty in getting them to obey orders at first, as each man had an idea that he was as good an engineer as any body else, "and a good deal better, if it came to that." It was easy to perceive it was the old story of volunteer and regular in this little army.

As we got on deck, the major saw a number of rough, long-haired-looking fellows in coarse gray tunics, with pewter buttons and worsted braid lying on the hay-bales smoking their cigars. "Gentlemen," quoth he, very courteously, "You'll oblige me by not smoking over the hay. There's powder below." "I don't believe we're going to burn the hay this time, kernel," was the reply, "and anyway, we'll put it out afore it reaches the 'bustibles," and they went on smoking. The major grumbled, and worse, and drew off.

Among the passengers were some brethren of mine belonging to the New York and local papers. I saw a short time afterwards a description of the trip by one of these gentlemen, in which he described it as an affair got up specially for himself, probably in order to avenge himself on his military persecutors, for he had complained to me the evening before, that the chief of General Beauregard's staff told him to go to ——, when he applied at head-quarters for some information. I found from the tone and looks of my friends, that these literary gentlemen were received with great disfavour, and Major Whiting, who is a bibliomaniac, and has a very great liking for the best English writers, could not conceal his repugnance and antipathy to my unfortunate confrères. "If I had my way, I would fling them into the water; but the General has given them orders to come on board. It is these fellows who have brought all this trouble on our country."

The traces of dislike of the freedom of the press, which I, to my astonishment, discovered in the North, are broader and deeper in the South, and they are not accompanied by the signs of dread of its power which exist in New York, where men speak of the chiefs of the most notorious journals very much as people in Italian cities of past time might have talked of the most infamous bravo or the chief of some band of assassins. Whiting comforted himself by the reflection that they would soon have their fingers in a vice, and then pulling out a ragged little sheet, turned suddenly on the representative thereof, and proceeded to give the most unqualified contradiction to most of the statements contained in "the full and accurate particulars of the Bombardment and Fall of Fort Sumter," in the said journal, which the person in question listened to with becoming meekness and contrition. "If I knew who wrote it," said the major, "I'd make him eat it."

I was presented to many judges, colonels, and others of the mass of society on board, and, "after compliments," as the Orientals say, I was generally asked, in the first place, what I thought of the capture of Sumter, and in the second, what England would do when the news reached the other side. Already the Carolinians regard the Northern States as an alien and detested enemy, and entertain, or profess, an immense affection for Great Britain.

When we had shipped all our passengers, nine-tenths of them in uniform, and a larger proportion engaged in chewing, the whistle blew, and the steamer sidled off from the quay into the yellowish muddy water of the Ashley River, which is a creek from the sea, with a streamlet running into the head waters some distance up.

The shore opposite Charleston is more than a mile distant, and is low and sandy, covered here and there with patches of brilliant vegetation, and long lines of trees. It is cut up with creeks, which divide it into islands, so that passages out to sea exist between some of them for light craft, though the navigation is perplexed and difficult. The city lies on a spur or promontory between the Ashley and the Cooper rivers, and the land behind it is divided in the same manner by similar creeks, and is sandy and light, bearing, nevertheless, very fine crops, and trees of magnificent vegetation. The steeples, the domes of public buildings, the rows of massive warehouses and cotton stores on the wharfs, and the bright colours of the houses, render the appearance of Charleston, as seen from the river front, rather imposing, From the mastheads of the few large vessels in harbour floated the Confederate flag. Looking to our right, the same standard was visible, waving on the low, white parapets of the earthworks which had been engaged in reducing Sumter.

That much-talked-of fortress lay some two miles ahead of us now, rising up out of the water near the middle of the passage out to sea between James' Island and Sullivan's Island. It struck me at first as being like one of the smaller forts off Cronstadt, but a closer inspection very much diminished its importance; the material is brick, not stone, and the size of the place is exaggerated by the low back ground, and by contrast with the sea-line. The land contracts on both sides opposite the fort, a projection of Morris' Island, called "Cumming's point," running out on the left. There is a similar promontory from Sullivan's Island, on which is erected Fort Moultrie, on the right from the sea entrance. Castle Pinckney, which stands on a small island at the exit of the Cooper River, is a place of no importance, and it was too far from Sumter to take any share in the bombardment: the same remarks apply to Fort Johnson on James' Island, on the right bank of the Ashley River below Charleston. The works which did the mischief were the batteries of sand on Morris' Island, at Cumming's Point, and Fort Moultrie. The floating battery, covered with railroad-iron, lay a long way off, and could not have contributed much to the result.

As we approached Morris' Island, which is an accumulation of sand covered with mounds of the same material, on which there is a scanty vegetation alternating with salt-water marshes, we could perceive a few tents in the distance among the sand-hills. The sand-bag batteries, and an ugly black parapet, with guns peering through port-holes as if from a ship's side, lay before us. Around them men were swarming like ants, and a crowd in uniform were gathered on the beach to receive us as we landed from the boat of the steamer, all eager for news, and provisions, and newspapers, of which an immense flight immediately fell upon them. A guard with bayonets crossed in a very odd sort of manner, prevented any unauthorised persons from landing. They wore the universal coarse gray jacket and trousers, with worsted braid and yellow facings, uncouth caps, lead buttons stamped with the palmetto-tree. Their unbronzed firelocks were covered with rust. The soldiers lounging about were mostly tall, well-grown men, young and old, some with the air of gentlemen; others coarse, long-haired fellows, without any semblance of military bearing, but full of fight, and burning with enthusiasm, not unaided, in some instances, by coarser stimulus.

The day was exceedingly warm and unpleasant, the hot wind blew the fine white sand into our faces, and wafted it in minute clouds inside eyelids, nostrils, and clothing; but it was necessary to visit the batteries, so on we trudged into one and out of another, walked up parapets, examined profiles, looked along guns, and did everything that could be required of us. The result of the examination was to establish in my mind the conviction, that if the commander of Sumter had been allowed to open his guns on the island, the first time he saw an indication of throwing up a battery against him, he could have saved his fort. Moultrie, in its original state, on the opposite side, could have been readily demolished by Sumter. The design of the works was better than their execution—the sand-bags were rotten, the sand not properly revetted or banked up, and the traverses imperfectly constructed. The barbette guns of the fort looked into many of the embrasures, and commanded them.

The whole of the island was full of life and excitement. Officers were galloping about as if on a field-day or in action. Commissariat carts were toiling to and fro between the beach and the camps, and sounds of laughter and revelling came from the tents. These were pitched without order, and were of all shapes, hues, and sizes, many being disfigured by rude charcoal drawings outside, and inscriptions such as "The Live Tigers," "Rattlesnake's-hole," "Yankee Smashers," &c. The vicinity of the camps was in an intolerable state, and on calling the attention of the medical officer who was with me, to the danger arising from such a condition of things, he said with a sigh, "I know it all. But we can do nothing.

Remember they're all volunteers, and do just as they please."

In every tent was hospitality, and a hearty welcome to all comers. Cases of champagne and claret, French pâtés, and the like, were piled outside the canvas walls, when there was no room for them inside. In the middle of these excited gatherings I felt like a man in the full possession of his senses coming in late to a wine party. "Won't you drink with me, sir, to the—(something awful)—of Lincoln and all Yankees?" "No! if you'll be good enough to excuse me." "Well, I think you're the only Englishman who won't." Our Carolinians are very fine fellows, but a little given to the Bobadil style—hectoring after a cavalier fashion, which they fondly believe to be theirs by hereditary right. They assume that the British crown rests on a cotton bale, as the Lord Chancellor sits on a pack of wool.

In one long tent there was a party of roystering young men, opening claret, and mixing "cup" in large buckets; whilst others were helping the servants to set out a table for a banquet to one of their generals. Such heat, tobacco-smoke, clamour, toasts, drinking, hand-shaking, vows of friendship! Many were the excuses made for the more demonstrative of the Edonian youths by their friends. "Tom is a little cut, sir; but he's a splendid fellow—he's worth half-a-million of dollars." This reference to a money standard of value was not unusual or perhaps unnatural, but it was made repeatedly; and I was told wonderful tales of the riches of men who were lounging round, dressed as privates, some of whom at that season, in years gone by, were looked for at the watering places as the great lions of American fashion. But Secession is the fashion here. Young ladies sing for it; old ladies pray for it; young men are dying to fight for it; old men are ready to demonstrate it. The founder of the school was St. Calhoun. Here his pupils carry out their teaching in thunder and fire. States' Rights are displayed after its legitimate teaching, and the Palmetto flag and the red bars of the Confederacy are its exposition. The utter contempt and loathing for the venerated Stars and Stripes, the abhorrence of the very words United States, the intense hatred of the Yankee on the part of these people, cannot be conceived by anyone who has not seen them. I am more satisfied than ever that the Union can never be restored as it was, and that it has gone to pieces, never to be put together again, in the old shape, at all events by any power on earth.

After a long and tiresome promenade in the dust, heat, and fine sand, through the tents, our party returned to the beach, where we took boat, and pushed off for Fort Sumter. The Confederate flag rose above the walls. On near approach the marks of the shot against the *pain coupé*, and the embrasures near the salient were visible enough; but the damage done to the hard brickwork was trifling, except at the angles: the edges of the parapets were ragged and pock-marked, and the quay wall was rifted here and there by shot; but no injury of a kind to render the work untenable could be made out. The greatest damage inflicted was, no doubt, the burning of the barracks, which were culpably erected inside the fort, close to the flank wall facing Cumming's Point.

As the boat touched the quay of the fort, a tall, powerful-looking man came through the shattered gateway, and with uneven steps strode over the rubbish towards a skiff which was waiting to receive him, and into which he jumped and rowed off. Recognising one of my companions as he passed our boat, he suddenly stood up, and with a leap and a scramble tumbled in among us, to the imminent danger of upsetting the party. Our new friend was dressed in the blue frockcoat of a civilian, round which he had tied a red silk sash—his waistbelt supported a straight sword, something like those worn with Court dress. His muscular neck was surrounded with a loosely-fastened silk handkerchief; and wild masses of black hair, tinged with grey, fell from under a civilian's hat over his collar; his unstrapped trousers were gathered up high on his legs, displaying ample boots, garnished with formidable brass spurs. But his face was one not to be forgotten—a straight, broad brow, from which the hair rose up like the vegetation on a river bank, beetling black eyebrows — a mouth coarse and grim, yet full of power, a square jaw—a thick argumentative nose—a new growth of scrubby beard and moustache—these were relieved by eyes of wonderful depth and light, such as I never saw before but in the head of a wild beast. If you look some day when the sun is not too bright into the eye of the Bengal tiger, in the Regent's Park, as the keeper is coming round, you will form some notion of the expression I mean. It was flashing, fierce, yet calm—with a well of fire burning behind and spouting through it, an eye pitiless in anger, which now and then sought to conceal its expression beneath half-closed lids, and then burst out with an angry glare, as if disdaining concealment.

This was none other than Louis T. Wigfall, Colonel (then of his own creation) in the Confederate army, and Senator from Texas in the United States—a good type of the men whom the institutions of the country produce or throw off—a remarkable man, noted for his ready, natural eloquence; his exceeding ability as a quick, bitter debater; the acerbity of his taunts; and his readiness for personal encounter. To the last he stood in his place in the Senate at Washington, when nearly every other Southernman had seceded, lashing with a venomous and instant tongue, and covering with insults, ridicule, and abuse, such men as Mr. Chandler, of Michigan, and other Republicans: never missing a sitting of the House, and seeking out adversaries in the bar rooms or the gambling tables. The other day, when the fire against Sumter was at its height, and the fort, in flames, was reduced almost to silence, a small boat put off from the shore, and steered through the shot and the splashing waters right for the walls. It bore the colonel and a negro oarsman. Holding up a white handkerchief on the end of his sword, Wigfall landed on the quay, clambered through an embrasure, and presented himself before the astonished Federals with a proposal to surrender, quite unauthorised, and "on his own hook," which led to the final capitulation of Major Anderson.

I am sorry to say, our distinguished friend had just been paying his respects *sans bornes* to Bacchus or Bourbon, for he was decidedly unsteady in his gait and thick in speech; but his head was quite clear, and he was determined I should know all about his exploit. Major Whiting desired to show me round the work, but he had no chance. "Here is where I got in," quoth

Colonel Wigfall. "I found a Yankee standing here by the traverse, out of the way of our shot. He was pretty well scared when he saw me, but I told him not to be alarmed, but to take me to the officers. There they were, huddled up in that corner behind the brick-work, for our shells were tumbling into the yard, and bursting like,"—&c. (The Colonel used strong illustrations and strange expletives in narrative.) Major Whiting shook his military head, and said something uncivil to me, in private, in reference to volunteer colonels and the like, which gave him relief; whilst the martial Senator—I forgot to say that he has the name, particularly in the North, of having killed more than half a dozen men in duels—(I had an escape of being another)—conducted me through the casemates with uneven steps, stopping at every traverse to expatiate on some phase of his personal experiences, with his sword dangling between his legs, and spurs involved in rubbish and soldiers' blankets.

In my letter I described the real extent of the damage inflicted, and the state of the fort as I found it. At first the batteries thrown up by the Carolinians were so poor, that the United States' officers in the fort were mightily amused at them, and anticipated easy work in enfilading, ricocheting, and battering them to pieces, if they ever dared to open fire. One morning, however, Capt. Foster, to whom really belongs the credit of putting Sumter into a tolerable condition of defence with the most limited means, was unpleasantly surprised by seeing through his glass a new work in the best possible situation for attacking the place, growing up under the strenuous labours of a band of negroes. "I knew at once," he said, "the rascals had got an engineer at last." In fact, the Carolinians were actually talking of an escalade when the officers of the regular army, who had "seceded," came down and took the direction of affairs, which otherwise might have had very different results.

There was a working party of Volunteers clearing away the rubbish in the place. It was evident they were not accustomed to labour. And on asking why negroes were not employed, I was informed: "The niggers would blow us all up, they're so stupid; and the State would have to pay the owners for any of them who were killed and injured." "In one respect, then, white men are not so valuable as negroes?" "Yes, sir,—that's a fact."

Very few shell craters were visible in the terre-plein; the military mischief, such as it was, showed most conspicuously on the parapet platforms, over which shells had been burst as heavily as could be, to prevent the manning of the barbette guns. A very small affair, indeed, that shelling of Fort Sumter. And yet who can tell what may arise from it? "Well, sir," exclaimed one of my companions, "I thank God for it, if it's only because we are beginning to have a history for Europe. The universal Yankee nation swallowed us up."

Never did men plunge into unknown depth of peril and trouble more recklessly than these Carolinians. They fling themselves against the grim, black future, as the cavaliers under Rupert may have rushed against the grim, black Ironsides. Will they carry the image farther? Well! The exploration of Sumter was finished at last, not till we had visited the officers of the garrison, who lived in a windowless, shattered room, reached by a crumbling staircase, and who produced whiskey and crackers, many pleasant stories and boundless welcome. One young fellow grumbled about pay. He said : " I have not received a cent. since I came to Charleston for this business." But Major Whiting, some days afterwards, told me he had not got a dollar on account of his pay, though on leaving the United States' army he had abandoned nearly all his means of subsistence. These gentlemen were quite satisfied it would all be right eventually ; and no one questioned the power or inclination of the Government, which had just been inaugurated under such strange auspices, to perpetuate its principles and reward its servants.

After a time our party went down to the boats, in which we were rowed to the steamer that lay waiting for us at Morris' Island. The original intention of the officers was to carry us over to Fort Moultrie, on the opposite side of the Channel, and to examine it and the floating iron battery ; but it was too late to do so when we got off, and the steamer only ran across and swept around homewards by the other shore. Below, in the cabin, there was spread a lunch or quasi dinner ; and the party of Senators, past and present, aides-de-camp, journalists, and flaneurs, were not indisposed to join it. For me there was only one circumstance which marred the pleasure of that agreeable reunion. Colonel and Senator Wigfall, who had not sobered himself by drinking deeply, in the plenitude of his exultation alluded to the assault on Senator Sumner as a type of the manner in which the Southerners would deal with the Northerners generally, and cited it as a good exemplification of the fashion in which they would bear their "whipping." Thence, by a natural digression, he adverted to the inevitable consequences of the magnificent outburst of Southern indignation against the Yankees on all the nations of the world, and to the immediate action of England in the matter as soon as the news came. Suddenly reverting to Mr. Sumner, whose name he loaded with obloquy, he spoke of Lord Lyons in terms so coarse, that, forgetting the condition of the speaker, I resented the language applied to the English Minister, in a very unmistakeable manner; and then rose and left the cabin. In a moment I was followed on deck by Senator Wigfall: his manner much calmer, his hair brushed back, his eye sparkling. There was nothing left to be desired in his apologies, which were repeated and energetic. We were joined by Mr. Manning, Major Whiting, and Senator Chesnut, and others, to whom I expressed my complete contentment with Mr. Wigfall's explanations. And so we returned to Charleston. The Colonel and Senator, however, did not desist from his attentions to the good—or bad—things below. It was a strange scene—these men, hot and red-handed in rebellion, with their lives on the cast, trifling and jesting, and carousing as if they had no care on earth — all excepting the gentlemen of the local press, who were assiduous in note and food taking. It was near nightfall before we set foot on the quay of Charleston. The city was indicated by the blaze of lights, and by the continual roll of drums, and the noisy music, and the yelling cheers which rose above its streets. As I walked towards the hotel, the evening drove of negroes, male and female, shuffling through the streets in all haste, in order to escape the patrol and the last peal of the curfew bell, swept by me; and as I passed the guardhouse of the police, one of my friends pointed out the armed sentries pacing up and down before the porch, and the gleam of arms in the room inside. Further on, a squad of mounted horsemen, heavily armed, turned up a bye-street, and with jingling spurs and sabres disappeared in the dust and darkness. That is the horse patrol. They scour the country around the city, and meet at certain places during the night to see if the niggers are all quiet. Ah, Fuscus! these are signs of trouble.

"Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus
Non eget Mauri jaculis neque arcu,
Nec venenatis gravidâ sagittis,
Fusce, pharetrâ."

But Fuscus is going to his club; a kindly, pleasant, chatty, card-playing, cocktail-consuming place. He nods proudly to an old white-woolled negro steward or head-waiter—a slave—as a proof which I cannot accept, with the curfew tolling in my ears, of the excellencies of the domestic institution. The club was filled with officers; one of them, Mr. Ransome Calhoun,* asked me what was the object which most struck me at Morris' Island; I tell him—as was indeed the case—that it was a letter copying-machine, a case of official stationery, and a box of Red Tape, lying on the beach, just landed and ready to grow with the strength of the young independence.

But listen! There is a great tumult, as of many voices coming up the street, heralded by blasts of music. It is a speech-making from the front of the hotel. Such an agitated, lively multitude! How they cheer the pale, frantic man, limber and dark-haired, with uplifted arms and clenched fists, who is perorating on the balcony! "What did he say?" "Who is he?" "Why it's he again!" "That's Roger Pryor—he says that if them Yankee trash don't listen to reason, and stand from under, we'll march to the North and dictate the terms of peace in Faneuil Hall! Yes, sir—and so we will, certa-i-n su-re!" "No matter, for all that; we have shown we can whip the Yankees whenever we meet them—at Washington or down here." How much I heard of all this to-day—how much more this evening! The hotel as noisy as ever—more men in uniform arriving every few minutes, and the hall and passages crowded with tall, good-looking Carolinians.

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* Since killed in a duel by Mr. Rhelt.

CHAPTER XV.

Slaves, their masters and mistresses—Hotels—Attempted boat-journey to Fort Moultrie—Excitement at Charleston against New York—Preparations for war—General Beauregard—Southern opinion as to the policy of the North, and estimate of the effect of the war on England, through the cotton market—Aristocratic feeling in the South.

April 18*th*.—It is as though we woke up in a barrack. No! There is the distinction, that in the passages slaves are moving up and down with cups of iced milk or water for their mistresses in the early morning, cleanly dressed, neatly clad, with the conceptions of Parisian millinery adumbrated to their condition, and transmitted by the white race, hovering round their heads and bodies. They sit outside the doors, and chatter in the passages; and as the Irish waiter brings in my hot water for shaving, there is that odd, round, oily, half-strangled, chuckling, gobble of a laugh peculiar to the female Ethiop, coming in through the doorway.

Later in the day, their mistresses sail out from the inner harbours, and launch all their sails along the passages, down the stairs, and into the long, hot, fluffy salle-à-manger, where, blackened with flies which dispute the viands, they take their tremendous meals. They are pale, pretty, svelte—just as I was about to say they were rather small, there rises before me the recollection of one Titanic dame—a Carolinian Juno, with two lovely peacock daughters—and I refrain from generalising. Exceedingly proud these ladies are said to be—for a generation or two of family suffice in this new country, if properly supported by the possession of negroes and acres, to give pride of birth, and all the grandeur which is derived from raising raw produce, cereals, and cotton—suâ terrâ. Their enemies say that the grandfathers of some of these noble people were mere pirates and smugglers, who dealt in a cavalier fashion with the laws and with the flotsam and jetsam of fortune on the seas and reefs hereabouts. Cotton suddenly—almost unnaturally, as far as the ordinary laws of commerce are concerned, grew up whilst land was cheap, and slaves were of moderate price—the pirates, and piratesses had control of both, and in a night the gourd swelled and grew to a prodigious size. These are Northern stories. What the Southerners say of their countrymen and women in the upper part of this "blessed Union" I have written for the edification of people at home.

The tables in the eating-room are disposed in long rows, or detached so as to suit private parties. When I was coming down to Charleston, one of my fellow-passengers told me he was quite shocked the first time he saw white people acting as servants; but no such scruples existed in the Mills House, for the waiters were all Irish, except one or two Germans. The carte is much the same at all American hotels, the variations depending on local luxuries or tastes. Marvellous exceedingly is it to see the quantities of butter, treacle, and farinaceous matters prepared in the heaviest form—of fish, of many meats, of eggs scrambled or scarred or otherwise prepared, of iced milk and water, which an American will consume in a few minutes in the mornings. There is, positively, no rest at these meals—no repose. The guests are ever passing in and out of the room, chairs are for ever pushed to and fro with a harsh grating noise that sets the teeth on edge, and there is a continual clatter of plates and metal. Every man is reading his paper, or discussing the news with his neighbour. I was introduced to a vast number of people and was asked many questions respecting my views of Sumter, or what I thought "old Abe and Seward would do?" The proclamation calling out 75,000 men issued by said old Abe, they treat with the most profound contempt or unsparing ridicule, as the case may be. Five out of six of the men at table wore uniforms this morning.

Having made the acquaintance of several warriors, as well as that of a Russian gentleman, Baron Sternberg, who was engaged in looking about him in Charleston, and was, like most foreigners, impressed with the conviction that *actum est de Republicâ*, I went out with Major Whiting* and Mr. Ward, the former of whom was anxious to show me Fort Moultrie and the left side of the Channel, in continuation of my trip yesterday. It was arranged that we should go off as quietly as possible, "so as to prevent the newspapers knowing anything about it." The major has a great dislike to the gentlemen of the press, and General Beauregard had sent orders for the staff-boat to be prepared, so as to be quiet and private, but the fates were against us. On going down to the quay, we learned that a gentleman had come down with an

* Now Confederate General.

officer and had gone off in our skiff, the boat-keepers believing they were the persons for whom it was intended. In fact, our Russian friend, Baron Sternberg, had stolen a march upon us.

After a time, the major succeeded in securing the services of the very smallest, most untrustworthy, and ridiculous-looking craft ever seen by mortal eyes. If Charon had put a two-horse power engine into his skiff, it might have borne some resemblance to this egregious cymbalus, which had once been a flat-bottomed, open decked cutter or galley, into the midst of which the owner had forced a small engine and paddle-wheels, and at the stern had erected a roofed caboose, or oblong pantry, sacred to oil-cans and cockroaches. The crew consisted of the first captain and the second captain, a lad of tender years, and that was all. Into the pantry we scrambled, and sat down knee to knee, whilst the engine was getting up its steam: a very obstinate and anti-caloric little engine it was—puffing and squeaking, leaking, and distilling drops of water, and driving out blasts of steam in unexpected places.

As long as we lay at the quay all was right. The major was supremely happy, for he could talk about Thackeray and his writings—a theme of which he never tired—nay, on which his enthusiasm reached the height of devotional fervour. Did I ever know any one like Major Pendennis? Was it known who Becky Sharp was? Who was the O'Mulligan? These questions were mere hooks on which to hang rhapsodies and delighted dissertation. He might have got down as far as Pendennis himself, when a lively swash of water flying over the preposterous little gunwales, and dashing over our boots into the cabin, announced that our bark was under weigh. There is, we were told, for several months in the year, a brisk breeze from the southward and eastward in and off Charleston Harbour, and there was to-day a small joggle in the water which would not have affected anything floating except our steamer; but as we proceeded down the narrow channel by Castle Pinckney, the little boat rolled as if she would capsize every moment, and made no pretence at doing more than a mile an hour at her best; and it became evident that our voyage would be neither pleasant, prosperous, nor speedy. Still the major went on between the lurches, and drew his feet up out of the water, in order to have "a quiet chat," as he said, "about my favourite author." My companion and myself could not condense ourselves or foreshorten our nether limbs quite so deftly.

Standing out from the shelter towards Sumter, the sea came rolling on our beam, making the miserable craft oscillate as if some great hand had caught her by the funnel—Yankeeicé, smokestack—and was rolling her backwards and forwards, as a preliminary to a final keel over. The water came in plentifully, and the cabin was flooded with a small sea: the latter partook of the lively character of the external fluid, and made violent efforts to get overboard to join it, which generally were counteracted by the better sustained and directed attempts of the external to get inside. The captain seemed very unhappy; the rest of the crew—our steerer—had discovered that the steamer would not steer at all, and that we were rolling like a log on the water. Certainly neither Pinckney, nor Sumter, nor Moultrie altered their relative bearings and distances towards us for half an hour or so, though they bobbed up and down continuously. "But it is," said the major, "in the character of Colonel Newcome that Thackeray has, in my opinion, exhibited the greatest amount of power; the tenderness, simplicity, love, manliness, and——" Here a walloping muddy green wave came "all aboard," and the cymbalus gave decided indications of turning turtle. We were wet and miserable, and two hours or more had now passed in making a couple of miles. The tide was setting more strongly against us, and just off Moultrie, in the tideway between its walls and Sumter, could be seen the heads of the sea-horses unpleasantly crested. I know not what of eloquent disquisition I lost, for the major was evidently in his finest moment and on his best subject, but I ventured to suggest that we should bout ship and return—and thus aroused him to a sense of his situation. And so we wore round—a very delicate operation, which, by judicious management in getting side bumps of the sea at favourable moments, we were enabled to effect in some fifteen or twenty minutes; and then we became so parboiled by the heat from the engine, that conversation was impossible.

How glad we were to land once more I need not say. As I gave the captain a small votive tablet of metal, he said, "I'm thinkin' it's very well yes turned back. Av we'd gone any further, devil aback ever we'd have come." "Why didn't you say so before?" "Sure I didn't like to spoil the trip." My gifted countryman and I parted to meet no more.

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Second and third editions and extras! News of Secession meetings and of Union meetings! Every one is filled with indignation against the city of New York, on account of the way in which the news of the reduction of Fort Sumter has been received there. New England has acted just as was expected, but better things were anticipated on the part of the Empire city. There is no sign of shrinking from a contest: on the contrary, the Carolinians are full of eagerness to test their force in the field. "Let them come!" is their boastful *mot d'ordre.*

The anger which is reported to exist in the North only adds to the fury and animosity of the Carolinians. They are determined now to act on their sovereign rights as a state, cost what it may, and uphold the ordinance of secession. The answers of several State Governors to President Lincoln's demand for troops, have delighted our friends. Beriah Magoffin, of Kentucky, declares he won't give any men for such a wicked purpose; and another gubernatorial dignitary laconically replied to the demand for so many thousand soldiers, "Nary one." Letcher, Governor of Virginia, has also sent a refusal. From the North comes news of mass-meetings, of hauling down Secession colours, mobbing Secession papers, of military bodies turning out, banks subscribing and lending.

Jefferson Davis has met President Lincoln's proclamation by a counter manifesto, issuing letters of marque and reprisal—on all sides preparations for war. The Southern agents are buying steamers, but they fear the Northern states will use their navy to enforce a blockade, which is much dreaded, as it will cut off supplies and injure the commerce, on which they so much depend. Assuredly Mr. Seward cannot know anything of the feeling of the South, or he would not be so confident as he was that all would blow over, and that the states, deprived of the care and fostering influences of the general Government, would get tired of their Secession ordinances, and of their experiment to maintain a national life, so that the United States will be re-established before long.

I went over and saw General Beauregard at his quarters. He was busy with papers, orderlies, and despatches, and the outer room was crowded with officers. His present task, he told me, was to put Sumter in a state of defence, and to disarm the works bearing on it, so as to get their fire directed on the harbour approaches, as "the North in its madness" might attempt a naval attack on Charleston. His manner of transacting business is clear and rapid. Two vases filled with flowers on his table, flanking his maps and plans; and a little hand bouquet of roses, geraniums, and scented flowers lay on a letter which he was writing as I came in, by way of paper weight. He offered me every assistance and facility, relying, of course, on my strict observance of a neutral's duty. I reminded him once more, that as the representative of an English journal, it would be my duty to write freely to England respecting what I saw; and that I must not be held accountable if on the return of my letters to America, a month after they were written, it was found they contained information to which circumstances might attach an objectionable character. The General said, "I quite understand you. We must take our chance of that, and leave you to exercise your discretion."

In the evening I dined with our excellent Consul, Mr. Bunch, who had a small and very agreeable party to meet me. One very venerable old gentleman, named Huger (pronounced as Hugeē), was particularly interesting in appearance and conversation. He formerly held some official appointment under the Federal Government, but had gone out with his state, and had been confirmed in his appointment by the Confederate Government. Still he was not happy at the prospect before him or his country. "I have lived too long," he exclaimed; "I should have died 'ere these evil days arrived." What thoughts, indeed, must have troubled his mind when he reflected that his country was but little older than himself; for, he was one who had shaken hands with the framers of the Declaration of Independence. But though the tears rolled down his cheeks when he spoke of the prospect of civil war, there was no symptom of apprehension for the result, or indeed of any regret for the contest, which he regarded as the natural consequence of the insults, injustice, and aggression of the North against Southern rights.

Only one of the company, a most lively, quaint, witty old lawyer named Petigru, dissented from the doctrines of Secession; but he seems to be treated as an amiable, harmless person, who has a weakness of intellect or a "bee in his bonnet" on this particular matter.

It was scarcely very agreeable to my host or myself to find that no considerations were believed to be of consequence in reference to England except her material interests, and that these worthy gentlemen regarded her as a sort of appanage of their cotton kingdom. "Why, sir, we have only to shut off your supply of cotton for a few weeks, and we can create a revolution in Great Britain. There are four millions of your people depending on us for their bread, not to speak of the many millions of dollars. No, sir, we know that England must recognise us," &c.

Liverpool and Manchester have obscured all Great Britain to the Southern eye. I confess the tone of my friends irritated me. I said so to Mr. Bunch, who laughed, and remarked, "You'll not mind it when you get as much accustomed to this sort of thing as I am." I could not help saying, that if Great Britain were such a sham as they supposed, the sooner a hole was drilled in her, and the whole empire sunk under water, the better for the world, the cause of truth, and of liberty.

These tall, thin, fine-faced Carolinians are great materialists. Slavery perhaps has aggravated the tendency to look at all the world through parapets of cotton bales and rice bags, and though more stately and less vulgar, the worshippers here are not less prostrate before the "almighty dollar" than the Northerners. Again cropping out of the dead level of hate to the Yankee, grows its climax in the profession from nearly every one of the guests, that he would prefer a return to British rule to any reunion with New England. "The names in South Carolina show our origin—Charleston, and Ashley, and Cooper, &c. Our Gadsden, Sumter and Pinckney were true cavaliers," &c. They did not say anything about Pedee, or Tombigee, or Sullivan's Island, or the like. We all have our little or big weaknesses.

I see no trace of cavalier descent in the names of Huger, Rose, Manning, Chesnut, Pickens; but there is a profession of faith in the cavaliers and their cause among them because it is fashionable in Carolina. They affect the agricultural faith and the belief of a landed-gentry. It is not only over the wine glass—why call it cup ?—that they ask for a Prince to reign over them; I have heard the wish repeatedly expressed within the last two days that we could spare them one of our young Princes, but never in jest or in any frivolous manner.

On my way home again I saw the sentries on their march, the mounted patrols starting on their ride, and other evidences that though the slaves are "the happiest and most contented race in the world," they require to be taken care of like less favoured mortals. The city watch-house is filled every night with slaves, who are confined there till reclaimed by their owners, whenever they are found out after nine o'clock, p.m., without special passes or permits. Guns are firing for the Ordinance of Secession of Virginia.

CHAPTER XVI.

Charleston; the Market-place—Irishmen at Charleston—Governor Pickens: his political economy and theories—Newspaper offices and counting-houses—Rumours as to the war policy of the South.

April 19th.—An exceeding hot day. The sun pours on the broad sandy street of Charleston with immense power, and when the wind blows down the thoroughfare it sends before it vast masses of hot dust. The houses are generally detached, surrounded by small gardens, well provided with verandahs to protect the windows from the glare, and are sheltered with creepers and shrubs and flowering plants, through which flit humming-birds and fly-catchers. In some places the streets and roadways are covered with planking, and as long as the wood is sound they are pleasant to walk or drive upon.

I paid a visit to the markets; the stalls are presided over by negroes, male and female; the coloured people engaged in selling and buying are well clad; the butchers' meat by no means tempting to the eye, but the fruit and vegetable stalls well filled. Fish is scarce at present, as the boats are not permitted to proceed to sea lest they should be whipped up by the expected Yankee cruisers, or carry malcontents to communicate with the enemy. Around the flesh-market there is a skirling crowd of a kind of turkey-buzzard; these are useful as scavengers and are protected by law. They do their nasty work very zealously, descending on the offal thrown out to them with the peculiar crawling, puffy, soft sort of flight which is the badge of all their tribe, and contending with wing and beak against the dogs which dispute the viands with the harpies. It is curious to watch the expression of their eyes as with outstretched necks they peer down from the ledge of the market roof on the stalls and scrutinise the operations of the butchers below. They do not prevent a disagreeable odour in the vicinity of the markets, nor are they deadly to a fine and active breed of rats.

Much drumming and marching through the streets to-day. One very ragged regiment which had been some time at Morris' Island halted in the shade near me, and I was soon made aware they consisted, for the great majority, of Irishmen. The Emerald Isle, indeed, has contributed largely to the population of Charleston. In the principal street there is a large and fine red sandstone building with the usual Greek-Yankee-composite portico, over which is emblazoned the crownless harp and the shamrock wreath proper to a St. Patrick's Hall, and several Roman Catholic churches also attest the Hibernian presence.

I again called on General Beauregard, and had a few moments' conversation with him. He told me that an immense deal depended on Virginia, and that as yet the action of the people in that State had not been as prompt as might have been hoped, for the President's proclamation was a declaration of war against the South, in which all would be ultimately involved. He is going to Montgomery to confer with

Mr. Jefferson Davis. I have no doubt there is to be some movement made in Virginia. Whiting is under orders to repair there, and he hinted that he had a task of no common nicety and difficulty to perform. He is to visit the forts which had been seized on the coast of North Carolina, and probably will have a look at Portsmouth. It is incredible that the Federal authorities should have neglected to secure this place.

Later I visited the Governor of the State, Mr. Pickens, to whom I was conducted by Colonel Lucas, his aide-de-camp. His palace was a very humble shed-like edifice with large rooms, on the doors of which were pasted pieces of paper with sundry high-reading inscriptions, such as "Adjutant General's Dept., Quartermaster-General's Dept., Attorney General of State," &c., and through the doorways could be seen men in uniform, and grave, earnest people busy at their desks with pen, ink, paper, tobacco, and spittoons. The governor, a stout man, of a big head, and a large important looking face, with watery eyes and flabby features, was seated in a barrack-like room, furnished in the plainest way and decorated by the inevitable portrait of George Washington, close to which was the "Ordinance of Secession of the State of South Carolina" of last year.

Governor Pickens is considerably laughed at by his subjects, and I was amused by a little middy, who described with much unction the governor's alarm on his visit to Fort Pickens, when he was told that there were a number of live shells and a quantity of powder still in the place. He is said to have commenced one of his speeches with "Born insensible to fear," &c. To me the governor was very courteous, but I confess the heat of the day did not dispose me to listen with due attention to a lecture on political economy with which he favoured me. I was told, however, that he had practised with success on the late Czar when he was United States Minister to St. Petersburg, and that he does not suffer his immediate staff to escape from having their minds improved on the relations of capital to labour, and on the vicious condition of capital and labour in the North.

"In the North, then, you will perceive, Mr. Russell, they have maximised the hostile condition of opposed interests in the accumulation of capital and in the employment of labour, whilst we in the South, by the peculiar excellence of our domestic institution, have minimised their opposition and maximised the identity of interest by the investment of capital in the labourer himself," and so on, or something like it. I could not help remarking it struck me there was "another difference betwixt the North and the South which he had overlooked—the capital of the North is represented by gold, silver, notes, and other exponents, which are good all the world over and are recognised as such; your capital has power of locomotion, and ceases to exist the moment it crosses a geographical line." "That remark, sir," said the Governor, "requires that I should call your attention to the fundamental principles on which the abstract idea of capital should be formed. In order to clear the ground, let us first inquire into the soundness of the ideas put forward by your Adam Smith"——I had to look at my watch and to promise I would come back to be illuminated on some other occasion, and hurried off to keep an engagement with myself to write letters by the next mail.

The Governor writes very good proclamations, nevertheless, and his confidence in South Carolina is unbounded. "If we stand alone, sir, we must win. They can't whip us." A gentleman named Pringle, for whom I had letters of introduction, has come to Charleston to ask me to his plantation, but there will be no boat from the port till Monday, and it is uncertain then whether the blockading vessels, of which we hear so much, may not be down by that time.

April 20th.—I visited the editors of the *Charleston Mercury* and the *Charleston Courier* to-day at their offices. The Rhett family have been active agitators for secession, and it is said they are not over well pleased with Jefferson Davis for neglecting their claims to office. The elder, a pompous, hard, ambitious man, possesses ability. He is fond of alluding to his English connections and predilections, and is intolerant of New England to the last degree. I received from him, ere I left, a pamphlet on his life, career, and services. In the newspaper offices there was nothing worthy of remark; they were possessed of that obscurity which is such a characteristic of the haunts of journalism—the clouds in which the lightning is hiding. Thence to haunts more dingy still where Plutus lives—to the counting houses of the cotton brokers, up many pairs of stairs into large rooms furnished with hard seats, engravings of celebrated clippers, advertisements of emigrant agencies and of lines of steamers, little flocks of cotton, specimens of rice, grain, and seed in wooden bowls, and clerks living inside railings, with secluded spittoons, and ledgers, and tumblers of water.

I called on several of the leading merchants and bankers, such as Mr. Rose, Mr. Muir, Mr. Trenholm, and others. With all it was the same story. Their young men were off to the wars—no business doing. In one office I saw an announcement of a company for a direct communication by steamers between a southern port and Europe. "When do you expect that line to be opened?" I asked. "The United States' cruisers will surely interfere with it." "Why, I expect, sir," replied the merchant, "that if those miserable Yankees try to blockade us, and keep you from our cotton, you'll just send their ships to the bottom and acknowledge us. That will be before autumn, I think." It was in vain I assured him he would be disappointed. "Look out there," he said, pointing to the wharf, on which were piled some cotton bales; "there's the key will open all our ports, and put us into John Bull's strong box as well."

I dined to-day at the hotel, notwithstanding many hospitable invitations, with Messrs. Manning, Porcher Miles, Reed, and Pringle. Mr. Trescot, who was Under-Secretary-of-State in Mr. Buchanan's Cabinet, joined us, and I promised to visit his plantation as soon as I have returned from Mr. Pringle's. We heard much the same conversation as usual, relieved by Mr. Trescot's sound sense and philosophy. He sees clearly the evils of slavery, but is, like all of us, unable to discover the solution and means of averting them.

The Secessionists are in great delight with Governor Letcher's proclamation, calling out troops and volunteers, and it is hinted that Washington will be attacked, and the nest of Black Republican vermin which haunt the capital driven out. Agents are to be at once despatched to get up a navy, and every effort made to carry out the policy indicated in Jeff Davis's issue of letters of marque and reprisal. Norfolk harbour is blocked up to prevent the United States ships getting away; and at the same time we hear that the United States officer commanding at the arsenal of Harper's Ferry has retired into Pennsylvania, after destroying the place by fire. How "old John Brown" would have wondered and rejoiced had he lived a few months longer!

CHAPTER XVII.

Visit to a plantation; hospitable reception—By steamer to Georgetown—Description of the town—A country mansion—Masters and slaves — Slave diet — Humming-birds — Land irrigation—Negro quarters—Back to Georgetown.

April 21*st*.—In the afternoon I went with Mr. Porcher Miles to visit a small farm and plantation, some miles from the city, belonging to Mr. Crafts. Our arrival was unexpected, but the planter's welcome was warm. Mrs. Crafts showed us round the place, of which the beauties were due to nature rather than to art, and so far the lady was the fitting mistress of the farm.

We wandered through tangled brakes and thick Indian-like jungle, filled with disagreeable insects, down to the edge of a small lagoon. The beach was perforated with small holes, in which Mrs. Crafts said little crabs, called "fiddlers" from their resemblance *in petto* to a performer on the fiddle make their abode; but neither them nor "spotted snakes" did we see. And so to dinner, for which our hostess made needless excuses. "I am afraid I shall have to ask you to eke out your dinner with potted meats, but I can answer for Mr. Crafts giving you a bottle of good old wine." "And what better, madam," quoth Mr. Miles, "what better can you offer a soldier? What do we expect but grape and canister?"

Mr. Miles, who was formerly member of the United States Congress, and who has now migrated to the Confederate States of America, rendered himself conspicuous a few years ago when a dreadful visitation of yellow fever came upon Norfolk and destroyed one-half of the inhabitants. At that terrible time, when all who could move were flying from the plague-stricken spot, Mr. Porcher Miles flew to it, visited the hospitals, tended the sick; and although a weakly, delicate man, gave an example of such energy and courage as materially tended to save those who were left. I never heard him say a word to indicate that he had been at Norfolk at all.

At the rear of the cottage-like residence (to the best of my belief built of wood), in which the planter's family lived, was a small enclosure, surrounded by a palisade, containing a number of wooden sheds, which were the negro quarters; and after dinner, as we sat on the steps, the children were sent for to sing for us. They came very shyly, and by degrees; first peeping round the corners and from behind trees, oftentimes running away in spite of the orders of their haggard mammies, till they were chased, captured, and brought back by their elder brethren. They were ragged, dirty, shoeless urchins of both sexes; the younger ones abdominous as infant Hindoos, and wild as if just caught. With much difficulty the elder children were dressed into line; then they began to shuffle their flat feet, to clap their hands, and to drawl out in a monotonous sort of chant something about the "River Jawdam," after which Mrs. Crafts rewarded them with lumps of sugar, which were as fruitful of disputes as the apple of discord. A few fathers and mothers gazed at the scene from a distance.

As we sat listening to the wonderful song of the mocking-birds, when these young Sybarites had retired, a great, big, burly red-faced gentleman, as like a Yorkshire farmer in high perfection as any man I ever saw in the old country, rode up to the door, and, after the usual ceremony of introduction and the collating of news, and the customary assurance "They can't whip us, sir!" invited me then and there to attend a fête champêtre at his residence, where there is a lawn famous for trees dating from the first settlement of the colony, and planted by this gentleman's ancestor.

Trees are objects of great veneration in America if they are of any size. There are perhaps two reasons for this. In the first place, the indigenous forest trees are rarely of any great magnitude. In the second place, it is natural to Americans to admire dimension and antiquity; and a big tree gratifies both organs—size and veneration.

I must record an astonishing feat of this noble Carolinian. The heat of the evening was indubitably thirst-compelling, and we went in to "have a drink." Among other things on the table were a decanter of cognac and a flask of white curaçoa. The planter filled a tumbler half full of brandy. "What's in that flat bottle, Crafts?" "That's white curaçoa." The planter tasted a little, and having smacked his lips and exclaimed "first-rate stuff," proceeded to *water* his brandy with it, and tossed off a full brimmer of the mixture without any remarkable ulterior results. They are a hard-headed race. I doubt if cavalier or puritan ever drank a more potent bumper than our friend the big planter.

April 22nd.—To-day was fixed for the visit to Mr. Pringle's plantation, which lies above Georgetown near the Peedee River. Our party, which consisted of Mr. Mitchell, an eminent lawyer of Charleston, Colonel Reed, a neighbouring planter, Mr. Ward of New York, our host, and myself, were on board the Georgetown steamer at seven o'clock, a.m., and started with a quantity of commissariat stores, ammunition, and the like, for the use of the troops quartered along the coast. There was, of course, a large supply of newspapers also. At that early hour invitations to the "bar" were not uncommon, where the news was discussed by long-legged, grave, sallow men. There was a good deal of joking about "old Abe Lincoln's paper blockade," and the report that the Government had ordered their cruisers to treat the crew of Confederate privateers as "pirates" provoked derisive and menacing comments. The full impulses of national life are breathing through the whole of this people. There is their flag flying over Sumter, and the Confederate banner is waving on all the sand-forts and headlands which guard the approaches to Charleston.

A civil war and persecution have already commenced. "Suspected Abolitionists" are ill-treated in the South, and "Suspected Secessionists" are mobbed and beaten in the North. The news of the attack on 6th Massachusetts, and the Pennsylvania regiment, by the mob in Baltimore, has been received with great delight; but some long-headed people see that it will only expose Baltimore and Maryland to the full force of the

Northern States. The riot took place on the anniversary of Lexington.

The "Nina" was soon in open sea, steering northwards and keeping four miles from shore in order to clear the shoals and banks which fringe the low sandy coasts, and effectually prevent even light gunboats covering a descent by their ordnance. This was one of the reasons why the Federal fleet did not make any attempt to relieve Fort Sumter during the engagement. On our way out we could see the holes made in the large hotel and other buildings on Sullivan's Island behind Fort Moultrie, by the shot from the fort, which caused terror among the negroes "miles away." There was no sign of any blockading vessel, but look-out parties were posted along the beach, and as the skipper said we might have to make our return-journey by land, every sail on the horizon was anxiously scanned through our glasses.

Having passed the broad mouth of the Santee, the steamer in three hours and a-half ran up an estuary, into which the Maccamaw River and the Peedee River pour their united waters.

Our vessel proceeded along shore to a small jetty, at the end of which was a group of armed men, some of them being part of a military post, to defend the coast and river, established under cover of an earthwork and palisades constructed with trunks of trees, and mounting three 32-pounders. Several posts of a similar character lay on the river banks, and from some of these we were boarded by men in boats hungry for news and newspapers. Most of the men at the pier were cavalry troopers, belonging to a volunteer association of the gentry for coast defence, and they had been out night and day patrolling the shores, and doing the work of common soldiers—very precious material for such work. They wore grey tunics, slashed and faced with yellow, buff belts, slouched felt hats, ornamented with drooping cocks' plumes, and long jackboots, which well became their fine persons and bold bearing, and were evidently due to "Cavalier" associations. They were all equals. Our friends on board the boat hailed them by their Christian names, gave and heard the news. Among the cases landed at the pier were certain of champagne and pâtés, on which Captain Blank was wont to regale his company daily at his own expense, or that of his cotton broker. Their horses picketed in the shade of trees close to the beach, the parties of women riding up and down the sands, or driving in light tax-carts, suggested images of a large pic-nic, and a state of society quite indifferent to Uncle Abe's cruisers and "Hessians." After a short delay here, the steamer proceeded on her way to Georgetown, an ancient and once important settlement and port, which was marked in the distance by the little forest of masts rising above the level land, and the tops of the trees beyond, and by a solitary church-spire.

As the "Nina" approaches the tumble-down wharf of the old town, two or three citizens advance from the shade of shaky sheds to welcome us, and a few country vehicles and light phaetons are drawn forth from the same shelter to receive the passengers, while the negro boys and girls who have been playing upon the bales of cotton and barrels of rice, which represent the trade of the place on the wharf, take up commanding positions for the better observation of our proceedings.

There is about Georgetown, an air of quaint simplicity and old-fashioned quiet, which contrasts refreshingly with the bustle and tumult of American cities. While waiting for our vehicle we enjoyed the hospitality of Colonel Reed, who took us into an old-fashioned, angular, wooden mansion, more than a century old, still sound in every timber, and testifying, in its quaint wainscotings, and the rigid framework of door and window, to the durability of its cypress timbers and the preservative character of the atmosphere. In early days it was the grand house of the old settlement, and the residence of the founder of the female branch of the family of our host, who now only makes it his halting-place when passing to and fro between Charleston and his plantation, leaving it the year round in charge of an old servant and her grandchild. Rose-trees and flowering shrubs clustered before the porch and filled the garden in front, and the establishment gave one a good idea of a London merchant's retreat about Chelsea a hundred and fifty years ago.

At length we were ready for our journey, and, in two light covered gigs, proceeded along the sandy track which, after a while, led us to a road cut deep in the bosom of the woods, where silence was only broken by the cry of a woodpecker, the scream of a crane, or the sharp challenge of the jay. For miles we passed through the shades of this forest, meeting only two or three vehicles containing female planterdom on little excursions of pleasure or business, who smiled their welcome as we passed. Arrived at a deep chocolate-coloured stream, called Black River, full of fish and alligators, we find a flat large enough to accommodate vehicles and passengers, and propelled by two negroes pulling upon a stretched rope, in the manner usual in the ferry-boats of Switzerland.

Another drive through a more open country, and we reach a fine grove of pine and live-oak, which melts away into a shrubbery guarded by a rustic gateway: passing through this, we are brought by a sudden turn to the planter's house, buried in trees, which dispute with the green sward and with wild flower-beds the space between the hall-door and the waters of the Peedee; and in a few minutes, as we gaze over the expanse of fields marked by the deep water-cuts, and bounded by a fringe of unceasing forest, just tinged with green by the first life of the early rice crops, the chimneys of the steamer we had left at Georgetown, gliding as it were through the fields, indicate the existence of another navigable river still beyond.

Leaving the verandah which commanded this agreeable foreground, we enter the mansion, and are reminded by its low-browed, old-fashioned rooms, of the country houses yet to be found in parts of Ireland or on the Scottish border, with additions, made by the luxury and love of foreign travel, of more than one generation of educated Southern planters. Paintings from Italy illustrate the walls, in juxta-position with interesting portraits of early colonial governors and their lovely womankind, limned with no uncertain hand, and full of the vigour of touch and naturalness of drapery, of which Copley has left us too few exemplars; and one portrait of Benjamin West claims for itself such honour as his own pencil can give. An excellent library—filled with collections of French and English classics, and with those ponderous editions of Voltaire, Rousseau, the

"Mémoires pour Servir," books of travel and history which delighted our forefathers in the last century, and many works of American and general history—affords ample occupation for a rainy day.

It was five o'clock before we reached our planter's house—White House Plantation. My small luggage was carried into my room by an old negro in livery, who took great pains to assure me of my perfect welcome, and who turned out to be a most excellent valet. A low room hung with coloured mezzotints, windows covered with creepers, and an old-fashioned bedstead and quaint chairs, lodged me sumptuously; and after such toilette as was considered necessary by our host for a bachelor's party, we sat down to an excellent dinner, cooked by negroes and served by negroes, and aided by claret mellowed in Carolinian suns, and by Madeira brought down stairs cautiously, as in the days of Horace and Mæcenas, from the cellar between the attic and the thatched roof.

Our party was increased by a neighbouring planter, and after dinner the conversation returned to the old channel—all the frogs praying for a king—anyhow a prince—to rule over them. Our good host is anxious to get away to Europe, where his wife and children are, and all he fears is being mobbed at New York, where Southerners are exposed to insult, though they may get off better in that respect than Black Republicans would down South. Some of our guests talked of the duello, and of famous hands with the pistol in these parts. The conversation had altogether very much the tone which would have probably characterised the talk of a group of Tory Irish gentlemen over their wine some sixty years ago, and very pleasant it was. Not a man—no, not one—will ever join the Union again! "Thank God!" they say, "we are freed from that tyranny at last." And yet Mr. Seward calls it the most beneficent government in the world, which never hurt a human being yet!

But alas! all the good things which the house affords, can be enjoyed but for a brief season. Just as nature has expanded every charm, developed every grace, and clothed the scene with all the beauty of opened flower, of ripening grain, and of mature vegetation, on the wings of the wind the poisoned breath comes borne to the home of the white man, and he must fly before it or perish. The books lie unopened on the shelves, the flower blooms and dies unheeded, and, pity 'tis, 'tis true, the old Madeira garnered 'neath the roof, settles down for a fresh lease of life, and sets about its solitary task of acquiring a finer flavour for the infrequent lips of its banished master and his welcome visitors. This is the story, at least, that we hear on all sides, and such is the tale repeated to us beneath the porch, when the moon while softening enhances the loveliness of the scene, and the rich melody of mocking-birds fills the grove.

Within these hospitable doors Horace might banquet better than he did with Nasidienus, and drink such wine as can be only found among the descendants of the ancestry who, improvident enough in all else, learnt the wisdom of bottling up choice old Bual and Sercial, ere the demon of oidium had dried up their generous sources for ever. To these must be added excellent bread, ingenious varieties of the *galette*, compounded now of rice and now of Indian meal, delicious butter and fruits, all good of their kind.

And is there anything better rising up from the bottom of the social bowl? My black friends who attend on me are grave as Mussulman Khitmutgars. They are attired in liveries and wear white cravats and Berlin gloves. At night when we retire, off they go to their outer darkness in the small settlement of negro-hood, which is separated from our house by a wooden palisade. Their fidelity is undoubted. The house breathes an air of security. The doors and windows are unlocked. There is but one gun, a fowlingpiece, on the premises. No planter hereabouts has any dread of his slaves. But I have seen, within the short time I have been in this part of the world, several dreadful accounts of murder and violence, in which masters suffered at the hands of their slaves. There is something suspicious in the constant never-ending statement that "we are not afraid of our slaves." The curfew and the night patrol in the streets, the prisons and watch-houses, and the police regulations, prove that strict supervision, at all events, is needed and necessary. My host is a kind man and a good master. If slaves are happy anywhere, they should be so with him.

These people are fed by their master. They have half a pound per diem of fat pork, and corn in abundance. They rear poultry and sell their chickens and eggs to the house. They are clothed by their master. He keeps them in sickness as in health. Now and then there are gifts of tobacco and molasses for the deserving. There was little labour going on in the fields, for the rice has been just exerting itself to get its head above water. These fields yield plentifully; the waters of the river are fat, and they are let in whenever the planter requires it by means of floodgates and small canals, through which the flats can carry their loads of grain to the river for loading the steamers.

April 23rd.—A lovely morning grew into a hot day. After breakfast, I sat in the shade watching the vagaries of some little tortoises, or terrapins, in a vessel of water close at hand, or trying to follow the bee-like flight of the humming-birds. Ah me! one wee brownie, with a purple head and red facings, managed to dash into a small grape or flower conservatory close at hand, and, innocent of the ways of the glassy wall, he or she —I am much puzzled as to the genders of humming-birds, and Mr. Gould, with his wonderful mastery of Greek prefixes and Latin terminations, has not aided me much—dashed up and down from pane to pane, seeking to perforate each with its bill, and carrying death and destruction among the big spiders and their cobweb-castles which for the time barred the way.

The humming-bird had, as the Yankees say, a bad time of it, for its efforts to escape were incessant, and our host said tenderly, through his moustaches, "Pooty little thing, don't frighten it!" as if he was quite sure of getting off to Saxony by the next steamer. Encumbered by cobwebs and exhausted, now and then our little friend toppled down among the green shrubs, and lay panting like a living nugget of ore. Again he, she, or it took wing and resumed that mad career; but at last on some happy turn the bright head saw an opening through the door, and out wings, body, and legs dashed, and sought shelter in a creeper, where the little flutterer lay, all but dead, so inanimate, indeed, that I could have taken the lovely thing and put it in the hollow of my hand. What would poets of Greece and Rome have said of the humming-bird? What would Hafiz, or Waller, or Spenser have sung, had they but seen that offspring of the sun and flowers?

Later in the day, when the sun was a little less fierce, we walked out from the belt of trees round the house on the plantation itself. At this time of year there is nothing to recommend to the eye the great breadth of flat fields, surrounded by small canals, which look like the bottoms of dried-up ponds, for the green rice has barely succeeded in forcing its way above the level of the rich dark earth. The river bounds the estate, and when it rises after the rains, its waters, loaded with loam and fertilising mud, are let in upon the lands through the small canals, which are provided with sluices and banks and floodgates to control and regulate the supply.

The negroes had but little to occupy them now. The children of both sexes, scantily clad, were fishing in the canals and stagnant waters, pulling out horrible-looking little catfish. They were so shy that they generally fled at our approach. The men and women were apathetic, neither seeking nor shunning us, and I found that their master knew nothing about them. It is only the servants engaged in household duties who are at all on familiar terms with their masters.

The bailiff or steward was not to be seen. One big slouching negro, who seemed to be a gangsman or something of the kind, followed us in our walk, and answered any questions we put to him very readily. It was a picture to see his face when one of our party, on returning to the house, gave him a larger sum of money than he had probably ever possessed before in a lump. "What will he do with it?" Buy sweet things,—sugar, tobacco, a penknife, and such things. "They have few luxuries, and all their wants are provided for." Took a cursory glance at the negro quarters, which are not very enticing or cleanly. They are surrounded by high palings, and the *entourage* is alive with their poultry.

Very much I doubt whether Mr. Mitchell is satisfied the Southerners are right in their present course, but he and Mr. Petigru are lawyers, and do not take a popular view of the question. After dinner the conversation again turned on the resources and power of the South, and on the determination of the people never to go back into the Union. Then cropped out again the expression of regret for the rebellion of 1776, and the desire that if it came to the worst, England would receive back her erring children, or give them a prince under whom they could secure a monarchical form of government. There is no doubt about the earnestness with which these things are said.

As the "Nina" starts down the river on her return voyage from Georgetown to-night, and Charleston Harbour may be blockaded at any time, thus compelling us to make a long *détour* by land, I resolve to leave by her, in spite of many invitations and pressure from neighbouring planters. At midnight our carriage came round, and we started in a lovely moonlight to Georgetown, crossing the ferry after some delay, in consequence of the profound sleep of the boatmen in their cabins. One of them said to me, "Musn't go too near de edge ob de boat, massa." "Why not?" "Becas if massa fall ober, he not come up agin likely,—a bad ribber for drowned, massa." He informed me it was full of alligators, which are always on the look-out for the planters' and negroes' dogs, and are hated and hunted accordingly.

The "Nina" was blowing the signal for departure, the only sound we heard all through the night, as we drove through the deserted streets of Georgetown, and soon after three o'clock, a.m., we were on board and in our berths.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Climate of the Southern States—General Beauregard—Risks of the post-office—Hatred of New England—By railway to Sea Island plantation—Sporting in South Carolina—An hour on board a canoe in the dark.

April 24th.—In the morning we found ourselves in chopping little sea-way for which the "Nina" was particularly unsuited, laden as she was with provisions and produce. Eyes and glasses anxiously straining seawards for any trace of the blockading vessels. Every sail scrutinised, but no 'stars and stripes' visible.

Our captain—a good specimen of one of the inland-water navigators, shrewd, intelligent, and active—told me a good deal about the country. He laughed at the fears of the whites as regards the climate. "Why, here am I," said he, "going up the river, and down the river all times of the year, and at times of day and night when they reckon the air is most deadly, and I've done so for years without any bad effects. The planters whose houses I pass all run away in May, and go off to Europe, or to the piney wood, or to the springs, or they think they'd all die. There's Captain Buck, who lives above here,—he comes from the State of Maine. He had only a thousand dollars to begin with, but he sets to work and gets land on the Macamaw River at twenty cents an acre. It was death to go nigh it, but it was first-rate rice land, and Captain Buck is now worth a million of dollars. He lives on his estate all the year round, and is as healthy a man as ever you seen."

To such historiettes my planting friends turn a deaf ear. "I tell you what," said Pringle, "just to show you what kind our climate is. I had an excellent overseer once, who would insist on staying near the river, and wouldn't go away. He fought against it for more than five-and-twenty years, but he went down with fever at last." As the overseer was more than thirty years of age when he came to the estate, he had not been cut off so very suddenly. I thought of the quack's advertisement of the "bad leg of sixty years standing." The captain says the negroes on the river plantations are very well off. He can buy enough of pork from the slaves on one plantation to last his ship's crew for the whole winter. The money goes to them, as the hogs are their own. One of the stewards on board had bought himself and his family out of bondage with his earnings. The State in general, however, does not approve of such practices.

At three o'clock p.m., ran into Charleston harbour, and landed soon afterwards.

I saw General Beauregard in the evening; he was very lively and in good spirits, though he admitted he was rather surprised by the spirit displayed in the North. "A good deal of it is got up, however," he said, "and belongs to that washy sort of enthusiasm which is promoted by their lecturing and spouting." Beauregard is very proud of his personal strength, which for his slight frame is said to be very extraordinary, and he seemed to insist on it that the Southern men had more physical strength, owing to their mode of life and their education, than their Northern "brethren." In the evening held a sort of *tabaks consilium* in the hotel, where a number of officers—Manning, Lucas Chesnut, Calhoun, &c.—discoursed of the affairs of the nation. All my friends, except Trescot, I think were elated at the prospect of hostilities with the North, and overjoyed that a South Carolinian regiment had already set out for the frontiers of Virginia.

April 25th.—Sent off my letters by an English gentleman, who was taking despatches from Mr. Bunch to Lord Lyons, as the post-office is becoming a dangerous institution. We hear of letters being tampered with on both sides. Adams's Express Company, which acts as a sort of express post under certain conditions, is more trustworthy; but it is doubtful how long communications will be permitted to exist between the two hostile nations, as they may now be considered.

Dined with Mr. Petigru, who had most kindly postponed his dinner party till my return from the plantations, and met there General Beauregard, Judge King, and others, among whom, distinguished for their *esprit* and accomplishments, were Mrs. King and Mrs. Carson, daughters of my host. The dislike, which seems innate, to New England is universal, and varies only in the form of its expression. It is quite true Mr. Petigru is a decided Unionist, but he is the sole specimen of the genus in Charleston, and he is tolerated on account of his rarity. As the witty, pleasant old man trots down the street, utterly unconscious of the world around him, he is pointed out proudly by the Carolinians as an instance of forbearance on their part, and as a proof at the same time of popular unanimity of sentiment.

There are also people who regret the dissolution of the Union—such as Mr. Huger, who shed tears in talking of it the other night; but they regard the fact very much as they would the demolition of some article which never can be restored and reunited, which was valued for the uses it rendered and its antiquity.

General Beauregard is apprehensive of an attack by the Northern "fanatics" before the South is prepared, and he considers they will carry out coercive measures most rigorously. He dreads the cutting of the levées, or high artificial works, raised along the whole course of the Mississippi, for many hundreds of miles above New Orleans, which the Federals may resort to in order to drown the plantations and ruin the planters.

We had a good-humoured argument in the evening about the ethics of burning the Norfolk navy yard. The Southerners consider the appropriation of the arms, moneys, and stores of the United States as rightful acts, inasmuch as they represent, according to them, their contribution, or a portion of it, to the national stock in trade. When a State goes out of the Union she should be permitted to carry her forts, armaments, arsenals, &c., along with her, and it was a burning shame for the Yankees to destroy the property of Virginia at Norfolk. These ideas, and many like them, have the merit of novelty to English people, who were accustomed to think there were such things as the Union and the people of the United States.

April 26th.—Bade good-by to Charleston at 9·45 a.m. this day, and proceeded by railway, in company with Mr. Ward, to visit Mr. Trescot's Sea Island Plantation. Crossed the river to the terminus in a ferry steamer. No blockading vessels in sight yet. The water alive with small silvery fish, like mullet, which sprang up and leaped along the surface incessantly. An old gentleman, who was fishing on the pier, combined the pursuit of sport with instruction very ingeniously by means of a fork of bamboo in his rod, just above the reel, into which he stuck his inevitable newspaper, and read gravely in his cane-bottomed chair till he had a bite, when the fork was unhitched and the fish was landed. The negroes are very much addicted to the contemplative man's recreation, and they were fishing in all directions.

On the move again. Took our places in the Charleston and Savannah Railway for Pocotaligo, which is the station for Barnwell Island. Our fellow-passengers were all full of politics—the pretty women being the fiercest of all—no! the least good-looking were the most bitterly patriotic, as if they hoped to talk themselves into husbands by the most unfeminine expressions towards the Yankees.

The country is a dead flat, perforated by rivers and watercourses, over which the rail is carried on long and lofty trestle-work. But for the fine trees, the magnolias and live oak, the landscape would be unbearably hideous, for there are none of the quaint, cleanly, delightful villages of Holland to relieve the monotonous level of rice swamps and wastes of land and water and mud. At the humble little stations there were invariably groups of horsemen waiting under the trees, and ladies with their black nurses and servants who had driven over in the odd-looking old-fashioned vehicles, which were drawn up in the shade. Those who were going on a long journey, aware of the utter barrenness of the land, took with them a viaticum and bottles of milk.

The nurses and slaves squatted down by their side in the train, on perfectly well-understood terms. No one objected to their presence—on the contrary, the passengers treated them with a certain sort of special consideration, and they were on the happiest terms with their charges, some of which were in the absorbent condition of life, and dived their little white faces against the tawny bosom of their nurses with anything but reluctance.

The train stopped, at 12·20, at Pocotaligo; and there we found Mr. Trescot and a couple of neighbouring planters, famous as fishers for "drum," of which more by-and-bye. I had met old Mr. Elliot in Charleston, and his account of this sport, and of the pursuit of an enormous sea monster called the devil-fish, which he was one of the first to kill in these waters, excited my curiosity very much. Mr. Elliot has written a most agreeable account of the sports of South Carolina, and I had hoped he would have been well enough to have been my guide, philosopher, and friend in drum fishing in Port Royal; but he sent over his son to say that he was too unwell to come, and had therefore dispatched most excellent representatives in two members of his family. It was arranged that they should row down from their place and meet us to-morrow morning at Trescot's Island, which lies above Beaufort, in Port Royal Sound and river.

Got into Trescot's gig, and plunged into a shady lane with wood on each side, through which we drove for some distance. The country, on each side and beyond, perfectly flat—all rice lands—few houses visible—scarcely a human being on the road—drove six or seven miles without meeting a soul. After a couple of hours or so, I should think, the gig turned up by an open gateway on a path or road made through a waste of rich black mud, "glorious for rice," and landed us at the door of a planter, Mr. Heyward, who came out and gave us a most hearty welcome, in the true Southern style. His house is charming, surrounded with trees, and covered with roses and creepers, through which birds and butterflies are flying. Mr. Heyward took it as a matter of course that we stopped to dinner, which we were by no means disinclined to do, as the day was hot, the road was dusty, and his reception frank and kindly. A fine specimen of the planter man; and, minus his broad-brimmed straw hat and loose clothing, not a bad representative of an English squire at home.

Whilst we were sitting in the porch, a strange sort of booming noise attracted my attention in one of the trees. "It is a rain-crow," said Mr. Heyward; "a bird which we believe to foretell rain. I'll shoot it for you." And, going into the hall, he took down a double-barreled fowling-piece, walked out, and fired into the tree; whence the rain-crow, poor creature, fell fluttering to the ground and died. It seemed to me a kind of cuckoo—the same size, but of darker plumage. I could gather no facts to account for the impression that its call is a token of rain.

My attention was also called to a curious kind of snake-killing hawk, or falcon, which makes an extraordinary noise by putting its wings point upwards, close together, above its back, so as to offer no resistance to the air, and then, beginning to descend from a great height, with fast-increasing rapidity, makes, by its rushing through the air, a strange loud hum, till it is near the ground, when the bird stops its downward swoop and flies in a curve over the meadow. This I saw two of these birds doing repeatedly to-night.

After dinner, at which Mr. Heyward expressed some alarm lest Secession would deprive the Southern States of "ice," we continued our journey towards the river. There is still a remarkable absence of population or life along the road, and even the houses are either hidden or lie too far off to be seen. The trees are much admired by the people, though they would not be thought much of in England.

At length, towards sundown, having taken to a track by a forest, part of which was burning, we came to a broad muddy river, with steep clay banks. A canoe was lying in a little harbour formed by a slope in the bank, and four stout negroes, who were seated round a burning log, engaged in smoking and eating oysters, rose as we approached, and helped the party into the "dug-out," or canoe, a narrow, long, and heavy boat, with wall sides and a flat floor. A row of one hour, the latter part of it in darkness, took us to the verge of Mr. Trescot's estate, Barnwell Island; and the oarsmen, as they bent to their task, beguiled the way by singing in unison a real negro melody, which was as unlike the works of the Ethiopian Serenaders as anything in song could be unlike another. It was a barbaric sort of madrigal, in which one singer beginning was followed by the others in unison, repeating the refrain in chorus, and full of quaint expression and melancholy:—

"Oh, your soul! oh, my soul! I'm going to the churchyard to lay
this body down;
Oh, my soul! oh, your soul! we're going to the churchyard to lay
this nigger down."

And then some appeal to the difficulty of passing "the

Jawdam," constituted the whole of the song, which continued with unabated energy through the whole of the little voyage. To me it was a strange scene. The stream, dark as Lethe, flowing between the silent, houseless, rugged banks, lighted up near the landing by the fire in the woods, which reddened the sky—the wild strain, and the unearthly adjurations to the singers' souls, as though they were palpable, put me in mind of the fancied voyage across the Styx.

"Here we are at last." All I could see was a dark shadow of trees and the tops of rushes by the river side. "Mind where you step, and follow me close." And so, groping along through a thick shrubbery for a short space, I came out on a garden and enclosure, in the midst of which the white outlines of a house were visible. Lights in the drawing-room—a lady to receive and welcome us—a snug library—tea, and to bed: but not without more talk about the Southern Confederacy, in which Mrs. Trescot explained how easily she could feed an army, from her experience in feeding her negroes.

CHAPTER. XIX.

Domestic negroes—Negro oarsmen—Off to the fishing-grounds—The devil-fish—Bad sport—The drum-fish—Negro-quarters—Want of drainage—Thievish propensities of the blacks—A southern estimate of Southerners.

April 27th.—Mrs. Trescot, it seems, spent part of her night in attendance on a young gentleman of colour, who was introduced into the world in a state of servitude by his poor chattel of a mother. Such kindly acts as these are more common than we may suppose; and it would be unfair to put a strict or unfair construction on the motives of slave owners in paying such attention to their property. Indeed, as Mrs. Trescot says, "When people talk of my having so many slaves, I always tell them it is the slaves who own me. Morning, noon, and night, I'm obliged to look after them, to doctor them, and attend to them in every way." Property has its duties, you see, madam, as well as its rights.

The planter's house is quite new, and was built by himself; the principal material being wood, and most of the work being done by his own negroes. Such work as window-sashes and panellings, however, was executed in Charleston. A pretty garden runs at the back, and from the windows there are wide stretches of cotton-fields visible, and glimpses of the river to be seen.

After breakfast our little party repaired to the riverside, and sat under the shade of some noble trees waiting for the boat which was to bear us to the fishing-grounds. The wind blew up stream, running with the tide, and we strained our eyes in vain for the boat. The river is here nearly a mile across,—a noble estuary rather,—with low banks lined with forests, into which the axe has made deep forays and clearings for cotton-fields.

It would have astonished a stray English traveller, if, penetrating the shade, he heard in such an out-of-the-way place familiar names and things spoken of by the three lazy persons who were stretched out—cigar in mouth—on the ant-haunted trunks which lay prostrate by the sea-shore. Mr. Trescot spent some time in London as *attaché* to the United States Legation, was a club man, and had a large circle of acquaintance among the young men about town, of whom he remembered many anecdotes and peculiarities, and little adventures. Since that time he was Under-Secretary of State in Mr. Buchanan's administration, and went out with Secession. He is the author of a very agreeable book on a dry subject, "The History of American Diplomacy," which is curious enough as an unconscious exposition of the anti-British jealousies, and even antipathies, which have animated American statesmen since they were created. In fact, much of American diplomacy means hostility to England, and the skilful employment of the anti-British sentiment at their disposal in their own country and elsewhere. Now he was talking pleasantly of people he had met—many of them mutual friends.

"Here is the boat at last!" I had been sweeping the broad river with my glass occasionally, and at length detected a speck on its broad surface moving down towards us, with a white dot marking the foam at its bows. Spite of wind and tideway, it came rapidly, and soon approached us, pulled by six powerful negroes, attired in red flannel jackets and white straw hats with broad ribands. The craft itself—a kind of monster canoe, some forty-five feet long, narrow, wall-sided, with high bow and raised stern—lay deep in the water, for there were extra negroes for the fishing, servants, baskets of provisions, water buckets, stone jars of less innocent drinking, and abaft there was a knot of great strong planters,—Elliotts all—cousins, uncles, and brothers. A friendly hail as they swept up alongside,—an exchange of salutations.

"Well, Trescot, have you got plenty of Crabs?"

A groan burst forth at his *insouciant* reply. He had been charged to find bait, and he had told the negroes to do so, and the negroes had not done so. The fishermen looked grievously at each other, and fiercely at Trescot, who assumed an air of recklessness, and threw doubts on the existence of fish in the river, and resorted to similar miserable subterfuges; indeed, it was subsequently discovered that he was an utter infidel in regard to the delights of piscicapture.

"Now, all aboard! Over, you fellows, and take these gentlemen in!" The negroes were over in a moment, waist deep, and, each taking one on his back, deposited us dry in the boat. I only mention this to record the fact, that I was much impressed by a practical demonstration from my bearer respecting the strong odour of the skin of a heated African. I have been wedged up in a column of infantry on a hot day, and have marched to leeward of Ghoorkhas in India, but the overpowering pungent smell of the negro exceeds everything of the kind I have been unfortunate enough to experience.

The vessel was soon moving again, against a ripple, caused by the wind, which blew dead against us; and notwithstanding the praises bestowed on the boat, it was easy to perceive that the labour of pulling such a dead-log-like thing through the water told severely on the rowers, who had already come some twelve miles, I think. Nevertheless, they were told to sing, and they began accordingly one of those wild Baptist chants about the Jordan in which they delight, —not destitute of music, but utterly unlike what is called an Ethiopian melody.

The banks of the river on both sides are low; on the left covered with wood, through which, here and there, at intervals, one could see a planter's or overseer's cottage. The course of this great combination of salt and fresh water sometimes changes, so that houses are swept away and plantations submerged; but the land is much valued nevertheless, on account of the fineness of the cotton grown among the islands. "Cotton at 12 cents a pound, and we don't fear the world."

As the boat was going to the fishing-ground, which lay towards the mouth of the river at Hilton Head, our friends talked politics and sporting combined,—the first of the usual character, the second quite new.

I heard much of the mighty devil-fish which frequents these waters. One of our party, Mr. Elliott, sen., a tall, knotty, gnarled sort of man, with a mellow eye and a hearty voice, was a famous hand at the sport, and had had some hair-breadth escapes in pursuit of it. The fish is described as of enormous size and strength, a monster ray, which possesses formidable antennæ-like horns, and a pair of huge fins, or flappers, one of which rises above the water as the creature moves below the surface. The hunters, as they may be called, go out in parties—three or four boats, or more, with good store of sharp harpoons and tow-lines, and lances. When they perceive the creature, one boat takes the lead, and moves down towards it, the others following, each with a harpooner standing in the bow. The devil-fish sometimes is wary, and dives, when it sees a boat, taking such a long spell below that it is never seen again. At other times, however, it backs, and lets the boat come so near as to allow of the harpooner striking it, or it dives for a short way and comes up near the boats again. The moment the harpoon is fixed, the line is paid out by the rush of the creature, which is made with tremendous force, and all the boats at once hurry up, so that one after another they are made fast to that in which the lucky sportsman is seated. At length, when the line is run out, checked from time to time as much as can be done with safety, the crew take their oars and follow the course of the ray, which swims so fast, however, that it keeps the line taut, and drags the whole flotilla seawards. It depends on its size and strength to determine how soon it rises to the surface; by degrees the line is warped in and hove short till the boats are brought near, and when the ray comes up it is attacked with a shower of lances and harpoons, and dragged off into shoal water to die.

On one occasion, our Nimrod told us, he was standing in the bows of the boat, harpoon in hand, when a devil fish came up close to him; he threw the harpoon, struck it, but at the same time the boat ran against the creature with a shock which threw him right forward on its back, and in an instant it caught him in its horrid arms and plunged down with him to the depths. Imagine the horror of the moment! Imagine the joy of the terrified drowning, dying man, when, for some inscrutable reason, the devil fish-relaxed its grip, and enabled him to strike for the surface, where he was dragged into the boat more dead than alive by his terror-smitten companions, — the only man who ever got out of the embraces of the thing alive. "Tom is so tough that even a devil-fish could make nothing out of him."

At last we came to our fishing-ground. There was a substitute found for the favourite crab, and it was fondly hoped our toils might be rewarded with success. And these were toils, for the water is deep and the lines heavy. But to alleviate them, some hampers were produced from the stern, and wonderful pies from Mrs. Trescot's hands, and from those of fair ladies up the river whom we shall never see, were spread out, and bottles which represented distant cellars in friendly nooks far away. "No drum here! Up anchor, and pull away a few miles lower down." Trescot shook his head, and again asserted his disbelief in fishing, or rather in catching, and indeed made a sort of pretence at arguing that it was wiser to remain quiet and talk philosophical politics; but, as judge of appeal, I gave it against him, and the negroes bent to their oars, and we went thumping through the spray, till, rounding a point of land, we saw pitched on the sandy shore ahead of us, on the right bank, a tent, and close by two boats. "There is a party at it!" A fire was burning on the beach, and as we came near, Tom and Jack and Harry were successively identified. "There's no take on, or they would not be on shore. This is very unfortunate."

All the regret of my friends was on my account, so to ease their minds I assured them I did not mind the disappointment much. "Hallo, Dick! Caught any drum?" "A few this morning; bad sport now, and will be till tide turns again." I was introduced to all the party from a distance, and presently I saw one of them raising from a boat something in look and shape and colour like a sack of flour, which he gave to a negro, who proceeded to carry it towards us in a little skiff. "Thank you, Charley. I just want to let Mr. Russell see a drum-fish." And a very odd fish it was,—a thick lumpish form, about 4½ feet long, with enormous head and scales, and teeth like the grinders of a ruminant animal, acting on a great pad of bone in the roof of the mouth,—a very unlovely thing, swollen with roe, which is the great delicacy.

"No chance till the tide turned,"—but that would be too late for our return, and so unwillingly we were compelled to steer towards home, hearing now and then the singular noise like the tap on a large unbraced drum, from which the fish takes its name. At first, when I heard it, I was inclined to think it was made by some one in the boat, so near and close did it sound; but soon it came from all sides of us, and evidently from the depths of the water beneath us,—not a sharp rat-tat-tap, but a full muffled blow with a heavy thud on the sheepskin. Mr. Trescot told me that on a still evening by the river-side the effect sometimes is most curious,—the rolling and pattering is audible at a great distance. Our friends were in excellent humour with everything and everybody, except the Yankees, though they had caught no fish, and kept the negroes at singing and rowing till at nightfall we landed at the island, and so to bed after supper and a little conversation, in which Mrs. Trescot again explained how easily she could maintain a battalion on the island by her simple commissariat, already adapted to the niggers, and that it would therefore be very easy for the South to feed an army if the people were friendly.

April 28th.—The church is a long way off, only available by a boat and then a drive in a carriage. In the morning a child brings in my water and boots—an intelligent, curly-headed creature, dressed in a sort of sack, without any particular waist, barefooted. I imagined it was a boy till it told me it was a girl. I asked if she was going to church, which seemed to puzzle her exceedingly; but she told me finally she would hear prayers from "uncle" in one of the cottages. This use of the words "uncle" and "aunt" for old people is very general. Is it because they have no fathers and mothers? In the course of the day, the child, who was fourteen or fifteen years of age, asked me "whether I would not buy her. She could wash and sew very well, and she thought missus wouldn't want much for her." The object she had in view leaked out at last. It was a desire to see the glories of Beaufort, of which she had heard from the fishermen; and she seemed quite wonderstruck when she was informed I did not live there, and had never seen it. She had never been outside the plantation in her life.

After breakfast we loitered about the grounds, strolling through the cotton fields, which had as yet put forth no bloom or flower, and coming down others to the thick fringes of wood and sedge bordering the marshy banks of the island. The silence was profound, broken only by the husky mid-day crowing of the cocks in the negro quarters.

In the afternoon I took a short drive "to see a tree," which was not very remarkable, and looked in at the negro quarters and the cotton mill. The old negroes were mostly indoors, and came shambling out to the doors of their wooden cottages, making clumsy bows at our approach, but not expressing any interest or pleasure at the sight of their master and the strangers. They were shabbily clad; in tattered clothes, bad straw hats and felt bonnets, and broken shoes. The latter are expensive articles, and negroes cannot dig without them. Trescot sighed as he spoke of the increase of price since the troubles broke out.

The huts stand in a row, like a street, each detached, with a poultry house of rude planks behind it. The mutilations which the poultry undergo for the sake of distinction are striking. Some are deprived of a claw, others have the wattles cut, and tails and wings suffer in all ways. No attempt at any drainage or any convenience existed near them, and the same remark applies to very good houses of white people in the south. Heaps of oyster shells, broken crockery, old shoes, rags, and feathers were found near each hut. The huts were all alike windowless, and the apertures, intended to be glazed some fine day, were generally filled up with a deal board.

The roofs were shingle, and the whitewash which had once given the settlement an air of cleanliness, was now only to be traced by patches which had escaped the action of the rain. I observed that many of the doors were fastened by a padlock and chain outside. "Why is that?" "The owners have gone out, and honesty is not a virtue they have towards each other. They would find their things stolen if they did not lock their doors." Mrs. Trescot, however, insisted on it that nothing could exceed the probity of the slaves in the house, except in regard to sweet things, sugar and the like; but money and jewels were quite safe. It is obvious that some reason must exist for this regard to the distinctions twixt meum and tuum in the case of masters and mistresses, when it does not guide their conduct towards each other, and I think it might easily be found in the fact that the negroes could scarcely take money without detection. Jewels and jewellery would be of little value to them; they could not wear them, could not part with them. The system has made the white population a police against the black race, and the punishment is not only sure but grievous. Such things as they can steal from each other are not to be so readily traced.

One particularly dirty looking little hut was described to me as "the church." It was about fifteen feet square, begrimed with dirt and smoke, and windowless. A few benches were placed across it, and "the preacher," a slave from another plantation, was expected next week. These preachings are not encouraged in many plantations. They "do the niggers no good"—"they talk about things that are going on elsewhere, and get their minds unsettled," and so on.

On our return to the house, I found that Mr. Edmund Rhett, one of the active and influential political family of that name, had called—a very intelligent and agreeable gentleman, but one of the most ultra and violent speakers against the Yankees I have yet heard. He declared there were few persons in South Carolina who would not sooner ask great Britain to take back the State than submit to the triumph of the Yankees. "We are an agricultural people, pursuing our own system, and working out our own destiny, breeding up women and men with some other purpose than to make them vulgar, fanatical, cheating Yankees—hypocritical, if as women they pretend to real virtue; and lying, if as men they pretend to be honest. We have gentlemen and gentlewomen in your sense of it. We have a system which enables us to reap the fruits of the earth by a race which we save from barbarism in restoring them to their real place in the world as labourers, whilst we are enabled to cultivate the arts, the graces, and accomplishments of life, to develop science, to apply ourselves to the duties of government, and to understand the affairs of the country."

This is a very common line of remark here. The Southerners also take pride to themselves, and not unjustly, for their wisdom in keeping in Congress those men who have proved themselves useful and capable. "We do not," they say, "cast able men aside at the caprices of a mob, or in obedience to some low party intrigue, and hence we are sure of the best men, and are served by gentlemen conversant with public affairs, far superior in every way to the ignorant clowns who are sent to Congress by the North. Look at the fellows who are sent out by Lincoln to insult foreign courts by their presence." I said that I understood Mr. Adams and Mr. Drayton were very respectable gentlemen, but I did not receive any sympathy; in fact, a neutral who attempts to moderate the violence of either side, is very like an ice between two hot plates. Mr. Rhett is also persuaded that the Lord Chancellor sits on a cotton bale. "You must recognise us, sir, before the end of October." In the evening a distant thunder storm attracted me to the garden, and I remained out watching the broad flashes and sheets of fire worthy of the tropics till it was bed time.

CHAPTER XX.

By railway to Savannah—Description of the city—Rumours of the last few days—State of affairs at Washington—Preparations for war—Cemetery of Bonaventure—Road made of oyster-shells—Appropriate features of the Cemetery—The Tatnall family—Dinner-party at Mr. Green's—Feeling in Georgia against the North.

April 29th.—This morning up at 6 a.m., bade farewell to our hostess and Barnwell Island, and proceeded with Trescot back to the Pocotaligo station, which we reached at 12·20. On our way Mr. Heyward and his son rode out of a field, looking very like a couple of English country squires in all but hats and saddles. The young gentleman was good enough to bring over a snake hawk he had shot for me. At the station, to which the Heywards accompanied us, were the Elliotts and others, who had come over with invitations and adieux; and I beguiled the time to Savannah reading the very interesting book by Mr. Elliott, senior, on the Wild Sports of Carolina, which was taken up by some one when I left the car-carriage for a moment and not returned to me. The country through which we passed was flat and flooded as usual, and the rail passed over dark deep rivers on lofty trestle-work, by pine wood and dogwood tree, by the green plantation clearing, with mud bank, dyke, and tiny canal mile by mile, the train stopping for the usual freight of ladies, and negro nurses, and young planters, all very much of the same class, till at 3 o'clock p.m., the cars rattled up alongside a large shed, and we were told we had arrived at Savannah.

Here was waiting for me Mr. Charles Green, who had already claimed me and my friend as his guests, and I found in his carriage the young American designer, who had preceded me from Charleston, and had informed Mr. Green of my coming.

The drive through such portion of Savannah as lay between the terminus and Mr. Green's house, soon satisfied my eyes that it had two peculiarities. In the first place, it had the deepest sand in the streets I have ever seen; and next, the streets were composed of the most odd, quaint, green windowed, many coloured little houses I ever beheld, with an odd population of lean, sallow, ill-dressed unwholesome-looking whites, lounging about the exchanges and corners, and a busy, well-clad, gaily-attired race of negroes, working their way through piles of children, under the shade of the trees which bordered all the streets. The fringe of green, and the height attained by the live oak, Pride of India, and magnolia, give a delicious freshness and novelty to the streets of Savannah, which is increased by the great, number of squares and openings covered with something like sward, fenced round by white rail, and embellished with noble trees to be seen at every few hundred yards. It is difficult to believe you are in the midst of a city, and I was repeatedly reminded of the environs of a large Indian cantonment—the same kind of churches and detached houses, with their plantations and gardens not unlike. The wealthier classes, however, have houses of the New York Fifth Avenue character: one of the best of these, a handsome mansion of rich red sandstone, belonged to my host, who coming out from England many years ago, raised himself by industry and intelligence to the position of one of the first merchants in Savannah. Italian statuary graced the hall; finely carved tables and furniture, stained glass, and pictures from Europe set forth the sitting-rooms; and the luxury of bath-rooms and a supply of cold fresh water, rendered it an exception to the general run of Southern edifices. Mr. Green drove me through the town, which impressed me more than ever with its peculiar character. We visited Brigadier-General Lawton, who is charged with the defences of the place against the expected Yankees, and found him just setting out to inspect a band of volunteers, whose drums we heard in the distance, and whose bayonets were gleaming through the clouds of Savannah dust, close to the statue erected to the memory of one Pulaski, a Pole, who was mortally wounded in the unsuccessful defence of the city against the British in the war of Independence. He turned back and led us into his house. The hall was filled with little round rolls of flannel. "These," said he, "are cartridges for cannon of various calibres, made by the ladies of Mrs. Lawton's 'cartridge class.'" There were more cartridges in the back parlour, so that the house was not quite a safe place to smoke a cigar in. The General has been in the United States' army, and has now come forward to head the people of this State in their resistance to the Yankees.

We took a stroll in the park, and I learned the news of the last few days. The people of the South, I find, are delighted at a snubbing which Mr. Seward has given to Governor Hicks of Maryland, for recommending the arbitration of Lord Lyons, and he is stated to have informed Governor Hicks that "our troubles could not be referred to foreign arbitration, least of all to that of the representative of a European monarchy." The most terrible accounts are given of the state of things in Washington. Mr. Lincoln consoles himself for his miseries by drinking. Mr. Seward follows suit. The White House and capital are full of drunken border ruffians, headed by one Jim Lane of Kansas. But, on the other hand, the Yankees, under one Butler, a Massachusetts lawyer, have arrived at Annapolis, in Maryland, secured the "Constitution" man-of-war, and are raising masses of men for the invasion of the South all over the States. The most important thing, as it strikes me, is the proclamation of the Governor of Georgia, forbidding citizens to pay any money on account of debts due to Northerners, till the end of the war. General Robert E. Lee has been named Commander-in-Chief of the Forces of the Commonwealth of Virginia, and troops are flocking to that State from Alabama and other States. Governor Ellis has called out 30,000 volunteers in North Carolina, and Governor Rector of Arkansas has seized the United States' military stores at Napoleon. There is a rumour that Fort Pickens has been taken also, but it is very probably untrue. In Texas and Arkansas the United States regulars have not made an attempt to defend any of the forts.

In the midst of all this warlike work, volunteers drilling, bands playing, it was pleasant to walk in the shady park, with its cool fountains, and to see the children playing about—many of them, alas! "playing at soldiers"—in charge of their nurses. Returning, sat in the verandah and smoked a cigar; but the musquitoes were very keen and numerous. My host did not mind them, but my cuticle will never be sting-proof.

April 30*th*.—At 1·30 p.m. a small party started from Mr. Green's to visit the cemetery of Bonaventure, to which every visitor to Savannah must pay his pilgrimage; *difficiles aditus primos habet*—a deep sandy road which strains the horses and the carriages; but at last "the shell road" is reached—a highway several miles long, consisting of oyster shells—the pride of Savannah, which eats as many oysters as it can to add to the length of this wonderful road. There is no stone in the whole of the vast alluvial ranges of South Carolina and Maritime Georgia, and the only substance available for making a road is the oyster shell. There is a toll gate at each end to aid the oyster shells. Remember they are three times the size of any European crustacean of the sort.

A pleasant drive through the shady hedgerows and bordering trees lead to a dilapidated porter's lodge and gateway, within which rose in a towering mass of green one of the finest pieces of forest architecture possible; nothing to be sure like Burnham Beeches, or some of the forest glades of Windsor, but possessed, nevertheless, of a character quite its own. What we gazed upon was, in fact, the ruin of grand avenues of live oak, so well-disposed that their peculiar mode of growth afforded an unusual development of the "Gothic idea," worked out and elaborated by a superabundant fall from the overlacing arms and intertwined branches of the tillandsia, or Spanish moss, a weeping, drooping, plumaceous parasite, which does to the tree what its animal type, the yellow fever—*vomito prieto*—does to man—clings to it everlastingly, drying up sap, poisoning blood, killing the principle of life till it dies. The only differ, as they say in Ireland, is, that the tillandsia all the time looks very pretty, and that the process lasts very long. Some there are who praise this tillandsia, hanging like the tresses of a witch's hair over an invisible face, but to me it is a paltry parasite, destroying the grace and beauty of that it preys upon, and letting fall its dull tendrils over the fresh lovely green, as clouds drop over the face of some beautiful landscape. Despite all this, Bonaventure is a scene of remarkable interest; it seems to have been intended for a place of tombs. The Turks would have filled it with turbaned white pillars, and with warm ghosts at night. The French would have decorated it with interlaced hands of stone, with tears of red and black on white ground, with wreathes of immortelles. I am not sure that we would have done much more than have got up a cemetery company, interested Shillibeer, hired a beadle, and erected an iron paling. The Savannah people not following any of these fashions, all of which are adopted in Northern cities, have left everything to nature and the gatekeeper, and to the owner of one of the hotels, who has got up a grave yard in the ground. And there, scattered up and down under the grand old trees, which drop tears of Spanish moss, and weave wreathes of Spanish moss, and shake plumes of Spanish moss over them, are a few monumental stones to certain citizens of Savannah. There is a melancholy air about the place independently of these emblems of our mortality, which might recommend it specially for picnics. There never was before a cemetery where nature seemed to aid the effect intended by man so thoroughly. Everyone knows a weeping willow will cry over a wedding party if they sit under it, as well as over a grave. But here the Spanish moss looks like weepers wreathed by some fantastic hand out of the crape of Dreamland. Lucian's Ghostlander, the son of Skeleton of the Tribe of the Juiceless, could tell us something of such weird trappings. They are known indeed as the best bunting for yellow fever to fight under. Wherever their flickering horsehair tresses wave in the breeze, taper end downwards, Squire Black Jack is bearing lance and sword. One great green oak says to the other, "This fellow is killing me. Take his deadly robes off my limbs!" "Alas! See how he is ruining me! I have no life to help you." It is, indeed, a strange and very ghastly place. Here are so many *querci virentes*, old enough to be strong, and big, and great, sapfull, lusty, wide armed, green-honoured — all dying out slowly beneath tillandsia, as if they were so many monarchies perishing of decay—or so many youthful republics dying of buncombe brag, richness of blood, and other diseases fatal to overgrown bodies politic.

The void left in the midst of all these designed walks and stately avenues, by the absence of any suitable centre, increases the seclusion and solitude. A house ought to be there somewhere you feel—in fact there was once the mansion of the Tatnalls, a good old English family, whose ancestors came from the old country, ere the rights of man were talked of, and lived among the Oglethorpes, and such men of the pigtail, school who would have been greatly astonished at finding themselves in company with Benjamin Franklin or his kind. I don't know anything of old Tatnall. Indeed who does? But he had a fine idea of planting trees, which he never got in America, where he would have received scant praise for anything but his power to plant cotton or sugar cane just now. In his knee-breeches, and top boots, I can fancy the old gentleman reproducing some home scene, and boasting to himself, "I will make it as fine as Lord Nihilo's park." Could he see it now?—A decaying army of the dead. The mansion was burned down during a Christmas merrymaking, and was never built again, and the young trees have grown up despite the Spanish moss, and now they stand, as it were in cathedral aisles, around the ruins of the departed house, shading the ground, and enshrining its memories in an antiquity which seems of the remotest, although it is not as ancient as that of the youngest oak in the Squire's park at home.

I have before oftentimes in my short voyages here, wondered greatly at the reverence bestowed on a tree. In fact, it is because a tree of any decent growth is sure to be older than anything else around it; and although young America revels in her future, she is becoming old enough to think about her past.

In the evening Mr. Green gave a dinner to some very agreeable people, Mr. Ward, the Chinese Minister—(who tried, by-the-bye, to make it appear that his wooden box was the Pekin State carriage for distinguished foreigners)—Mr. Locke, the clever and intelligent editor of the principal journal in Savannah, Brigadier Lawton, one of the Judges, a Britisher, owner of the once renowed America which, under the name of Camilla, was now lying in the river (not perhaps without reference to a little speculation in running the blockade, hourly expected), Mr. Ward and Commodore Tatnall, so well known to us in England for his gallant conduct in the Peiho affair, when he offered and gave our vessels aid, though a neutral, and uttered the exclamation in doing so,—in his despatch at all events,—"that blood was thicker than water." Of our party was also Mr. Hodgson, well known to most of our Mediterranean travellers some years back, when he was United States' Consul in the East. He amuses his leisure still by inditing and reading monographs on the languages of divers barbarous tribes in Numidia and Mauritania.

The Georgians are not quite so vehement as the South Carolinians in their hate of the Northerners; but they are scarcely less determined to fight President Lincoln and all his men. And that is the test of this rebellion's strength. I did not hear any profession of a desire to become subject to England, or to borrow a prince of us; but I have nowhere seen stronger determination to resist any reunion with the New England States. "They can't conquer us, Sir?" "If they try it, we'll whip them."

CHAPTER XXI.

The river at Savannah—Commodore Tatnall—Fort Pulaski—Want of a fleet to the Southerners—Strong feeling of the women—Slavery considered in its results—Cotton and Georgia—Off for Montgomery—The Bishop of Georgia—The Bible and Slavery—Macon—Dislike of United States' gold.

May Day.—Not unworthy of the best effort of English fine weather before the change in the kalendar robbed the poets of twelve days, but still a little warm for choice. The young American artist Moses, who was to have called our party to meet the officers who were going to Fort Pulaski, for some reason known to himself remained on board the Camilla, and when at last we got down to the river-side I found Commodore Tatnall and Brigadier Lawton in full uniform waiting for me.

The river is about the width of the Thames below Gravesend, very muddy, with a strong current, and rather fetid. That effect might have been produced from the rice-swamps at the other side of it, where the land is quite low, and stretches away as far as the sea in one level green, smooth as a billiard-cloth. The bank at the city side is higher, so that the houses stand on a little eminence over the stream, affording convenient wharfage and slips for merchant vessels.

Of these there were few indeed visible—nearly all had cleared out for fear of the blockade; some coasting vessels were lying idle at the quay side, and in the middle of the stream near a floating dock the Camilla was moored, with her club ensign flying. These are the times for bold ventures, and if Uncle Sam is not very quick with his blockades, there will be plenty of privateers and the like under C. S. A. colours looking out for his fat merchantmen all over the world.

I have been trying to persuade my friends here they will find very few Englishmen willing to take letters of marque and reprisal.

The steamer which was waiting to receive us had the Confederate flag flying, and Commodore Tatnall, pointing to a young officer in a naval uniform, told me he had just "come over from the other side," and that he had pressed hard to be allowed to hoist a Commodore or flag-officer's ensign in honour of the visit and of the occasion. I was much interested in the fine white-headed, blue-eyed, ruddy-cheeked old man—who suddenly found himself blown into the air by a great political explosion, and in doubt and wonderment was floating to shore, under a strange flag in unknown waters. He was full of anecdote too, as to strange flags in distant waters and well-known names. The gentry of Savannah had a sort of Celtic feeling towards him in regard of his old name, and seemed determined to support him.

He has served the Stars and Stripes for three fourths of a long life—his friends are in the North, his wife's kindred are there, and so are all his best associations — but his State has gone out. How could he fight against the country that gave him birth! The United States is no country, in the sense we understand the words. It is a corporation or a body corporate for certain purposes, and a man might as well call himself a native of the common council of the city of London, or a native of the Swiss Diet, in the estimation of our Americans, as say he is a citizen of the United States; though it answers very well to say so when he is abroad, or for purposes of a legal character.

Of Fort Pulaski itself I wrote on my return a long account to the "Times."

When I was venturing to point out to General Lawton the weakness of Fort Pulaski, placed as it is in low land, accessible to boats, and quite open enough for approaches from the city side, he said, "Oh, that is true enough. All our sea-coast works are liable to that remark, but the Commodore will take care of the Yankees at sea, and we shall manage them on land." These people all make a mistake in referring to the events of the old war. "We beat off the British fleet at Charleston by the militia—ergo, we'll sink the Yankees now." They do not understand the nature of the new shell and heavy vertical fire, or the effect of projectiles from great distances falling into open works. The Commodore afterwards, smiling, remarked, "I have no fleet. Long before the Southern Confederacy has a fleet that can cope with the Stars and Stripes my bones will be white in the grave."

We got back by eight o'clock P.M., after a pleasant day. What I saw did not satisfy me that Pulaski was strong, or Savannah very safe. At Bonaventure yesterday I saw a poor fort called "Thunderbolt," on an inlet from which the city was quite accessible. It could be easily menaced from that point, while attempts at landing were made elsewhere as soon as Pulaski was reduced. At dinner met a very strong and very well informed Southerner—there are some who are neither —or either —whose name was spelled Gourdin and pronounced Go-dine—just as Huger is called Hugèe—and Tagliaferro, Telfer in these parts.

May 2nd.—Breakfasted with Mr. Hodgson, where I met Mr. Locke, Mr. Ward, Mr. Green and Mrs. Hodgson and her sister. There were in attendance some good-looking little negro boys and men dressed in liveries, which smacked of our host's Orientalism, and they must have heard our discussion, or rather allusion, to the question which would decide whether we thought they are human beings or black two-legged cattle, with some interest, unless indeed the boast of their masters, that slavery elevates the character and civilises the mind of a negro, is another of the false pretences on which the institution is rested by its advocates. The native African, poor wretch, avoids being carried into slavery *totis viribus*, and it would argue ill for the effect on his mind of becoming a slave if he prefers a piece of gaudy calico even to his loin-cloth and feather head-dress. This question of civilising the African in slavery is answered in the assertion of the slave-owners themselves, that if the negroes were left to their own devices by emancipation, they would become the worst sort of barbarians—a veritable Quasheedom, the like of which was never thought of by Mr. Thomas Carlyle. I doubt if the aboriginal is not as civilised, in the true sense of the word, as any negro, after three degrees of descent in servitude, whom I have seen on any of the plantations—even though the latter have leather shoes and fustian or cloth raiment, and felt hat, and sings about the Jordan. He is exempted from any bloody raid indeed, but he is liable to be carried from his village and borne from one captivity to another, and his family are exposed to the same exile in America as in Africa. The extreme anger with which any unfavourable comment is met publicly, shows the sensitiveness of the slave-owners. Privately, they affect philosophy; and the blue books, and reports of Education Commissions and Mining Committees, furnish them with an inexhaustible sourse of argument if you once admit that the *summum bonum* lies in a certain rotundity of person, and a regular supply of coarse food. A long conversation on the old topics—old to me, but of only a few weeks' birth. People are swimming with the tide. Here are many men who would willingly stand aside if they could, and see the battle between the Yankees, whom they hate, and the Secessionists. But there are no women in this party. Wo betide the Northern Pyrrhus whose head is within reach of a Southern tile and a Southern woman's arm!

I re-visited some of the big houses afterwards, and found the merchants not cheerful, but fierce and resolute. There is a considerable population of Irish and Germans in Savannah, who to a man are in favour of the Confederacy, and will fight to support it. Indeed, it is expected they will do so, and there is a pressure brought to bear on them by their employers which they cannot well resist. The negroes will be forced into the place the whites hitherto occupied as labourers—only a few useful mechanics will be kept, and the white population will be obliged by a moral force draughting to go to the wars. The kingdom of cotton is most essentially of this world, and it will be fought for vigorously. On the quays of Savannah, and in the warehouses, there is not a man who doubts that he ought to strike his hardest for it, or apprehends failure. And then, what a career is before them! All the world asking for cotton, and England dependent on it. What a change since Whitney first set his cotton gin to work in this state close by us! Georgia, as a vast country only partially reclaimed, yet looks to a magnificent future. In her past history the Florida wars, and the treatment of the unfortunate Cherokee Indians, who were expelled from their lands as late as 1838, show the people who descended from old Oglethorpe's band were fierce and tyrannical, and apt at aggression, nor will slavery improve them. I do not speak of the cultivated and hospitable citizens of the large towns, but of the bulk of the slaveless whites.

May 3rd.—I bade good-by to Mr. Green, who with several of his friends came down to see me off, at the terminus or "depôt" of the Central Railway, on my way to Montgomery—and looked my last on Savannah, its squares and leafy streets, its churches, and institutes with a feeling of regret that I could not see more of them, and that I was forced to be content with the outer aspect of the public buildings. I had been serenaded and invited out in all directions, asked to visit plantations and big trees, to make excursions to famous or beautiful spots, and specially warned not to leave the State without visiting the mountain district in the northern and western portion; but the march of events called me to Montgomery.

From Savannah to Macon, 191 miles, the road passes through level country only partially cleared. That is, there are patches of forest still intruding on the green fields, where the jagged black teeth of the destroyed trees rise from above the maize and cotton. There were but few negroes visible at work, nor did the land appear rich, but I was told the rail was laid along the most barren part of the country. The Indians had roamed in these woods little more than twenty years ago—now the wooden huts of the planters' slaves and the larger edifice with its verandah and timber colonnade stood in the place of their wigwam.

Among the passengers to whom I was introduced was the Bishop of Georgia, the Rev. Mr. Elliott, a man of exceeding fine presence, of great stature, and handsome face, with a manner easy and graceful, but we got on the unfortunate subject of slavery, and I rather revolted at hearing a Christian prelate advocating the institution on scriptural grounds.

This affectation of Biblical sanction and ordinance as the basis of slavery was not new to me, though it is not much known at the other side of the Atlantic. I had read in a work on slavery, that it was permitted by both the Scriptures and the Constitution of the United States, and that it must, therefore, be doubly right. A nation that could approve of such interpretations of the Scriptures and at the same time read the "New York Herald," seemed ripe for destruction as a corporate existence. The *malum prohibitum* was the only evil its crass senses could detect, and the *malum per se* was its good, if it only came covered with cotton or gold. The miserable sophists who expose themselves to the contempt of the world by their paltry thesicles on the divine origin and uses of slavery, are infinitely more contemptible than the wretched bigots who pub-

CHAPTER XXII.

Slave-pens; Negroes on sale or hire—Popular feeling as to Secession—Beauregard and speech-making—Arrival at Montgomery—Bad hotel accommodation—Knights of the Golden Circle—Reflections on Slavery—Slave auction—The Legislative Assembly—A "live chattel" knocked down—Rumours from the North (true and false) and prospects of war.

May 4th.—In the morning I took a drive about the city, which is loosely built in detached houses over a very pretty undulating country covered with wood and fruit-trees. Many good houses of dazzling white, with bright green blinds, verandahs, and doors, stand in their own grounds or gardens. In the course of the drive I saw two or three signboards and placards announcing that "Smith & Co. advanced money on slaves, and had constant supplies of Virginian negroes on sale or hire." These establishments were surrounded by high walls enclosing the slave-pens or large rooms, in which the slaves are kept for inspection. The train for Montgomery started at 9·45 A.M., but I had no time to stop and visit them.

It is evident we are approaching the Confederate capital, for the candidates for office begin to show, and I detected a printed testimonial in my room in the hotel. The country, from Macon in Georgia to Montgomery in Alabama, offers no features to interest the traveller which are not common to the districts already described. It is, indeed, more undulating, and somewhat more picturesque, or less unattractive, but, on the whole, there is little to recommend it, except the natural fertility of the soil. The people are rawer, ruder, bigger—there is the same amount of tobacco chewing and its consequences—and as much swearing or use of expletives. The men are tall, lean, uncouth, but they are not peasants. There are, so far as I have seen, no rustics, no peasantry in America; men dress after the same type, differing only in finer or coarser material; every man would wear, if he could, a black satin waistcoat and a large diamond pin stuck in the front of his shirt, as he certainly has a watch and a gilt or gold chain of some sort or other. The Irish labourer, or the German husbandman is the nearest approach to our Giles Jolter or the Jacques Bonhomme to be found in the States. The mean white affects the style of the large proprietor of slaves or capital as closely as he can; he reads his papers—and, by-the-by, they are becoming smaller and more whitey-brown as we proceed—and takes his drink with the same air—takes up as much room, and speaks a good deal in the same fashion.

The people are all hearty Secessionists here—the Bars and Stars are flying at the road-stations and from the pine-tops, and there are lusty cheers for Jeff Davis and the Southern Confederacy. Troops are flocking towards Virginia from the Southern States in reply to the march of Volunteers from Northern States to Washington; but it is felt that the steps taken by the Federal Government to secure Baltimore have obviated any chance of successfully opposing the lished themes long ago on the propriety of burning witches, or on the necessity for the offices of the Inquisition.

Whenever the Southern Confederacy shall achieve its independence—no matter what its resources, its allies, or its aims—it will have to stand face to face with civilized Europe on this question of slavery, and the strength which it derived from the ægis of the Constitution — "the league with the devil and covenant with Hell"—will be withered and gone.

I am well aware of the danger of drawing summary conclusions off-hand from the windows of a railway, but there is also a right of sight which exists under all circumstances, and so one can determine if a man's face be dirty as well from a glance as if he inspected it for half an hour. For instance, no one can doubt the evidence of his senses, when he sees from the windows of the carriages that the children are barefooted, shoeless, stockingless—that the people who congregate at the wooden huts and grog-shops of the stations are rude, unkempt, but great fighting material too—that the villages are miserable places, compared with the trim, snug settlements one saw in New Jersey from the carriage-windows. Slaves in the fields looked happy enough—but their masters certainly were rough-looking and uncivilised—and the land was but badly cleared. But then we were traversing the least fertile portions of the State—a recent acquirement—gained only one generation since.

The train halted at a snug little wood-embowered restaurant, surrounded by trellis and lattice-work, and in the midst of a pretty garden, which presented a marked contrast to the "surroundings" we had seen.

The dinner, served by slaves, was good of its kind, and the charge not high. On tendering the landlord a piece of gold for payment, he looked at it with disgust, and asked, "Have you no Charleston money? No Confederate notes?" "Well, no! Why do you object to gold?" "Well, do you see, I'd rather have our own paper! I don't care to take any of the United States' gold. I don't want their stars and their eagles; I hate the sight of them." The man was quite sincere—my companion gave him notes of some South Carolina bank.

It was dark when the train reached Macon, one of the principal cities of the State. We drove to the best hotel, but the regular time for dinner hour was over, and that for supper not yet come. The landlord directed us to a subterranean restaurant, in which were a series of crypts closed in by dirty curtains, where we made a very extraordinary repast, served by a half-clad little negress, who watched us at the meal with great interest through the curtains—the service was of the coarsest description; thick French earthenware, the spoons of pewter, the knives and forks steel or iron, with scarce a pretext of being cleaned. On the doors were the usual warnings against pickpockets, and the customary internal police regulations and ukases. Pickpockets and gamblers abound in American cities, and thrive greatly at the large hotels and the lines of railways.

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"Lincolnites" going through that city. There is a strong disposition on the part of the Southerners to believe they have many friends in the North, and they endeavour to attach a factious character to the actions of the Government by calling the Volunteers and the war party in the North "Lincolnites," "Lincoln's Mercenaries," "Black Republicans," "Abolitionists," and the like. The report of an armistice, now denied by Mr. Seward officially, was for some time current, but it is plain that the South must make good its words, and justify its acts by the sword. General Scott would, it was fondly believed, retire from the United States' army, and either remain neutral or take command under the Confederate flag, but now that it is certain he will not follow any of these courses, he is assailed in the foulest manner by the press and in private conversation. Heaven help the idol of a democracy!

At one of the junctions General Beauregard, attended by Mr. Manning, and others of his staff, got into the car, and tried to elude observation, but the conductors take great pleasure in unearthing distinguished passengers for the public, and the General was called on for a speech by the crowd of idlers. The General hates speech-making, he told me, and he had besides been bored to death at every station by similar demands. But a man must be popular or he is nothing. So, as next best thing, Governor Manning made a speech in the General's name, in which he dwelt on Southern Rights, Sumter, victory, and abolitiondom, and was carried off from the cheers of his auditors by the train in the midst of an unfinished sentence. There were a number of blacks listening to the Governor, who were appreciative.

Towards evening, having thrown out some slight out-works against accidental sallies of my fellow-passengers' saliva, I went to sleep, and woke up at 11 P.M. to hear we were in Montgomery. A very ricketty omnibus took the party to the hotel, which was crowded to excess. The General and his friends had one room to themselves. Three gentlemen and myself were crammed into a filthy room which already contained two strangers, and as there were only three beds in the apartment it was apparent that we were intended to "double up considerably;" but after strenuous efforts, a little bribery and cajoling, we succeeded in procuring mattrasses to put on the floor, which was regarded by our neighbours as a proof of miserable aristocratic fastidiousness. Had it not been for the flies, the fleas would have been intolerable, but one nuisance neutralised the other. Then, as to food—nothing could be had in the hotel—but one of the waiters led us to a restaurant, where we selected from a choice bill of fare, which contained, I think, as many odd dishes as ever I saw, some unknown fishes, oyster-plants, 'possums, racoons, frogs, and other delicacies, and, eschewing toads and the like, really made a good meal off dirty plates on a vile table-cloth, our appetites being sharpened by the best of condiments.

Colonel Pickett has turned up here, having made his escape from Washington just in time to escape arrest—travelling in disguise on foot through out-of-the-way places till he got among friends.

I was glad, when bed-time approached, that I was not among the mattrass men. One of the gentlemen in the bed next the door was a tremendous projector in the tobacco juice line: his final rumination ere he sank to repose was a masterpiece of art—a perfect liquid pyro- !

techny, Roman candles and falling stars. A horrid thought occurred as I gazed and wondered. In case he should in a supreme moment turn his attention my way!—I was only seven or eight yards off, and that might be nothing to him!—I hauled down my musquito curtain at once, and watched him till, completely satiated, he slept.

May 5*th*.—Very warm, and no cold water, unless one went to the river. The hotel baths were not promising. This hotel is worse than Mill's House or Willard's. The feeding and the flies are intolerable. One of our party comes in to say that he could scarce get down to the hall on account of the crowd, and that all the people who passed him had very hard, sharp bones. He remarks thereupon to the clerk at the bar, who tells him that the particular projections he alludes to are implements of defence or offence, as the case may be, and adds, "I suppose you and your friends are the only people in the house who haven't a bowie-knife, or a six-shooter, or Derringer about them." The house is full of Confederate Congress men, politicians, colonels, and placemen with or without places, and a vast number of speculators, contractors, and the like, attracted by the embryo government. Among the visitors are many fillibusters, such as Henningsen, Pickett, Tochman, Wheat.* I hear a good deal about the association called the Knights of the Golden Circle, a Protestant association for securing the Gulf provinces and states, including —which has been largely developed by recent events— them in the Southern Confederacy, and creating them into an independent government.

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* Since killed in action.

Montgomery has little claims to be called a capital. The streets are very hot, unpleasant, and uninteresting. I have rarely seen a more dull, lifeless place; it looks like a small Russian town in the interior. The names of the shopkeepers indicate German and French origin. I looked in at one or two of the slave magazines, which are not unlike similar establishments in Cairo and Smyrna. A certain degree of freedom is enjoyed by some of the men, who lounge about the doors, and are careless of escape or liberty, knowing too well the difficulties of either.

It is not in its external aspects generally that slavery is so painful. The observer must go with Sterne, and gaze in on the captives' dungeons through the bars. The condition of a pig in a stye is not, in an animal sense, anything but good. Well fed, over fed, covered from the winds and storms of heaven, with clothing, food, medicine provided, children taken care of, aged relatives and old age itself succoured and guarded—is not this ——? Get thee behind us, slave philosopher! The hour comes when the butcher steals to the stye, and the knife leaps from the sheath.

Now there is this one thing in being an *ἄναξ ἄνδρων*, that be the race of men bad as it may, a kind of grandiose character is given to their leader. The stag which sweeps his rivals from his course is the largest of the herd; but a man who drives the largest drove of sheep is no better than he who drives the smallest. The flock he compels, must consist of human beings to develop the property of which I speak, and so the very superiority of the slave master in the ways and habits of command proves that the negro is a man But, at the same time the law which regulates all these relations between man and his fellows, asserts itself here. The dominant race becomes dependent on some other body of men, less martial, arrogant, and wealthy, for its elegances, luxuries, and necessaries. The poor villeins round the Norman castle forge the armour, make the furniture, and exercise the mechanical arts which the baron and his followers are too ignorant and too proud to pursue; if there is no population to serve this purpose, some energetic race comes in their place, and the Yankee does the part of the little hungry Greek to the Roman patrician.

The South has at present little or no manufactures, takes everything from the Yankee outside or the mean white within her gates, and despises both. Both are reconciled by interest. The one gets a good price for his manufacture and the fruit of his ingenuity from a careless, spendthrift proprietor; the other hopes to be as good as his master some day, and sees the beginning of his fortune in the possession of a negro. It is fortunate for our great British Catherine-wheel, which is continually throwing off light and heat to the remotest parts of the world—I hope not burning down to a dull red cinder in the centre at last—that it had not to send its emigrants to the Southern States, as assuredly the emigration would soon have been checked. The United States has been represented to the British and Irish emigrants by the free States—the Northern States and the great West—and the British and German emigrant who finds himself in the South, has drifted there through the Northern States, and either is a migratory labourer, or hopes to return with a little money to the North and West, if he does not see his way to the possession of land and negroes.

After dinner at the hotel table, which was crowded with officers, and where I met Mr. Howell Cobb and several senators of the new Congress, I spent the evening with Colonel Deas, Quartermaster-General, and a number of his staff, in their quarters. As I was walking over to the house, one of the detached villa-like residences so common in Southern cities, I perceived a crowd of very well-dressed negroes, men and women, in front of a plain brick building which I was informed was their Baptist meeting-house, into which white people rarely or never intrude. These were domestic servants, or persons employed in stores, and their general appearance indicated much comfort and even luxury. I doubted if they all were slaves. One of my companions went up to a young woman in a straw-hat, with bright red-and-green riband trimmings and artificial flowers, a gaudy Paisley shawl, and a rainbow-like gown, blown out over her yellow boots by a prodigious crinoline, and asked her "Whom do you belong to?" She replied, "I b'long to Massa Smith, sar." Well, we have men who "belong" to horses in England. I am not sure if Americans, North and South, do not consider their superiority to all Englishmen so thoroughly established, that they can speak of them as if they were talking of inferior animals. To-night, for example, a gallant young South Carolinian, one Ransome Calhoun,* was good enough to say that "Great Britain was in mortal fear of France, and was abjectly subdued by her great rival." Hence came controversy, short and acrimonious.

May 6th.—I forgot to say that yesterday before dinner I drove out with some gentlemen and the ladies of the family of Mr. George N. Sanders, once United States' consul at Liverpool, now a doubtful man here, seeking some office from the Government, and accused by a portion of the press of being a Confederate spy—*Porcus de grege epicuri*—but a learned pig withal, and weatherwise, and mindful of the signs of the times, catching straws and whisking them upwards to detect the currents. Well, in this great moment I am bound to say there was much talk of ice. The North owns the frozen climates; but it was hoped that Great Britain, to whom belongs the North Pole, might force the blockade and send aid.

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* Since killed.

The environs of Montgomery are agreeable—well-wooded, undulating, villas abounding, public gardens, and a large negro and mulatto suburb. It is not usual, as far as I can judge, to see women riding on horseback in the South, but on the road here we encountered several.

After breakfast I walked down with Senator Wigfall to the capitol of Montgomery—one of the true Athenian Yankeeized structures of this novo-classic land, erected on a site worthy of a better fate and edifice. By an open cistern, on our way, I came on a gentleman engaged in disposing of some living ebony carvings to a small circle, who had more curiosity than cash, for they did not at all respond to the energetic appeals of the auctioneer.

The sight was a bad preparation for an introduction to the legislative assembly of a Confederacy which rests on the Institution as the cornerstone of the social and political arch which maintains it. But there they were, the legislators or conspirators, in a large room provided with benches and seats, and listening to such a sermon as a Balfour of Burley might have preached to his Covenanters—resolute and massive heads, and large frames—such men as must have a faith to inspire them. And that is so. Assaulted by reason, by logic, argument, philanthropy, progress directed against his peculiar institutions, the Southener at last is driven to a fanaticism—a sacred faith which is above all reason or logical attack in the propriety, righteousness, and divinity of slavery.

The chaplain, a venerable old man, loudly invoked curses on the heads of the enemy, and blessings on the arms and councils of the New State. When he was done, Mr. Howell Cobb, a fat, double-chinned, mellow-eyed man, rapped with his hammer on the desk before the chair on which he sat as speaker of the assembly, and the house proceeded to business. I could fancy that, in all but garments, they were like the men who first conceived the great rebellion which led to the independence of this wonderful country—so earnest, so grave, so sober, and so vindictive—at least, so embittered against the power which they consider tyrannical and insulting.

The word "liberty" was used repeatedly in the short time allotted to the public transaction of business and the reading of documents; the Congress was anxious to get to its work, and Mr. Howell Cobb again thumped his desk and announced that the house was going into "secret session," which intimated that all persons who were not members should leave. I was introduced to what is called the floor of the house, and had a delegate's chair, and of course I moved away with the others, and with the disappointed ladies and men from the galleries, but one of the members, Mr. Rhett, I believe, said jokingly: "I think you ought to retain your seat. If the "Times" will support the South, we'll accept you as a delegate." I replied that I was afraid I could not act as a delegate to a Congress of Slave States. And, indeed, I had been much affected at the slave auction held just outside the hotel, on the steps of the public fountain, which I had witnessed on my way to the capitol. The auctioneer, who was an ill-favoured, dissipated-looking rascal, had his "article" beside him on, not in, a deal packing-case—a stout young negro badly dressed and ill-shod, who stood with all his goods fastened in a small bundle in his hand, looking out at the small and listless gathering of men, who, whittling and chewing, had moved out from the shady side of the street as they saw the man put up. The chattel character of slavery in the States renders it most repulsive. What a pity the nigger is not polypoid—so that he could be cut up in junks, and each junk should reproduce itself!

A man in a cart, some volunteers in coarse uniforms, a few Irish labourers in a long van, and four or five men in the usual black coat, satin waistcoat, and black hat, constituted the audience, whom the auctioneer addressed volubly: "A prime field hand! Just look at him — good-natered, well-tempered; no marks, nary sign of bad about him! En-i-ne hunthered —only nine hun-ther-ed and fifty dol'rs for 'em! Why, it's quite rad-aklous! Nine hundred and fifty dol'rs! I can't raly——That's good. Thank you, sir. Twenty-five bid—nine hun-therd and seventy-five dol'rs for this most useful hand." The price rose to one thousand dollars, at which the useful hand was knocked down to one of the black hats near me. The auctioneer and the negro and his buyer all walked off together to settle the transaction, and the crowd moved away.

"That nigger went cheap," said one of them to a companion, as he walked towards the shade. "Yes, *Sirr!* Niggers is cheap now—that's a fact." I must admit that I felt myself indulging in a sort of reflection whether it would not be nice to own a man as absolutely as one might possess a horse—to hold him subject to my will and pleasure, as if he were a brute beast without the power of kicking or biting—to make him work for me—to hold his fate in my hands: but the thought was for a moment. It was followed by disgust.

I have seen slave markets in the East, where the traditions of the race, the condition of family and social relations divest slavery of the most odious characteristics which pertain to it in the States; but the use of the English tongue in such a transaction, and the idea of its taking place among a civilised Christian people, produced in me a feeling of inexpressible loathing and indignation. Yesterday I was much struck by the intelligence, activity, and desire to please of a good-looking coloured waiter, who seemed so light-hearted and light-coloured I could not imagine he was a slave. So one of our party, who was an American, asked him: "What are you, boy—a free nigger?" Of course he knew that in Alabama it was most unlikely he could reply in the affirmative. The young man's smile died away from his lips, a flush of blood embrowned the face for a moment, and he answered in a sad, low tone: "No, sir! I b'long to Massa Jackson," and left the room at once. As I stood at an upper window of the capitol, and looked on the wide expanse of richly-wooded, well-cultivated land which sweeps round the hill side away to the horizon, I could not help thinking of the misery and cruelty which must have been borne in tilling the land and raising the houses and streets of the dominant race before whom one nationality of coloured people has perished within the memory of man. The misery and cruelty of the system are established by the advertisements for runaway negroes, and by the description of the stigmata on their persons—whippings and brandings, scars and cuts—though these, indeed, are less frequent here than in the border States.

On my return, the Hon. W. M. Browne, Assistant Secretary of State, came to visit me—a cadet of an Irish family, who came to America some years ago, and having lost his money in land speculations, turned his pen to good account as a journalist, and gained Mr. Buchanan's patronage and support as a newspaper editor in Washington. There he became intimate with the Southern gentlemen, with whom he naturally associated in preference to the Northern members; and when they went out, he walked over along with them. He told me the Government had already received numerous — I think he said 400 — letters from shipowners applying for letters of marque and reprisal. Many of these applications were from merchants in Boston, and other maritime cities in the New England States. He further stated that the President was determined to take the whole control of the army, and the appointments to command in all ranks of officers into his own hands.

There is now no possible chance of preserving the peace or of averting the horrors of war from these great and prosperous communities. The Southern people, right or wrong, are bent on independence and on separation, and they will fight to the last for their object.

The press is fanning the flame on both sides: it would be difficult to say whether it or the telegraphs circulate lies most largely; but that as the papers print the telegrams they must have the palm. The Southerners are told there is a reign of terror in New York—that the 7th New York Regiment has been captured by the Baltimore people—that Abe Lincoln is always drunk—that General Lee has seized Arlington heights, and is bombarding Washington. The New York people are regaled with similar stories from the South. The coincidence between the date of the skirmish at Lexington and of the attack on the 6th Massachusetts Regiment at Baltimore is not so remarkable as the fact, that the first man who was killed at the latter place, 86 years ago, was a direct descendant of the first of the colonists who was killed by the royal soldiery. Baltimore may do the same for the South which Lexington did for all the Colonies. Head-shaving, forcible deportations, tarring and feathering are recommended and adopted as specifics to produce conversion from erroneous opinions. The President of the United States has called into service of the Federal Government 42,000 volunteers, and increased the regular army by 22,000 men, and the navy by 18,000 men. If the South secede, they ought certainly to take over with them some Yankee hotel keepers. This "Exchange" is in a frightful state—nothing but noise, dirt, drinking, wrangling.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Proclamation of war—Jefferson Davis—Interview with the President of the Confederacy—Passport and safe-conduct—Messrs. Wigfall, Walker, and Benjamin—Privateering and letters of marque—A reception at Jefferson Davis's—Dinner at Mr. Benjamin's.

May 9th.—To-day the papers contain a proclamation by the President of the Confederate States of America, declaring a state of war between the Confederacy and the United States, and notifying the issue of letters of marque and reprisal. I went out with Mr. Wigfall in the forenoon to pay my respects to Mr. Jefferson Davis at the State Department. Mr. Seward told me that but for Jefferson Davis the Secession plot could never have been carried out. No other man of the party had the brain, or the courage and dexterity, to bring it to a successful issue. All the persons in the Southern States spoke of him with admiration, though their forms of speech and thought generally forbid them to be respectful to any one.

There before me was 'Jeff Davis' State Department'—a large brick building, at the corner of a street, with a Confederate flag floating above it. The door stood open, and "gave" on a large hall whitewashed, with doors plainly painted belonging to small rooms, in which was transacted most important business, judging by the names written on sheets of paper and applied outside, denoting bureaux of the highest functions. A few clerks were passing in and out, and one or two gentlemen were on the stairs, but there was no appearance of any bustle in the building.

We walked straight up-stairs to the first-floor, which was surrounded by doors opening from a quadrangular platform. On one of these was written simply, "The President." Mr. Wigfall went in, and after a moment returned and said, "The President will be glad to see you; walk in, sir." When I entered, the President was engaged with four gentlemen, who were making some offer of aid to him. He was thanking them "in the name of the Government." Shaking hands with each, he saw them to the door, bowed them and Mr. Wigfall out, and turning to me said, "Mr. Russell, I am glad to welcome you here, though I fear your appearance is a symptom that our affairs are not quite prosperous," or words to that effect. He then requested me to sit down close to his own chair at his office-table, and proceeded to speak on general matters, adverting to the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny, and asking questions about Sebastopol, the Redan, and the Siege of Lucknow.

I had an opportunity of observing the President very closely: he did not impress me as favourably as I had expected, though he is certainly a very different looking man from Mr. Lincoln. He is like a gentleman—has a slight, light figure, little exceeding middle height, and holds himself erect and straight. He was dressed in a rustic suit of slate-coloured stuff, with a black silk handkerchief round his neck; his manner is plain, and rather reserved and drastic; his head is well formed, with a fine full forehead, square and high, covered with innumerable fine lines and wrinkles, features regular, though the cheek-bones are too high, and the jaws too hollow to be handsome; the lips are thin, flexible, and curved, the chin square, well defined; the nose very regular, with wide nostrils; and the eyes deep set, large and full—one seems nearly blind, and is partly covered with a film, owing to excruciating attacks of neuralgia and tic. Wonderful to relate, he does not chew, and is neat and clean-looking, with hair trimmed, and boots brushed. The expression of his face is anxious, he has a very haggard, care-worn, and pain-drawn look, though no trace of anything but the utmost confidence and the greatest decision could be detected in his conversation. He asked me some general questions respecting the route I had taken in the States.

I mentioned that I had seen great military preparations through the South, and was astonished at the alacrity with which the people sprang to arms. "Yes, sir," he remarked, and his tone of voice and manner of speech are rather remarkable for what are considered Yankee peculiarities, "In Eu-rope" (Mr. Seward also indulges in that pronunciation) "they laugh at us because of our fondness for military titles and displays. All your travellers in this country have commented on the number of generals, and colonels, and majors all over the States. But the fact is, we are a military people, and these signs of the fact were ignored. We are not less military because we have had no great standing armies. But perhaps we are the only people in the world where gentlemen go to a military academy who do not intend to follow the profession of arms."

In the course of our conversation, I asked him to have the goodness to direct that a sort of passport or protection should be given to me, as I might possibly fall in with some guerilla leader on my way northwards, in whose eyes I might not be entitled to safe conduct. Mr. Davis said, "I shall give such instructions to the Secretary of War as shall be necessary. But, sir, you are among civilised, intelligent people who understand your position, and appreciate your character. We do not seek the sympathy of England by unworthy means, for we respect ourselves, and we are glad to invite the scrutiny of men into our acts; as for our motives, we meet the eye of Heaven." I thought I could judge from his words that he had the highest idea of the French as soldiers, but that his feelings and associations were more identified with England, although he was quite aware of the difficulty of conquering the repugnance which exists to slavery.

Mr. Davis made no allusion to the authorities at Washington, but he asked me if I thought it was supposed in England there would be war between the two States? I answered, that I was under the impression the public thought there would be no actual hostilities. "And yet you see we are driven to take up arms for the defence of our rights and liberties."

As I saw an immense mass of papers on his table, I rose and made my bow, and Mr. Davis, seeing me to the door, gave me his hand and said, "As long as you may stay among us you shall receive every facility it is in our power to afford to you, and I shall always be glad to see you." Colonel Wigfall was outside, and took me to the room of the Secretary of War, Mr. Walker, whom we found closeted with General Beauregard and two other officers in a room full of maps and plans. He is the kind of man generally represented in our types of a "Yankee" — tall, lean, straight-haired, angular, with fiery, impulsive eyes and manner—a ruminator of tobacco and a profuse spitter—a lawyer, I believe, certainly not a soldier; ardent, devoted to the cause, and confident to the last degree of its speedy success.

The news that two more States had joined the Confederacy, making ten in all, was enough to put them in good humour. "Is it not too bad these Yankees will not let us go our own way, and keep their cursed Union to themselves? If they force us to it, we may be obliged to drive them beyond the Susquehanna." Beauregard was in excellent spirits, busy measuring off miles of country with his compass, as if he were dividing empires.

From this room I proceeded to the office of Mr. Benjamin, the Attorney-General of the Confederate States, the most brilliant perhaps of the whole of the famous Southern orators. He is a short, stout man, with a full face, olive-coloured, and most decidedly Jewish features, with the brightest large black eyes, one of which is somewhat diverse from the other, and a brisk, lively, agreeable manner, combined with much vivacity of speech and quickness of utterance. He is one of the first lawyers or advocates in the United States, and had a large practice at Washington, where his annual receipts from his profession were not less than £8000 to £10,000 a year. But his love of the card-table rendered him a prey to older and cooler hands, who waited till the sponge was full at the end of the session, and then squeezed it to the last drop.

Mr. Benjamin is the most open, frank, and cordial of the Confederates whom I have yet met. In a few seconds he was telling me all about the course of Government with respect to privateers and letters of marque and reprisal, in order probably to ascertain what were our views in England on the subject. I observed it was likely the North would not respect their flag, and would treat their privateers as pirates. "We have an easy remedy for that. For any man under our flag whom the authorities of the United States dare to execute, we shall hang two of their people." "Suppose, Mr. Attorney-General, England, or any of the great powers which decreed the abolition of privateering, refuses to recognise your flag?" "We intend to claim, and do claim, the exercise of all the rights and privileges of an independent sovereign State, and any attempt to refuse us the full measure of those rights would be an act of hostility to our country." "But if England, for example, declared your privateers were pirates?" "As the United States never admitted the principle laid down at the Congress of Paris, neither have the Confederate States. If England thinks fit to declare privateers under our flag pirates, it would be nothing more or less than a declaration of war against us, and we must meet it as best we can." In fact, Mr. Benjamin did not appear afraid of anything; but his confidence respecting Great Britain was based a good deal, no doubt, on his firm faith in cotton, and in England's utter subjection to her cotton interest and manufactures. "All this coyness about acknowledging a slave power will come right at last. We hear our commissioners have gone on to Paris, which looks as if they had met with no encouragement at London; but we are quite easy in our minds on this point at present."

So Great Britain is in a pleasant condition. Mr. Seward is threatening us with war if we recognise the South, and the South declares that if we don't recognise their flag, they will take it as an act of hostility. Lord Lyons is pressed to give an assurance to the Government at Washington, that under no circumstances will Great Britain recognise the Southern rebels; but, at the same time, Mr. Seward refuses to give any assurance whatever, that the right of neutrals will be respected in the impending struggle.

As I was going down stairs, Mr. Browne called me into his room. He said that the Attorney-General and himself were in a state of perplexity as to the form in which letters of marque and reprisal should be made out. They had consulted all the books they could get, but found no examples to suit their case, and he wished to know, as I was a barrister, whether I could aid him. I told him it was not so much my regard to my own position as a neutral, as the *vafri inscitia juris* which prevented me throwing any light on the subject. There are not only Yankee shipowners but English firms ready with sailors and steamers for the Confederate Government, and the owner of the Camilla might be tempted to part with his yacht by the offers made to him.

Being invited to attend a levée or reception held by Mrs. Davis, the President's wife, I returned to the hotel to prepare for the occasion. On my way I passed a company of volunteers, one hundred and twenty artillerymen, and three field-pieces, on their way to the station for Virginia, followed by a crowd of "citizens" and negroes of both sexes, cheering vociferously. The band was playing that excellent quick-step "Dixie." The men were stout, fine fellows, dressed in coarse grey tunics with yellow facings, and French caps. They were armed with smooth-bore muskets, and their knapsacks were unfit for marching, being waterproof bags slung from the shoulders. The guns had no caissons, and the shoeing of the troops was certainly deficient in soleing. The Zouave mania is quite as rampant here as it is in New York, and the smallest children are thrust into baggy red breeches, which the learned Lipsius might have appreciated, and are sent out with flags and tin swords to impede the highways.

The modest villa in which the President lives is painted white—another "White House"—and stands in a small garden. The door was open. A coloured servant took in our names, and Mr. Browne presented me to Mrs. Davis, whom I could just make out in the *demi-jour* of a moderately-sized parlour, surrounded by a few ladies and gentlemen, the former in bonnets, the latter in morning dress *à la midi*. There was no affectation of state or ceremony in the reception. Mrs. Davis, whom some of her friends call "Queen Varina," is a comely, sprightly woman, verging on matronhood, of good figure and manners, well-dressed, ladylike, and clever, and she seemed a great favourite with those around her, though I did hear one of them say "It must be very nice to be the President's wife, and be the first lady in the Confederate States." Mrs. Davis, whom the President C. S. married *en secondes noces*, exercised considerable social influence in Washington, where I met many of her friends. She was just now inclined to be angry, because the papers contained a report that a reward was offered in the North for the head of the arch rebel Jeff Davis. "They are quite capable, I believe," she said, "of such acts." There were not more than eighteen or twenty persons present, as each party came in and staid only for a few moments, and, after a time, I made my bow and retired, receiving from Mrs. Davis an invitation to come in the evening, when I would find the President at home.

At sundown, amid great cheering, the guns in front of the State Department, fired ten rounds to announce that Tennessee and Arkansas had joined the Confederacy.

In the evening I dined with Mr. Benjamin and his brother-in-law, a gentleman of New Orleans, Colonel Wigfall coming in at the end of dinner. The New Orleans people of French descent, or "Creoles," as they call themselves, speak French in preference to English, and Mr. Benjamin's brother-in-law laboured considerably in trying to make himself understood in our vernacular. The conversation, Franco-English, very pleasant, for Mr. Benjamin is agreeable and lively. He is certain that the English law authorities must advise the Government that the blockade of the Southern ports is illegal so long as the President claims them to be ports of the United States. "At present," he said, "their paper blockade does no harm; the season for shipping cotton is over; but in October next, when the Mississippi is floating cotton by the thousands of bales, and all our wharfs are full, it is inevitable that the Yankees must come to trouble with this attempt to coerce us." Mr. Benjamin walked back to the hotel with me, and we found our room full of tobacco-smoke, filibusters, and conversation, in which, as sleep was impossible, we were obliged to join. I resisted a vigorous attempt of Mr. G. N. Sanders and a friend of his to take me to visit a planter who had a beaver-dam some miles outside Montgomery. They succeeded in capturing Mr. Deasy.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Mr. Wigfall on the Confederacy—Intended departure from the South—Northern apathy and Southern activity—Future prospects of the Union—South Carolina and cotton—The theory of slavery—Indifference at New York—Departure from Montgomery.

May 8th. I tried to write, as I have taken my place in the steamer to Mobile to-morrow, and I was obliged to do my best in a room full of people, constantly disturbed by visitors. Early this morning, as usual, my faithful Wigfall comes in and sits by my bedside, and passing his hands through his locks, pours out his ideas with wonderful lucidity and odd affectation of logic all his own. "We are a peculiar people, sir! You don't understand us, and you can't understand us, because we are known to you only by Northern writers and Northern papers, who know nothing of us themselves, or misrepresent what they do know. We are an ag[illegible] cultural people; we are a ci[illegible] people. We have no cities—we don't want them. [illegible] have no literature—we don't need any yet. We [illegible] no press—we are glad of it. We do not require a press, because we go out and discuss all public questions from the stump with our people. We have no commercial marine—no navy—we don't want them. We are better without them. Your ships carry our produce, and you can protect your own vessels. We want no manufactures: we desire no trading, no mechanical or manufacturing classes. As long as we have our rice, our sugar, our tobacco, and our cotton, we can command wealth to purchase all we want from those nations with which we are in amity, and to lay up money besides. But with the Yankees we will never trade—never. Not one pound of cotton shall ever go from the South to their accursed cities; not one ounce of their steel or their manufactures shall ever cross our border." And so on. What the Senator who is preparing a bill for drafting the people into the army fears is, that the North will begin active operations before the South is ready for resistance. "Give us till November to drill our men, and we shall be irresistible." He deprecates any offensive movement, and is opposed to an attack on Washington, which many journals here advocate.

Mr. Walker sent me over a letter recommending me to all officers of the Confederate States, and I received an invitation from the President to dine with him to-morrow, which I was much chagrined to be obliged to refuse. In fact, it is most important to complete my Southern tour speedily, as all mail communication will soon be suspended from the South, and the blockade effectually cuts off any communication by sea. Rails torn up, bridges broken, telegraphs down—trains searched—the war is begun. The North is pouring its hosts to the battle, and it has met the pæans of the conquering Charlestonians with a universal yell of indignation and an oath of vengeance.

I expressed a belief in a letter, written a few days after my arrival (March 27th), that the South would never go back into the Union. The North think that they can coerce the South, and I am not prepared to say they are right or wrong; but I am convinced that the South can only be forced back by such a conquest as that which laid Poland prostrate at the feet of Russia. It may be that such a conquest can be made by the North, but success must destroy the Union as it has been constituted in times past. A strong Government must be the logical consequence of victory, and the triumph of the South will be attended by a similar result, for which, indeed, many Southerners are very well disposed. To the people of the Confederate States there would be no terror in such an issue, for it appears to me they are pining for a strong Government exceedingly. The North must accept it, whether they like it or not.

Neither party—if such a term can be applied to the rest of the United States, and to those States which disclaim the authority of the Federal Government—was prepared for the aggressive or resisting power of the other. Already the Confederate States perceive that they cannot carry all before them with a rush, while the North have learnt that they must put forth all their strength to make good a tithe of their lately uttered threats. But the Montgomery Government are anxious to gain time, and to prepare a regular army. The North, distracted by apprehensions of vast disturbance in their complicated relations, are clamouring for instant action and speedy consummation. The counsels of moderate men, as they were called, have been utterly overruled.

The whole foundation on which South Carolina rests is cotton and a certain amount of rice; or rather she bases her whole fabric on the necessity which exists in Europe for those products of her soil, believing and asserting, as she does, that England and France cannot and will not do without them. Cotton, without a market, is so much flocculent matter encumbering the ground. Rice, without demand for it, is unsaleable grain in store and on the field. Cotton at ten cents a pound is boundless prosperity, empire and superiority, and rice or grain need no longer be regarded.

In the matter of slave-labour, South Carolina argues pretty much in the following manner: England and France (she says) require our products. In order to meet their wants, we must cultivate our soil. There is only one way of doing so. The white man cannot live on our land at certain seasons of the year; he cannot work in the manner required by the crops. He must, therefore, employ a race suited to the labour, and that is a race which will only work when it is obliged to do so. That race was imported from Africa, under the sanction of the law, by our ancestors, when we were a British colony, and it has been fostered by us, so that its increase here has been as great as that of the most flourishing people in the world. In other places, where its labour was not productive or imperatively essential, that race has been made free, sometimes with disastrous consequences to itself and to industry. But we will not make it free. We cannot do so. We hold that slavery is essential to our existence as producers of what Europe requires; nay more, we maintain it is in the abstract right in principle; and some of us go so far as to maintain that the only proper form of society, according to the law of God and the exigencies of man, is that which has slavery as its basis. As to the slave, he is happier far in his state of servitude, more civilised and religious, than he is or could be if free or in his native Africa. For this system we will fight to the end.

In the evening I paid farewell visits, and spent an hour with Mr. Toombs, who is unquestionably one of the most original, quaint, and earnest of the Southern leaders, and whose eloquence and power as a debater are greatly esteemed by his countrymen. He is something of an Anglo-maniac, and an Anglophobist—a combination not unusual in America—that is, he is proud of being connected with and descended from respectable English families, and admires our mixed constitution, whilst he is an enemy to what is called English policy, and is a strong pro-slavery champion. Wigfall and he are very uneasy about the scant supply of gunpowder in the Southern States, and the difficulty of obtaining it.

In the evening had a little reunion in the bedroom as before.—Mr. Wigfall, Mr. Keitt, an eminent Southern politician, Col. Pickett, Mr. Browne, Mr. Benjamin, Mr. George Sanders, and others. The last-named gentleman was dismissed or recalled from his post at Liverpool, because he fraternised with Mazzini and other Red Republicans *à ce qu' on dit*. Here he is a slavery man, and a friend of an oligarchy. Your "Rights of Man" man is often most inconsistent with himself, and is generally found associated with the men of force and violence.

May 9th.—My faithful Wigfall was good enough to come in early, in order to show me some comments on my letters in the "New York Times." It appears the papers are angry because I said that New York was apathetic when I landed, and they try to prove I was wrong by showing there was a "glorious outburst of Union feeling," after the news of the fall of Sumter. But I now know that the very apathy of which I spoke was felt by the Government of Washington, and was most weakening and embarrassing to them. What would not the value of "the glorious outburst" have been, had it taken place *before* the Charleston batteries had opened on Sumter—when the Federal flag, for example, was fired on, flying from the 'Star of the West,' or when Beauregard cut off supplies, or Bragg threatened Pickens, or the first shovel of earth was thrown up in hostile battery? But no! New York was then engaged in discussing State rights, and in reading articles to prove the new Government would be traitors if they endeavoured to reinforce the Federal forts, or were perusing leaders in favour of the Southern Government. Haply, they may remember one, not so many weeks old, in which the "New York Herald" compared Jeff Davis and his Cabinet to the "Great Rail Splitter," and Seward, and Chase, and came to the conclusion that the former "were gentlemen"—(a matter of which it is quite incompetent to judge)—"and would, and ought to succeed." The glorious outburst of "Union feeling" which threatened to demolish the "Herald" office, has created a most wonderful change in the views of the proprietor, whose diverse-eyed vision is now directed solely to the beauties of the Union, and whose faith is expressed in "a hearty adhesion to the Government of our country." New York must pay the penalty of its indifference, and bear the consequences of listening to such counsellors.

Mr. Deasy, much dilapidated, returned about twelve o'clock from his planter, who was drunk when he went over, and would not let him go to the beaver-dam. To console him, the planter stayed up all night drinking, and waking him up at intervals, that he might refresh him with a glass of whisky. This man was well off, owned land, and a good stock of slaves, but he must have been a "mean white," who had raised himself in the world. He lived in a three-roomed wooden cabin, and in one of the rooms he kept his wife shut up from the strangers' gaze. One of his negroes was unwell, and he took Deasy to see him. The result of his examination was, "Nigger! I guess you won't live more than an hour." His diagnosis was quite correct.

Before my departure I had a little farewell levée—Mr. Toombs, Mr. Browne, Mr. Benjamin, Mr. Walker, Major Deas, Colonel Pickett, Major Calhoun, Captain Ripley, and others—who were exceedingly kind with letters of introduction and offers of service. Dined as usual on a composite dinner — Southern meat and poultry bad—at three o'clock, and at four P.M. drove down to the steep banks of the Alabama River, where the castle-like hulk of the "Southern Republic" was waiting to receive us. I bade good-by to Montgomery without regret. The native people were not very attractive, and the city has nothing to make up for their deficiency, but of my friends there I must always retain pleasant memories, and, indeed, I hope some day I shall be able to keep my promise to return and see more of the Confederate ministers and their chief.

CHAPTER XXV.

The River Alabama—Voyage by steamer—Selma—Our captain and his slaves—"Running" slaves—Negro views of happiness—Mobile—Hotel—The city—Mr. Forsyth.

THE vessel was nothing more than a vast wooden house, of three separate storeys, floating on a pontoon which upheld the engine, with a dining-hall or saloon on the second storey surrounded by sleeping-berths, and a nest of smaller rooms up-stairs; on the metal roof was a "musical" instrument called a "calliope," played like a piano by keys, which acted on levers and valves, admitting steam into metal cups, where it produced the requisite notes—high, resonant, and not unpleasing at a moderate distance. It is 417 miles to Mobile, but at this season the steamer can maintain a good rate of speed as there is very little cotton or cargo to be taken on board at the landings, and the stream is full.

The river is about 200 yards broad, and of the colour of chocolate and milk, with high, steep, wooded banks, rising so much above the surface of the stream, that a person on the upper deck of the towering Southern Republic, cannot get a glimpse of the fields and country beyond. High banks and bluffs spring up to the height of 150 or even 200 feet above the river, the breadth of which is so uniform as give the Alabama the appearance of a canal, only relieved by sudden bends and rapid curves. The surface is covered with masses of drift wood, whole trees, and small islands of branches. Now and then a sharp, black, fang-like projection standing stiffly in the current gives warning of a snag, but the helmsman, who commands the whole course of the river, from an elevated house amidships on the upper deck, can see these in time; and at night pine boughs are lighted in iron cressets at the bows to illuminate the water.

The captain, who was not particular whether his name was spelt Maher, or Meaher, or Meagher (*les trois se disent*), was evidently a character—perhaps a good one. One with a grey eye full of cunning and of some humour, strongly marked features, and a very Celtic mouth of the Kerry type. He soon attached himself to me, and favoured me with some wonderful yarns, which I hope he was not foolish enough to think I believed. One relating to a wholesale destruction and massacre of Indians, he narrated with evident gusto. Pointing to one of the bluffs, he said that some thirty years ago the whole of the Indians in the district being surrounded by the whites, betook themselves to that spot and remained there without any means of escape, till they were quite starved out. So they sent down to know if the whites would let them go, and it was agreed that they should be permitted to move down the river in boats. When the day came, and they were all afloat, the whites anticipated the boat-massacre of Nana Sahib at Cawnpore, and destroyed the helpless red skins. Many hundreds thus perished, and the whole affair was very much approved of.

The value of land on the sides of this river is great, as it yields nine to eleven bales of cotton to the acre—worth 10*l.* a bale at present prices. The only evidences of this wealth to be seen by us consisted of the cotton sheds on the top of the banks, and slides of timber, with steps at each side down to the landings, so constructed that the cotton bales could be shot down on board the vessel. These shoots and staircases are generally protected by a roof of planks, and lead to unknown regions inhabited by niggers and their masters, the latter all talking politics. They never will, never can be conquered—nothing on earth could induce them to go back into the Union. They will burn every bale of cotton, and fire every house, and lay waste every field and homestead before they will yield to the Yankees. And so they talk through the glimmering of bad cigars for hours.

The management of the boat is dexterous,—as she approaches a landing place, the helm is put hard over, to the screaming of the steam-pipe and the wild strains of "Dixie" floating out of the throats of the calliope, and as the engines are detached, one wheel is worked forward, and the other backs water, so she soon turns head up stream, and is then gently paddled up to the river bank, to which she is just kept up by steam—the plank is run ashore, and the few passengers who are coming in or out are lighted on their way by the flames of pine in an iron basket, swinging above the bow by a long pole. Then we see them vanishing into black darkness up the steps, or coming down clearer and clearer till they stand in the full blaze of the beacon which casts dark shadows on the yellow water. The air is glistening with fire-flies, which dot the darkness with specks and points of flame, just as sparks fly through the embers of tinder or half-burnt paper.

Some of the landings were by far more important than others. There were some, for example, where an iron rail-road was worked down the bank by windlasses for hoisting up goods; others where the negroes half-naked leaped ashore, and rushing at piles of firewood, tossed them on board to feed the engine, which, all uncovered and open to the lower deck, lighted up the darkness by the glare from the stoke-holes, which cried for ever, "Give, give!" as the negroes ceaselessly thrust the pine-beams into their hungry maws. I could understand how easily a steamer can "burn up," and how hopeless escape would be under such circumstances. The whole framework of the vessel is of the lightest resinous pine, so raw that the turpentine oozes out through the paint; the hull is a mere shell. If the vessel once caught fire, all that could be done would be to turn her round, and run her to the bank, in the hope of holding there long enough to enable the people to escape into the trees; but if she were not near a landing, many must be lost; as the bank is steep down, the vessel cannot be run aground; and in some places the trees are in 8 and 10 feet of water. A few minutes would suffice to set the vessel in a blaze from stem to stern; and if there were cotton on board, the bales would burn almost like powder. The scene at each landing was repeated, with few variations, ten times till we reached Selma, 110 miles distance, at 11·30 at night.

Selma, which is connected with the Tennessee and Mississippi rivers by railroad, is built upon a steep, lofty bluff, and the lights in the windows, and the lofty hotels above us, put me in mind of the old town of Edinburgh, seen from Princes Street. Beside us there was a huge storied wharf, so that our passengers could step on shore from any deck they pleased. Here Mr. Deasy, being attacked by illness, became alarmed at the idea of continuing his journey without any opportunity of medical assistance, and went on shore.

May 10*th*.—The cabin of one of these steamers, in the month of May, is not favourable to sleep. The wooden beams of the engines creek and scream "consumedly," and the great engines themselves throb as if they would break through their thin, pulse covers of pine,—and the whistle sounds, and the calliope shrieks out "Dixie" incessantly. So, when I was up and dressed, breakfast was over, and I had an opportunity of seeing the slaves on board, male and female, acting as stewards and stewardesses, at their morning meal, which they took with much good spirits and decorum. They were nicely dressed—clean and neat. I was forced to admit to myself that their Ashantee grandsires and grandmothers, or their Kroo and Dahomey progenitors were certainly less comfortable and well clad, and that these slaves had other social advantages, though I could not recognise the force of the Bishop of Georgia's assertion, that from slavery must come the sole hope of, and machinery for, the evangelisation of Africa. I confess I would not give much for the influence of the stewards and stewardesses in Christianising the blacks.

The river, the scenery, and the scenes were just the same as yesterday's—high banks, cotton-slides, wooding stations, cane-brakes—and a very miserable negro population, if the specimens of women and children at the landings fairly represented the mass of the slaves. They were in strong contrast to the comfortable, well-dressed domestic slaves on board, and it can well be imagined there is a wide difference between the classes, and that those condemned to work in the open fields must suffer exceedingly.

A passenger told us the captain's story. A number of planters, the narrator among them, subscribed a thousand dollars each to get up a vessel for the purpose of running a cargo of slaves, with the understanding they were to pay so much for the vessel, and so much per head if she succeeded, and so much if she was taken or lost. The vessel made her voyage to the coast, was laden with native Africans, and in due time made her appearance off Mobile. The collector heard of her, but, oddly enough, the sheriff was not about at the time, the United States' Marshal was away, and as the vessel could not be seen next morning, it was fair to suppose she had gone up the river, or somewhere or another. But it so happened that Captain Maher, then commanding a river steamer called the Czar (a name once very appropriate for the work, but since the serf emancipation rather out of place), found himself in the neighbourhood of the brig about nightfall; next morning, indeed, the Czar was at her moorings in the river; but Captain Maher, began to grow rich, he had fine negroes fresh run on his land, and bought fresh acres, and finally built the "Southern Republic." The planters asked him for their share of the slaves. Captain Maher laughed pleasantly; he did not understand what they meant. If he had done anything wrong, they had their legal remedy.

They were completely beaten; for they could not have recourse to the tribunals in a case which rendered them liable to capital punishment. And so Captain Maher, as an act of grace, gave them a few old niggers, and kept the rest of the cargo.

It was worth while to see the leer with which he listened to this story about himself, "Wall now! You think them niggers I've abord came from Africa! I'll show you. Jist come up here, Bully!" A boy of some twelve years of age, stout, fat, nearly naked, came up to us; his colour was jet black, his wool close as felt, his cheeks were marked with regular parallel scars, and his teeth very white, looked as if they had been filed to a point, his belly was slightly protuberant, and his chest was marked with tracings of tattoo marks.

"What's your name, sir?"

"My name Bully."

"Where were you born?"

"Me born Sout Karliner, sar!"

"There, you see he wasn't taken from Africa," exclaimed the Captain, knowingly. "I've a lot of these black South Caroliny niggers abord, haven't I, Bully?"

"Yas, sar."

"Are you happy, Bully?"

"Yas, sar."

"Show how you're happy."

Here the boy rubbed his stomach, and grinning with delight, said, "Yummy! yummy! plenty belly full."

"That's what I call a real happy feelosophical chap," quoth the Captain. "I guess you've got a lot in your country can't pat *their* stomachs and say, 'yummy, yummy, plenty belly full?'"

"Where did he get those marks on his face?"

"Oh, them? Wall, it's a way them nigger women has of marking their children to know them; isn't it, Bully?"

"Yas, sar! me 'spose so!"

"And on his chest!"

"Wall, r'ally I do b'l'eve them's marks agin the smallpox."

"Why are his teeth filed?"

"Ah, there now! You'd never have guessed it; Bully done that himself, for the greater ease of biting his vittels."

In fact, the lad, and a good many of the hands, were the results of Captain Maher's little sail in the Czar.

"We're obleeged to let 'em in some times to keep up the balance agin the niggers you run into Canaydy."

From 1848 to 1852 there were no slaves run; but since the migrations to Canada and the personal liberty laws, it has been found profitable to run them. There is a bucolic ferocity about these Southern people which will stand them good stead in the shock of battle. How the Spartans would have fought against any barbarians who came to emancipate their slaves, or the Romans have smitten those who would manumit slave and creditor together!

To-night, on the lower deck, amid wood faggots, and barrels, a dance of negroes was arranged by an enthusiast, who desired to show how "happy they were." That is the favourite theme of the Southerners; the gallant Captain Maher becomes quite eloquent when he points to Bully's prominent "yummy," and descants on the misery of his condition if he had been left to the precarious chances of obtaining such developments in his native land; then turns a quid, and, as if uttering some sacred refrain to the universal hymn of the South, says, "Yes, sir, they're the happiest people on the face of the airth!"

There was a fiddler, and also a banjo-player, who played uncouth music to the clumsiest of dances, which it would be insulting to compare to the worst Irish jig, and the men with immense gravity and great effusion of *sudor*, shuffled, and cut, and heeled and buckled to each other with an overwhelming solemnity, till the rum-bottle warmed them up to the lighter graces of the dance, when they became quite overpowering. "Yes, sir, jist look at them how they're enjoying it; they're the happiest people on the face of the airth." When "wooding" and firing up they don't seem to be in the possession of the same exquisite felicity.

May 11*th*.—At early dawn the steamer went its way through a broad bay of snags bordered with driftwood, and with steam-trumpet and calliope announced its arrival at the quay of Mobile, which presented a fringe of tall warehouses, and shops alongside, over which were names indicating Scotch, Irish, English. many Spanish, German, Italian, and French owners, Captain Maher at once set off to his plantation, and we descended the stories of the walled castle to the beach, and walked on towards the "Battle House," so called from the name of its proprietor, for Mobile has not yet had its fight like New Orleans. The quays which usually, as we were told, are lined with stately hulls and a forest of masts, were deserted; although the port was not actually blockaded, there were squadrons of the United States ships at Pensacola on the east, and at New Orleans on the west.

The hotel, a fine building of the American stamp, was the seat of a Vigilance Committee, and as we put down our names in the book they were minutely inspected by some gentlemen who came out of the parlour. It was fortunate they did not find traces of Lincolnism about us, as it appeared by the papers that they were busy deporting "Abolitionists" after certain preliminary processes supposed to—

"Give them a rise, and open their eyes
To a sense of their situation."

The citizens were busy in drilling, marching, and drum-beating, and the Confederate flag flew from every spire and steeple. The day was so hot that it was little more inviting to go out in the sun than it would be in the dog days at Malaga, to which, by-the-bye, Mobile bears some "kinder sorter" resemblance, but, nevertheless, I sallied forth, and had a drive on a shell road by the head of the bay, where there were pretty villarettes in charming groves of magnolia, orange-trees, and lime oaks. Wide streets of similar houses spring out to meet the country through sandy roads; some worthy of Streatham or Balham, and all surrounded in such vegetation as Kew might envy.

Many Mobilians called, and among them the mayor, Mr. Forsyth, in whom I recognised the most remarkable of the Southern Commissioners I had met at Washington. Mr. Magee, the acting British Consul was also good enough to wait upon me, with offers of any assistance in his power. I hear he has most difficult questions to deal with, arising out of the claims of distressed British subjects, and disputed nationality.

In the evening the Consul and Dr. Nott, a savant and physician of Mobile, well known to ethnologists for his work on the "Types of Mankind," written conjointly with the late Mr. Gliddon, dined with me, and I learned from them that, notwithstanding the intimate commercial relations between Mobile and the great Northern cities, the people here are of the most ultra-secessionist doctrines. The wealth and manhood of the city will be devoted to repel the "Lincolnite mercenaries" to the last.

After dinner we walked through the city, which abounds in oyster saloons, drinking-houses, lager-bier and wine-shops, and gambling and dancing places. The market was well worthy of a visit—something like St. John's at Liverpool on a Saturday night, crowded with negroes, mulattoes, quadroons, and mestizos of all sorts, Spanish, Italian, and French, speaking their own tongues, or a quaint lingua franca, and dressed in very striking and pretty costumes. The fruit and vegetable stalls displayed very fine produce, and some staples, remarkable for novelty, ugliness, and goodness. After our stroll we went into one of the great oyster saloons, and in a room up-stairs had opportunity of tasting those great bivalvians in the form of natural fish puddings, fried in batter, roasted, stewed, devilled, broiled, and in many other ways, *plus* raw. I am bound to observe that the Mobile people ate them as if there was no blockade, and as though oysters were a specific for political indigestions and civil wars; a fierce Marseillais are they—living in the most foreign-looking city I have yet seen in the States. My private room in the hotel was large, well-lighted with gas, and exceedingly well furnished in the German fashion, with

French pendule and mirrors. The charge for a private room varies from 1*l.* to 1*l.* 5*s.* a-day; the bed-room and board are charged separately, from 10*s.* 6*d.* to 12*s.* 6*d.* a-day, but meals served in the private room are all charged extra, and heavily too. Exclusiveness is an aristocratic taste which must be paid for.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Visit to Forts Gaines and Morgan—War to the knife the cry of the South—The "State" and the "States"—Bay of Mobile—The forts and their inmates—Opinions as to an attack on Washington—Rumours of actual war.

May 12*th*. Mr. Forsyth had been good enough to invite me to an excursion down the Bay of Mobile, to the forts built by Uncle Sam and his French engineers to sink his Britishers—now turned by "C. S. A." against the hated Stars and Stripes. The mayor and the principal merchants and many politicians — and are not all men politicians in America? — formed the party. If any judgment of men's acts can be formed from their words, the Mobilites, who are the representatives of the third greatest port of the United States, will perish ere they submit to the Yankees and people of New York. I have now been in North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, and in none of these great States have I found the least indication of the Union sentiment, or of the attachment for the Union which Mr. Seward always assumes to exist in the South. If there were any considerable amount of it, I was in a position as a neutral to have been aware of its existence.

Those who might have at one time opposed secession, have now bowed their heads to the majesty of the majority; and with the cowardice, which is the result of the irresponsible and cruel tyranny of the multitude, hasten to swell the cry of revolution. But the multitude are the law in the United States. "There's a divinity doth hedge" the mob here, which is omnipotent and all good. The majority in each State determines its political status according to Southern views. The Northerners are endeavouring to maintain that the majority of the people in the mass of the States generally, shall regulate that point for each State individually and collectively. If there be any party in the Southern States which thinks such an attempt justifiable, it sits silent, and fearful, and hopeless in darkness and sorrow hid from the light of day. General Scott, who was a short time ago written of in the usual inflated style, to which respectable military mediocrity and success are entitled in the States, is now reviled by the Southern papers as an infamous hoary traitor and the like. If an officer prefers his allegiance to the United States' flag, and remains in the Federal service after his State has gone out, his property is liable to confiscation by the State authorities, and his family and kindred are exposed to the gravest suspicion, and must prove their loyalty by extra zeal in the cause of secession.

Our merry company comprised naval and military officers in the service of the Confederate States, journalists, politicians, professional men, merchants, and not one of them had a word but of hate and execration for the North. The British and German settlers are quite as vehement as the natives in upholding States' rights, and among the most ardent upholders of slavery are the Irish proprietors and mercantile classes.

The Bay of Mobile, which is about thirty miles long, with a breadth varying from three to seven miles, is formed by the outfall of the Alabama and of the Tombigee river, and is shallow and dangerous, full of banks and trees, embedded in the sands; but all large vessels lie at the entrance between Fort Morgan and Fort Gaines, to the satisfaction of the masters, who are thus spared the trouble with their crews which occurs in the low haunts of a maritime town. The cotton is sent down in lighters, which employ many hands at high wages. The shores are low wooded, and are dotted here and there with pretty villas; but present no attractive scenery.

The sea breeze somewhat alleviated the fierceness of the sun, which was however too hot to be quite agreeable. Our steamer, crowded to the sponsons, made little way against the tide; but at length, after nearly four hours' sail, we hauled up alongside a jetty at Fort Gaines, which is on the right hand or western exit of harbour, and would command, were it finished, the light draft channel; it is now merely a shell of masonry, but Colonel Hardee, who has charge of the defences of Mobile, told me that they would finish it speedily.

The Colonel is an agreeable, delicate-looking man, scarcely of middle age, and is well-known in the States as the author of "The Tactics," which is, however, merely a translation of the French manual of arms. He does not appear to be possessed of any great energy or capacity, but is, no doubt, a respectable officer.

Upon landing we found a small body of men on guard in the fort. A few cannon of moderate calibre were mounted on the sandhills and on the beach. We entered the unfinished work, and were received with a salute. The men felt difficulty in combining discipline with citizenship. They were "bored" with their sandhill, and one of them asked me when I "thought them damned Yankees were coming. He wanted to touch off a few pills he knew would be good for their complaint." I must say I could sympathise with the feelings of the young officer who said he would sooner have a day with the Lincolnites, than a week with the musquitoes for which this locality is famous.

From Fort Gaines the steamer ran across to Fort Morgan, about three miles distant, passing in its way seven vessels, mostly British, at anchor, where hundreds may be seen, I am told, during the cotton season. This work has a formidable sea face, and may give great trouble to Uncle Sam, when he wants to visit his loving subjects in Mobile in his gunboats. It is the work of Bernard, I presume, and like most of his designs has a weak long base towards the land; but it is provided with a wet ditch and drawbridge, with demi lunes covering the curtains, and has a regular bastioned trace. It has one row of casemates, armed with 32 and 42-pounders. The barbette guns are 8-inch and 10-inch guns; the external works at the salients, are armed with howitzers and field pieces, and as we crossed the drawbridge, a salute was fired from a field battery, on a flanking bastion, in our honour.

Inside the work was crammed with men, some of whom slept in the casemates—others in tents in the parade grounds and enceinte of the fort. They were Alabama Volunteers, and as sturdy a lot of fellows as ever shouldered musket; dressed in homespun coarse grey suits, with blue and yellow worsted facings and stripes—to European eyes not very respectful to their officers, but very obedient, I am told, and very peremptorily ordered about as I heard.

There were 700 or 800 men in the work, and an undue proportion of officers, all of whom were introduced to the strangers in turn. The officers were a very gentlemanly, nice-looking set of young fellows, and several of them had just come over from Europe to take up arms for their State. I forget the name of the officer in command, though I cannot forget his courtesy, nor an excellent lunch he gave us in his casemate after a hot walk round the parapets, and some practice with solid shot from the barbette guns, which did not tend to make me think much of the greatly-be-praised Columbiads.

One of the officers named Maury, a relative of "deep-sea Maury," struck me as an ingenious and clever officer; the utmost harmony, kindliness, and devotion to the cause prevailed among the garrison, from the chief down to the youngest ensign. In its present state the Fort would suffer exceedingly from a heavy bombardment—the magazines would be in danger, and the traverses are inadequate. All the barracks and wooden buildings should be destroyed if they wish to avoid the fate of Sumter.

On our cruise homewards, in the enjoyment of a cold dinner, we had the inevitable discussion of the Northern and Southern contest. Mr. Forsyth, the editor and proprietor of the "Mobile Register," is impassioned for the cause, though he was not at one time considered a pure Southerner. There is difference of opinion relative to an attack on Washington. General St.

George Cooke, commanding the army of Virginia on the Potomac, declares there is no intention of attacking it, or any place outside the limits of that free and sovereign State. But then the conduct of the Federal Government in Maryland is considered by the more fiery Southerners to justify the expulsion of "Lincoln and his Myrmidons," "the Border Ruffians and Cassius M. Clay," from the capital. Butler has seized on the Relay House, on the junction of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, with the rail from Washington, and has displayed a good deal of vigour since his arrival at Annapolis. He is a democrat, and a celebrated criminal lawyer in Massachusetts. Troops are pouring into New York, and are preparing to attack Alexandria, on the Virginia side, below Washington and the Navy Yard, where a large Confederate flag is flying, which can be seen from the President's windows in the White House.

There is a secret soreness even here at the small effect produced in England compared with what they anticipated by the attack on Sumter; but hopes are excited that Mr. Gregory, who was travelling through the States some time ago, will have a strong party to support his forthcoming motion for a recognition of the South. The next conflict which takes place will be more bloody than that at Sumter. The gladiators are approaching—Washington, Annapolis, Pennsylvania are military departments, each with a chief and Staff, to which is now added that of Ohio, under Major G. B. M'Clellan, Major General of Ohio Volunteers at Cincinnati. The authorities on each side are busy administering oaths of allegiance.

The harbour of Charleston is reported to be under blockade by the Niagara steam frigate, and a force of United States' troops at St. Louis, Missouri, under Captain Lyon, has attacked and dispersed a body of State Militia under one Brigadier General Frost, to the intense indignation of all Mobile. The argument is, that Missouri gave up the St. Louis Arsenal to the United States' Government, and could take it back if she pleased, and was certainly competent to prevent the United States' troops stirring beyond the Arsenal.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Pensacola and Fort Pickens—Neutrals and their friends—Coasting—Sharks—The blockading fleet—The stars and stripes, and stars and bars—Domestic feuds caused by the war—Captain Adams and General Bragg—Interior of Fort Pickens.

May 13*th.* I was busy making arrangements to get to Pensacola, and Fort Pickens, all day. The land journey was represented as being most tedious and exceedingly comfortless in all respects, through a waste of sand, in which we ran the chance of being smothered or lost. And then I had set my mind on seeing Fort Pickens as well as Pensacola, and it would be difficult, to say the least of it, to get across from an enemy's camp to the Federal fortress, and then return again. The United States' squadron blockaded the port of Pensacola, but I thought it likely they would permit me to run in to visit Fort Pickens, and that the Federals would allow me to sail thence across to General Bragg, as they might be assured I would not communicate any information of what I had seen in my character as neutral to any but the journal in Europe, which I represented, and in the interests of which I was bound to see and report all that I could as to the state of both parties. It was, at all events, worth while to make the attempt, and after a long search I heard of a schooner which was ready for the voyage at a reasonable rate, all things considered.

Mr. Forsyth asked if I had any objection to take with me three gentlemen of Mobile, who were anxious to be of the party, as they wanted to see their friends at Pensacola, where it was believed a "fight" was to come off immediately. Since I came South I have seen the daily announcement that "Braxton Bragg is ready," and his present state of preparation must be beyond all conception. But here was a difficulty. I told Mr. Forsyth that I could not possibly assent to any persons coming with me who were not neutrals, or prepared to adhere to the obligations of neutrals. There was a suggestion that I should say these gentlemen were my friends, but as I had only seen two of them on board the steamer yesterday, I could not accede to that idea. "Then if you are asked if Mr. Ravesies is your friend, you will say he is not." "Certainly." "But surely you don't wish to have Mr. Ravesies hanged?" "No, I do not, and I shall do nothing to cause him to be hanged; but if he meets that fate by his own act, I can't help it. I will not allow him to accompany me under false pretences."

At last it was agreed that Mr. Ravesies and his friends Mr. Bartré and Mr. Lynes, being in no way employed by or connected with the Confederate Government, should have a place in the little schooner which we had picked out at the quayside and hired for the occasion, and go on the voyage with the plain understanding that they were to accept all the consequences of being citizens of Mobile.

Mr. Forsyth, Mr. Ravesies, and a couple of gentlemen dined with me in the evening. After dinner, Mr. Forsyth, who, as mayor of the town, is the Executive of the Vigilance Committee, took a copy of *Harper's Illustrated Paper*, which is a very poor imitation of the *Illustrated London News*, and called my attention to the announcement that Mr. Moses, their special artist, was travelling with me in the South, as well as to an engraving, which purported to be by Moses aforesaid. I could only say that I knew nothing of the young designer, except what he told me, and that he led me to believe he was furnishing sketches to the *London News*. As he was in the hotel, though he did not live with me, I sent for him, and the young gentleman, who was very pale and agitated on being shown the advertisement and sketch, declared that he had renounced all connection with Harper, that he was sketching for the *Illustrated London News*, and that the advertisement was contrary to fact, and utterly unknown to him; and so he was let go forth, and retired uneasily. After dinner I went to the Bienville Club. "Rule No. 1" is, "No gentleman shall be admitted in a state of intoxication." The club very social, very small, and very hospitable.

Later paid my respects to Mrs. Forsyth, whom I found anxiously waiting for news of her young son, who had gone off to join the Confederate army. She told me that nearly all the ladies in Mobile are engaged in making cartridges, and in preparing lint or clothing for the army. Not the smallest fear is entertained of the swarming black population.

May 14th. Down to our yacht, the Diana, which is to be ready this afternoon, and saw her cleared out a little—a broad-beamed, flat-floored schooner, some fifty tons burthen, with a centre-board, badly caulked, and dirty enough—unfamiliar with paint. The skipper was a long-legged, ungainly young fellow, with long hair and an inexpressive face, just relieved by the twinkle of a very "Yankee" eye; but that was all of the hated creature about him, for a more earnest seceder I never heard.

His crew consisted of three rough, mechanical sort of men and a negro cook. Having freighted the vessel with a small stock of stores, a British flag, kindly lent by the acting Consul, Mr. Magee, and a tablecloth to serve as a flag of truce, our party, consisting of the gentlemen previously named, Mr. Ward, and the young artist, weighed from the quay of Mobile at five o'clock in the evening, with the manifest approbation of the small crowd who had assembled to see us off, the rumour having spread through the town that we were bound to see the great fight. The breeze was favourable and steady; at nine o'clock, p.m., the lights of Fort Morgan were on our port beam, and for some time we were expecting to see the flash of a gun, as the skipper confidently declared they would never allow us to pass unchallenged.

The darkness of the night might possibly have favoured us, or the sentries were remiss; at all events, we were soon creeping through the "Swash," which is a narrow channel over the bar, through which our skipper worked us by means of a sounding pole. The air was delightful, and blew directly off the low shore, in a line parallel to which we were moving. When the evening vapours passed away, the stars shone out brilliantly, and though the wind was strong, and sent us at a good eight knots through the water, there was scarcely a ripple on the sea. Our course lay within a quarter of a mile of the shore, which looked like a white ribbon fringed with fire, from the ceaseless play of the phosphorescent surf. Above this belt of sand rose the black, jagged outlines of a pine forest, through which steal immense lagoons and marshy creeks.

Driftwood and trees strew the beach, and from Fort Morgan, for forty miles, to the entrance of Pensacola, not a human habitation disturbs the domain sacred to alligators, serpents, pelicans, and wild-fowl. Some of the lagoons, like the Perdida, swell into inland seas, deep buried in pine woods, and known only to the wild creatures swarming along its brink and in its waters; once, if report says true, frequented, however, by the filibusters and by the pirates of the Spanish Main.

If the mosquitoes were as numerous and as persecuting in those days as they are at present, the most adventurous youth would have soon repented the infatuation which led him to join the brethren of the Main. The mosquito is a great enemy to romance, and our skipper tells us that there is no such place known in the world for them as this coast.

As the Diana flew along the grim shore, we lay listlessly on the deck admiring the excessive brightness of the stars, or watching the trailing fire of her wake. Now and then great fish flew off from the shallows, cleaving their path in flame; and one shining gleam came up from leeward like a watery comet, till its horrible outline was revealed close to us—a monster shark—which accompanied us with an easy play of the fin, distinctly visible in the wonderful phosphorescence, now shooting on ahead, now dropping astern, till suddenly it dashed off seaward with tremendous rapidity and strength on some errand of destruction, and vanished in the waste of waters. Despite the multitudes of fish on the coast, the Spaniards who colonise this ill-named Florida must have had a trying life of it between the Indians, now hunted to death or exiled by rigorous Uncle Sam, the mosquitoes, and the numberless plagues which abound along these shores.

Hour after hour passed watching the play of large fish and the surf on the beach; one by one the cigar-lights died out; and muffling ourselves up on deck, or creeping into the little cabin, the party slumbered. I was awoke by the Captain talking to one of his hands close to me, and on looking up saw that he was staring through a wonderful black tube, which he denominated his "tallowscope," at the shore.

Looking in the direction, I observed the glare of a fire in the wood, which on examination through an opera glass resolved itself into a steady central light, with some smaller specks around it. "Wa'll," said the Captain, "I guess it is just some of them d——d Yankees as is landed from their tarnation boats, and is 'conoitering' for a road to Mobile." There was an old iron cannonade on board, and it struck me as a curious exemplification of the recklessness of our American cousins, when the skipper said, "Let us put a bag of bullets in the ould gun, and touch it off at them;" which he no doubt would have done, seconded by one of our party, who drew his revolver to contribute to the broadside, but that I represented to them it was just as likely to be a party out from the camp at Pensacola, and that, anyhow, I strongly objected to any belligerent act whilst I was on board. It was very probably, indeed, the watchfire of a Confederate patrol, for the gentry of the country have formed themselves into a body of regular cavalry for such service; but the skipper declared that our chaps knew better than to be showing their lights in that way, when we were within ten miles of the entrance to Pensacola.

The skipper lay-to, as he, very wisely, did not like to run into the centre of the United States squadron at night; but just at the first glimpse of dawn the Diana resumed her course, and bowled along merrily till, with the first rays of the sun, Fort M'Rae, Fort Pickens, and the masts of the squadron were visible a-head, rising above the blended horizon of land and sea. We drew upon them rapidly, and soon could make out the rival flags—the Stars and Bars and Stars and Stripes—flouting defiance at each other.

On the land side on our left is Fort M'Rae, and on the end of the sand-bank, called Santa Rosa Island, directly opposite, rises the outline of the much-talked-of Fort Pickens, which is not unlike Fort Paul on a small scale. Through the glass the blockading squadron is seen to consist of a sailing frigate, a sloop, and three steamers; and as we are scrutinising them, a small schooner glides from under the shelter of the guardship, and makes towards us like a hawk on a sparrow. Hand over hand she comes, a great swaggering ensign at her peak, and a gun all ready at her bow; and rounding up alongside us a boat manned by four men is lowered, an officer jumps in, and is soon under our counter. The officer, a bluff, sailor-like looking fellow, in a uniform a little the worse for wear, and wearing his beard as officers of the United States navy generally do, fixed his eye upon the skipper—who did not seem quite at his ease, and had, indeed, confessed to us that he had been warned off by the Oriental, as the tender was named, only a short time before—and said, "Hallo, sir, I think I have seen you before: what schooner is this?" "The Diana of Mobile." "I thought so." Stepping on deck, he said, "Gentlemen, I am Mr. Brown, Master in the United States navy, in charge of the boarding schooner Oriental." We each gave our names; whereupon Mr. Brown says, "I have no doubt it will be all right, be good enough to let me have your papers. And now, sir, make sail, and lie-to under the quarter of that steamer there, the Powhatan." The Captain did not look at all happy when the officer called his attention to the indorsement on his papers; nor did the Mobile party seem very comfortable when he remarked, "I suppose, gentlemen, you are quite well aware there is a strict blockade of this port?"

In half an hour the schooner lay under the guns of the Powhatan, which is a stumpy, thick-set, powerful steamer of the old paddle-wheel kind, something like the Leopard. We proceeded alongside in the cutter's boat, and were ushered into the cabin, where the officer commanding, Lieutenant David Porter, received us, begged us to be seated, and then inquired into the object of our visit, which he communicated to the flag-ship by signal, in order to get instructions as to our disposal. Nothing could exceed his courtesy; and I was most favourably impressed by himself, his officers, and crew. He took me over the ship, which is armed with 10-inch Dahlgrens and an 11-inch pivot gun, with rifled field-pieces and howitzers on the sponsons. Her boarding nettings were triced up, bows and weak portions padded with dead wood and old sails, and everything ready for action

Lieutenant Porter has been in and out of the harbour examining the enemy's works at all hours of the night, and he has marked off on the chart, as he showed me, the bearings of the various spots where he can sweep or enfilade their works. The crew, all things considered, were very clean, and their personnel exceedingly fine.

We were not the only prize that was made by the Oriental this morning. A ragged little schooner lay at the other side of the Powhatan, the master of which stood rubbing his knuckles into his eyes, and uttering dolorous expressions in broken English and Italian, for he was a noble Roman of Civita Vecchia. Lieutenant Porter let me into the secret. These small traders at Mobile, pretending great zeal for the Confederate cause, load their vessels with fruit, vegetables, and things of which they know the squadron is much in want, as well as the garrison of the Confederate forts. They set out with the most valiant intention of running the blockade, and are duly captured by the squadron, the officers of which are only too glad to pay fair prices for the cargoes. They return to Mobile, keep their money in their pockets, and declare they have been plundered by the Yankees. If they get in, they demand still higher prices from the Confederates, and lay claim to the most exalted patriotism.

By signal from the flag-ship Sabine, we were ordered to repair on board to see the senior officer, Captain Adams; and for the first time since I trod the deck of the old Leander in Balaklava harbour, I stood on board a 50-gun sailing frigate. Captain Adams, a grey-haired veteran of very gentle manners and great urbanity received us in his cabin, and listened to my explanation of the cause of my visit with interest. About myself there was no difficulty; but he very justly observed he did not think it would be right to let the gentlemen from Mobile examine Fort Pickens, and then go among the Confederate camps. I am bound to say these gentlemen scarcely seemed to desire or anticipate such a favour.

Major Vogdes, an engineer officer from the fort, who happened to be on board, volunteered to take a letter from me to Colonel Harvey Browne, requesting permission to visit it; and I finally arranged with Captain Adams that the Diana was to be permitted to pass the blockade into Pensacola harbour, and thence to return to Mobile, my visit to Pickens depending on the pleasure of the Commandant of the place. "I fear, Mr. Russell," said Captain Adams, "in giving you this permission, I expose myself to misrepresentation and unfounded attacks. Gentlemen of the press in our country care little about private character, and are, I fear, rather unscrupulous in what they say; but I rely upon your character that no improper use shall be made of this permission. You must hoist a flag of truce, as General Bragg, who commands over there, has sent me word he considers our blockade a declaration of war, and will fire upon any vessel which approaches him from our fleet."

In the course of conversation, whilst treating me to such man-of-war luxuries as the friendly officer had at his disposal, he gave me an illustration of the miseries of this cruel conflict—of the unspeakable desolation of homes, of the bitterness of feeling engendered in families. A Pennsylvanian by birth, he married long ago a lady of Louisiana, where he resided on his plantation till his ship was commissioned. He was absent on foreign service when the feud first began, and received orders at sea, on the South American station, to repair direct to blockade Pensacola. He has just heard that one of his sons is enlisted in the Confederate army, and that two others have joined the forces in Virginia; and as he said sadly, "God knows, when I open my broadside, but that I may be killing my own children." But that was not all. One of the Mobile gentlemen brought him a letter from his daughter, in which she informs him that she has been elected vivandière to a New Orleans regiment, with which she intends to push on to Washington, and get a lock of old Abe Lincoln's hair; and the letter concluded with the charitable wish that her father might starve to death if he persisted in his wicked blockade. But not the less determined was the gallant old sailor to do his duty.

Mr. Ward, one of my companions, had sailed in the Sabine in the Paraguay expedition, and I availed myself of his acquaintance with his old comrades to take a glance round the ship. Wherever they came from, four hundred more sailor-like, strong, handy young fellows could not be seen than the crew; and the officers were as hospitable as their limited resources in whisky grog, cheese, and junk allowed them to be.

With thanks for his kindness and courtesy, I parted from Captain Adams, feeling more than ever the terrible and earnest nature of the impending conflict. May the kindly good old man be shielded on the day of battle!

A ten-oared barge conveyed us to the Oriental, which, with flowing sheet, ran down to the Powhatan.

There I saw Captain Porter, and told him that Captain Adams had given me permission to visit the Confederate camp, and that I had written for leave to go on shore at Fort Pickens. An officer was in his cabin, to whom I was introduced as Captain Poore, of the Brooklyn. "You don't mean to say, Mr. Russell," said he, "that these editors of Southern newspapers who are with you have leave to go on shore?" This was rather a fishing question. "I assure you, Captain Poore, that there is no editor of a Southern newspaper in my company."

The boat which took us from the Powhatan to the Diana was in charge of a young officer related to Captain Porter, who amused me by the spirit with which he bandied remarks about the war with the Mobile men, who had now recovered their equanimity, and were indulging in what is called chaff about the blockade. "Well," he said, "you were the first to begin it; let us see whether you won't be the first to leave it off. I guess our Northern ice will pretty soon put out your Southern fire."

When we came on board, the skipper heard our orders to up stick and away with an air of pity and incredulity; nor was it till I had repeated it, he kicked up his crew from their sleep on deck, and with a "Wa'll, really, I never did see sich a thing!" made sail towards the entrance to the harbour.

As we got abreast of Fort Pickens, I ordered table-cloth No. 1 to be hoisted to the peak; and through the glass I saw that our appearance attracted no ordinary attention from the garrison of Pickens close at hand on our right, and the more distant Confederates on Fort M'Rae and the sand-hills on our left. The latter work is weak and badly built, quite under the command of Pickens, but it is supported by the old Spanish fort of Barrancas upon high ground further inland, and by numerous batteries at the water-line and partly concealed amidst the woods which fringe the shore as far as the navy yard of Warrington, near Pensacola. The wind was light, but the tide bore us onwards towards the Confederate works. Arms glanced in the blazing sun where regiments were engaged at drill, clouds of dust rose from the sandy roads, horsemen riding along the beach, groups of men in uniform, gave a martial appearance to the place in unison with the black muzzles of the guns which peeped from the white sand batteries from the entrance of the harbour to the navy yard now close at hand. As at Sumter Major Anderson permitted the Carolinians to erect the batteries he might have so readily destroyed in the commencement, so the Federal officers here have allowed General Bragg to work away at his leisure, mounting cannon after cannon, throwing up earthworks, and strengthening his batteries, till he has assumed so formidable an attitude, that I doubt very much whether the fort and the fleet combined can silence his fire.

On the low shore close to us were numerous wooden houses and detached villas, surrounded by orange-groves. At last the captain let go his anchor off the end of a wooden jetty, which was crowded with ammunition, shot, shell, casks of provisions, and commissariat stores. A small steamer was engaged in adding to the collection, and numerous light craft gave evidence that all trade had not ceased. Indeed, inside Santa Rosa Island, which runs for forty-five miles from Pickens eastward parallel to the shore, there is a considerable coasting traffic carried on for the benefit of the Confederates.

The skipper went ashore with my letters to General Bragg, and speedily returned with an orderly, who brought permission for the Diana to come alongside the wharf. The Mobile gentlemen were soon on shore, eager to seek their friends; and in a few seconds the officer of the quartermaster-general's department on duty came on board to conduct me to the officers' quarters, whilst waiting for my reply from General Bragg.

The navy yard is surrounded by a high wall, the gates closely guarded by sentries; the houses, gardens, workshops, factories, forges, slips, and building sheds are complete of their kind, and cover upwards of three hundred acres; and with the forts which protect the entrance, cost the United States Government not less than six millions sterling. Inside these was the greatest activity and life,—Zouave, Chasseurs, and all kind of military eccentricities—were drilling, parading, exercising, sitting in the shade, loading tumbrils, playing cards, or sleeping on the grass. Tents were pitched under the trees and on the little lawns and grass-covered quadrangles. The houses, each numbered and marked with the name of the functionary to whose use it was assigned, were models of neatness, with gardens in front, filled with glorious tropical flowers. They were painted green and white, provided with porticoes, Venetian blinds, verandahs, and colonnades, to protect the inmates as much as possible from the blazing sun, which in the dog-days is worthy of Calcutta. The old Fulton is the only ship on the stocks. From the naval arsenal quantities of shot and shell are constantly pouring to the batteries. Piles of cannon-balls dot the grounds, but the only ordnance I saw were two old mortars placed as ornaments in the main avenue, one dated 1776.

The quartermaster conducted me through shady walks into one of the houses, then into a long room, and presented me *en masse* to a body of officers, mostly belonging to a Zouave regiment from New Orleans, who were seated at a very comfortable dinner, with abundance of champagne, claret, beer, and ice. They were all young, full of life and spirits, except three or four graver and older men, who were Europeans. One, a Dane, had fought against the Prussians and Schleswig-Holsteiners at Idstedt and Friederichstadt; another, an Italian, seemed to have been engaged indifferently in fighting all over the South American continent; a third, a Pole, had been at Comorn, and had participated in the revolutionary guerilla of 1848. From these officers I learned that Mr. Jefferson Davis, his wife, Mr. Wigfall, and Mr. Mallory, Secretary to the Navy, had come down from Montgomery, and had been visiting the works all day.

Every one here believes the attack so long threatened is to come off at last and at once.

After dinner an aide-de-camp from General Bragg entered with a request that I would accompany him to the commanding officer's quarters. As the sand outside the navy yard was deep, and rendered walking very disagreeable, the young officer stopped a cart, into which we got, and were proceeding on our way, when a tall, elderly man, in a blue frock-coat with a gold star on the shoulder, trowsers with a gold stripe and gilt buttons, rode past, followed by an orderly, who looked more like a dragoon than anything I have yet seen in the States. "There's General Bragg," quoth the aide, and I was duly presented to the General, who reined up by the waggon. He sent his orderly off at once for a light cart drawn by a pair of mules, in which I completed my journey, and was safely decarted at the door of a substantial house surrounded by trees of lime, oak, and sycamore.

Led horses and orderlies thronged the front of the portico, and gave it the usual head-quarterlike aspect. General Bragg received me at the steps, and took me to his private room, where we remained for a long time in conversation. He had retired from the United States army after the Mexican war—in which, by the way, he played a distinguished part, his name being generally coupled with the phrase "a little more grape, Captain Bragg," used in one of the hottest encounters of that campaign—to his plantation in Louisiana; but suddenly the Northern States declared their intention of using force to free and sovereign States, which were exercising their constitutional rights to secede from the Federal Union.

Neither he nor his family were responsible for the system of slavery. His ancestors found it established by law and flourishing, and had left him property, consisting of slaves, which was granted to him by the laws and constitution of the United States. Slaves were necessary for the actual cultivation of the soil in the South; Europeans and Yankees who settled there speedily became convinced of that; and if a Northern population were settled in Louisiana to-morrow, they would discover that they must till the land by the labour of the black race, and that the only mode of making the black race work, was to hold them in a condition of involuntary servitude. "Only the other day, Colonel Harvey Browne, at Pickens, over the way, carried off a number of negroes from Tortugas, and put them to work at Santa Rosa. Why? Because his white soldiers were not able for it. No. The North was bent on subjugating the South, and as long as he had a drop of blood in his body, he would resist such an infamous attempt."

Before supper General Bragg opened his maps, and pointed out to me in detail the position of all his works, the line of fire of each gun, and the particular object to be expected from its effects. "I know every inch of Pickens," he said, "for I happened to be stationed there as soon as I left Westpoint, and I don't think there is a stone in it that I am not as well acquainted with as Harvey Browne."

His staff, consisting of four intelligent young men, two of them lately belonging to the United States army, supped with us, and after a very agreeable evening, horses were ordered round to the door, and I returned to the navy yard attended by the General's orderly, and provided with a pass and countersign. As a mark of complete confidence, General Bragg told me, for my private ear, that he had no present intention whatever of opening fire, and that his batteries were far from being in a state, either as regards armament or ammunition, which would justify him in meeting the fire of the forts and the ships.

And so we bade good-by. "To-morrow," said the General, "I will send down one of my best horses and Mr. Ellis, my aide-de-camp, to take you over all the works and batteries." As I rode home with my honest orderly beside instead of behind me, for he was of a conversational turn, I was much perplexed in my mind, endeavouring to determine which was right and which was wrong in this quarrel, and at last, as at Montgomery, I was forced to ask myself if right and wrong were geographical expressions depending for extension or limitation on certain conditions of climate and lines of latitude and longitude. Here was the General's orderly beside me, an intelligent middle-aged man, who had come to do battle with as much sincerity—aye, and religious confidence—as ever actuated old John Brown or any New England puritan to make war against slavery. "I have left my old woman and the children to the care of the niggers; I have turned up all my cotton land and planted it with corn, and I don't intend to go back alive till I've seen the back of the last Yankee in our Southern States." "And are wife and children alone with the negroes?" "Yes, sir. There's only one white man on the plantation, an overseer sort of chap." "Are not you afraid of the slaves rising?" "They're ignorant poor creatures, to be sure, but as yet they're faithful. Any way, I put my trust in God, and I know He'll watch over the house while I'm away fighting for this good cause!' This man came from Mississippi, and had twenty-five slaves, which represented a money value of at least £5000. He was beyond the age of enthusiasm, and was actuated, no doubt, by strong principles, to him unquestionable and sacred.

My pass and countersign, which were only once demanded, took me through the sentries, and I got on board the schooner shortly before midnight, and found nearly all the party on deck, enchanted with their reception. More than once we were awoke by the vigilant sentries, who would not let what Americans call "the balance" of our friends on board till they had seen my authority to receive them.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Bitters before breakfast—An old Crimean acquaintance—Earthworks and batteries—Estimate of cannons—Magazines—Hospitality—English and American introductions and leave-takings—Fort Pickens; its interior—Return towards Mobile—Pursued by a strange sail—Running the blockade—Landing at Mobile.

May 16*th.*—The réveillé of the Zouaves, note for note the same as that which, in the Crimea, so often woke up poor fellows who slept the long sleep ere nightfall, roused us this morning early, and then the clang of trumpets and the roll of drums beating French calls summoned the volunteers to early parade. As there was a heavy dew, and many winged things about last night, I turned in to my berth below, where four human beings were supposed to lie in layers, like mummies beneath a pyramid, and there, after contention with cockroaches, sank to rest. No wonder I was rather puzzled to know where I was now; for in addition to the music and the familiar sounds outside, I was somewhat perturbed in my mental calculations by bringing my head sharply in contact with a beam of the deck which had the best of it; but, at last, facts accomplished themselves and got into place, much aided by the appearance of the negro cook with a cup of coffee in his hand, who asked, "Mosieu! Capitaine vant to ax vedder you take some bitter, sar! Lisbon bitter, sar." I saw the captain on deck busily engaged in the manufacture of a liquid which I was adjured by all the party on deck to take, if I wished to make a Redan or a Malakhoff of my stomach, and accordingly I swallowed a *petit verre* of a very strong, intensely bitter preparation of brandy and tonic roots, sweetened with sugar, for which Mobile is famous.

The noise of our arrival had gone abroad; haply the report of the good things with which the men of Mobile had laden the craft, for a few officers came aboard even at that early hour, and we asked two who were known to our friends to stay for breakfast. That meal, to which the negro cook applied his whole mind and all the galley, consisted of an ugly-looking but well-flavoured fish from the waters outside us, fried ham and onions, biscuit, coffee, iced water and Bordeaux, served with charming simplicity, and no way calculated to move the ire of Horace by a display of Persic apparatus.

A more greasy, oniony meal was never better enjoyed. One of our guests was a jolly Yorkshire farmer-looking man, up to about 16 stone weight, with any hounds, dressed in a tunic of green baize or frieze, with scarlet worsted braid down the front, gold lace on the cuffs and collar, and a felt wide-awake, with a bunch of feathers in it. He wiped the sweat off his brow, and swore that he would never give in, and that the whole of the company of riflemen whom he commanded, if not as heavy, were quite as patriotic. He was evidently a kindly affectionate man, without a trace of malice in his composition, but his sentiments were quite ferocious when he came to speak of the Yankees. He was a large slaveowner, and therefore a man of fortune, and he spoke with all the fervour of a capitalist menaced by a set of Red Republicans.

His companion, who wore a plain blue uniform, spoke sensibly about a matter with which sense has rarely anything to do—namely uniform. Many of the United States volunteers adopt the same grey colours so much in vogue among the Confederates. The officers of both armies wear similar distinguishing marks of rank, and he was quite right in supposing that in night marches, or in serious actions on a large scale, much confusion and loss would be caused by men of the same army firing on each other, or mistaking enemies for friends.

Whilst we were talking, large shoals of mullet and other fish were flying before the porpoises, red fish, and other enemies, in the tide-way astern of the schooner. Once, as a large white fish came leaping up to the surface, a gleam of something still whiter shot through the waves, and a boiling whirl, tinged with crimson, which gradually melted off in the tide, marked where the fish had been.

"There's a ground sheark as has got his breakfast," quoth the Skipper. "There's quite a many of them about here." Now and then a turtle showed his head, exciting *desiderium tam cari capitis,* above the envied flood which he honoured with his presence.

Far away, towards Pensacola, floated three British ensigns, from as many merchantmen, which as yet had fifteen days to clear out from the blockaded port. Fort Pickens had hoisted the stars and stripes to the wind, and Fort M'Rae, as if to irritate its neighbour, displayed a flag almost identical, but for the "lone star," which the glass detected instead of the ordinary galaxy—the star of Florida.

Lieutenant Ellis, General Bragg's aide-de-camp, came on board at an early hour, in order to take me round the works, and I was soon on the back of the General's charger, safely ensconced between the raised pummel and cantle of a great brass-bound saddle, with emblazoned saddle-cloth and mighty stirrups of brass, fit for the fattest marshal that ever led an army of France to victory; but General Bragg is longer in the leg than the Duke of Malakoff or Marshal Canrobert, and all my efforts to touch with my toe the wonderful supports which, in consonance with the American idea, dangled far beneath, were ineffectual.

As our road lay by head-quarters, the aide-de-camp took me into the court and called out "Orderly;" and at the summons a smart soldier-like young fellow came to the front, took me three holes up, and as I was riding away touched his cap and said, "I beg your pardon, sir, but I often saw you in the Crimea." He had been in the 11th Hussars, and on the day of Balaklava he was following close to Lord Cardigan and Captain Nolan, when his horse was killed by a round shot. As he was endeavouring to escape on foot the Cossacks took him prisoner, and he remained for eleven months in captivity in Russia, till he was exchanged at Odessa, towards the close of the war; then, being one of two sergeants who were permitted to get their discharge, he left the service. "But here you are again," said I, "soldiering once more, and merely acting as an orderly!" "Well, that's true enough, but I came over here, thinking to better myself as some of our fellows did, and then the war broke out, and I entered one of what they called their cavalry regiments—Lord bless you, sir, it would just break your heart to see them—and here I am now, and the general has made me an orderly. He is a kind man, sir, and the pay is good, but they are not like the old lot; I do not know what my lord would think of them." The man's name was Montague, and he told me his father lived "at a place called Windsor," twenty-one miles from London. Lieutenant Ellis said he was a very clean, smart, well-conducted soldier.

From head-quarters we started on our little tour of inspection of the batteries. Certainly, anything more calculated to shake confidence in American journalism could not be seen; for I had been led to believe that the works were of the most formidable description, mounting hundreds of guns. Where hundreds was written, tens would have been nearer the truth.

I visited ten out of the thirteen batteries which General Bragg has erected against Fort Pickens. I saw but five heavy siege guns in the whole of the works among the fifty or fifty-five pieces with which they were armed. There may be about eighty altogether on the lines, which describe an arc of 135 degrees for about three miles round Pickens, at an average distance of a mile and one-third. I was rather interested with Fort Barrancas, built by the Spaniards long ago—an old work on the old plan, weakly armed, but possessing a tolerable command from the face of fire.

In all the batteries there were covered galleries in the rear, connected with the magazines, and called "rat-holes," intended by the constructors as a refuge for the men whenever a shell from Pickens dropped in. The rush to the rat-hole does not impress one as being very conducive to a sustained and heavy fire, or at all likely to improve the *morale* of the gunners. The working parties, as they were called—volunteers from Mississippi and Alabama, great long-bearded fellows in flannel shirts and slouched hats, uniformless in all save brightly burnished arms and resolute purpose—were lying about among the works, or contributing languidly to their completion.

Considerable improvements were in the course of execution: but the officers were not always agreed as to the work to be done. Captain A., at the wheelbarrows: "Now then, you men, wheel up these sand-bags, and range them just at this corner." Major B.: "My good Captain A., what do you want the bags there for? Did I not tell you, these merlons were not to be finished till we had completed the parapet on the front?" Captain A.: "Well, Major, so you did, and your order made me think you knew darned little about your business; and so I am going to do a little engineering of my own."

Altogether, I was quite satisfied General Bragg was perfectly correct in refusing to open his fire on Fort Pickens and on the fleet, which ought certainly to have knocked his works about his ears, in spite of his advantages of position, and of some well-placed mortar batteries among the brushwood, at distances from Pickens of 2500 and 2800 yards. The magatines of the batteries I visited did not contain ammunition for more than one day's ordinary firing. The shot were badly cast, with projecting flanges from the mould, which would be very injurious to soft metal guns in firing. As to men, as in guns, the Southern papers had lied consumedly. I could not say how many were in Pensacola itself, for I did not visit the camp: at the outside guess of the numbers there was 2000. I saw, however, all the camps here, and I doubt exceedingly if

General Bragg—who at this time is represented to have any number from 30,000 to 50,000 men under his command—has 8000 troops to support his batteries, or 10,000, including Pensacola, all told.

If hospitality consists in the most liberal participation of all the owner has with his visitors, here, indeed, Philemon has his type in every tent. As we rode along through every battery, by every officer's quarters, some great Mississippian or Alabamian came forward with "Captain Ellis, I am glad to see you." "Colonel," to me, "won't you get down and have a drink?" Mr. Ellis duly introduces me. The Colonel with effusion grasps my hand and says, as if he had just gained the particular object of his existence, "Sir, I am very glad indeed to know you. I hope you have been pretty well since you have been in our country, sir. Here, Pompey, take the colonel's horse. Step in, sir, and have a drink." Then comes out the great big whisky bottle, and an immense amount of adhesion to the first law of nature is required to get you off with less than half-a-pint of "Bourbon;" but the most trying thing to a stranger is the fact that when he is going away, the officer, who has been so delighted to see him, does not seem to care a farthing for his guest or his health.

The truth is, these introductions are ceremonial observances, and compliances with the universal curiosity of Americans to know people they meet. The Englishman bows frigidly to his acquaintance on the first introduction, and if he likes him shakes hands with him on leaving—a much more sensible and justifiable proceeding. The American's warmth at the first interview must be artificial, and the indifference at parting is ill-bred and in bad taste. I had already observed this on many occasions, especially at Montgomery, where I noticed it to Colonel Wigfall, but the custom is not incompatible with the most profuse hospitality, nor with the desire to render service.

On my return to head-quarters I found General Bragg in his room, engaged writing an official letter in reply to my request to be permitted to visit Fort Pickens, in which he gave me full permission to do as I pleased. Not only this, but he had prepared a number of letters of introduction to the military authorities, and to his personal friends at New Orleans, requesting them to give me every facility and friendly assistance in their power. He asked me my opinion about the batteries and their armament, which I freely gave him *quantum valeat*. "Well," he said, "I think your conclusions are pretty just; but, nevertheless, some fine day I shall be forced to try the mettle of our friends on the opposite side." All I could say was, "May God defend the right." "A good saying, to which I say, Amen. And drink with you to it."

There was a room outside, full of generals and colonels, to whom I was duly introduced, but the time for departure had come, and I bade good-by to the general and rode down to the wharf. I had always heard, during my brief sojourn in the North, that the Southern people were exceedingly illiterate and ignorant. It may be so, but I am bound to say that I observed a large proportion of the soldiers, on their way to the navy yard, engaged in reading newspapers, though they did not neglect the various drinking bars and exchanges, which were only too numerous in the vicinity of the camps.

The schooner was all ready for sea, but the Mobile gentlemen had gone off to Pensacola, and as I did not desire to invite them to visit Fort Pickens—where, indeed, they would have most likely met with a refusal—I resolved to sail without them and to return to the navy yard in the evening, in order to take them back on our homeward voyage. "Now then, captain, cast loose; we are going to Fort Pickens." The worthy seaman had by this time become utterly at sea, and did not appear to know whether he belonged to the Confederate States, Abraham Lincoln, or the British navy. But this order roused him a little, and looking at me with all his eyes, he exclaimed, "Why, you don't mean to say you are going to make me bring the Diana alongside that darned Yankee Fort!" Our tablecloth, somewhat maculated with gravy, was hoisted once more to the peak, and, after some formalities between the guardians of the jetty and ourselves, the schooner canted round in the tideway, and with a fine light breeze ran down towards the stars and stripes.

What magical power there is in the colours of a piece of bunting! My companions, I dare say, felt as proud of their flag as if their ancestors had fought under it at Acre or Jerusalem. And yet how fictitious its influence! Death, and dishonour worse than death, to desert it one day! Patriotism and glory to leave it in the dust, and fight under its rival, the next! How indignant would George Washington have been, if the Frenchman at Fort Du Quesne had asked him to abandon the old rag which Braddock held aloft in the wilderness, and to serve under the very *fleur-de-lys* which the same great George hailed with so much joy but a few years afterwards, when it was advanced to the front at York Town, to win one of its few victories over the Lions and the Harp. And in this Confederate flag there is a meaning which cannot die—it marks the birthplace of a new nationality, and its place must know it for ever. Even the flag of a rebellion leaves indelible colours in the political atmosphere. The hopes that sustained it may vanish in the gloom of night, but the national faith still believes that its sun will rise on some glorious morrow. Hard must it be for this race, so arrogant, so great, to see stripe and star torn from the fair standard with which they would fain have shadowed all the kingdoms of the world; but their great continent is large enough for many nations.

"And now," said the skipper, "I think we'd best lie to —them cussed Yankees on the beach is shouting to us." And so they were. A sentry on the end of a wooden jetty sung out, "Hallo you there! Stand off or I'll fire," and "drew a bead-line on us." At the same time the skipper hailed, "Please to send a boat off to go ashore." "No, sir! Come in your own boat!" cried the officer of the guard. Our own boat! A very skiff of Charon! Leaky, rotten, lop-sided. We were a hundred yards from the beach, and it was to be hoped that with all its burthen, it could not go down in such a short row. As I stepped in, however, followed by my two companions, the water flew in as if forced by a pump, and when the sailors came after us the skipper said, through a mouthful of juice, "Deevid! pull your hardest, for there an't a more terrible place for shearks along the whole coast." Deevid and his friend pulled like men, and our hopes rose with the water in the boat and the decreasing distance to shore. They worked like Doggett's badgers, and in five minutes we were out of "sheark" depth and alongside the jetty, where Major Vogdes, Mr. Brown, of the Oriental, and an officer, introduced as Captain Barry of the United States artillery, were waiting to receive us. Major Vogdes said that Colonel Brown would most gladly permit me to go over the fort, but that he could not receive any of the other gentlemen of the party; they were permitted to wander about at their discretion. Some friends whom they picked up amongst the officers took them on a ride along the island, which is merely a sand-bank covered with coarse vegetation, a few trees, and pools of brackish water.

If I were selecting a summer habitation I should certainly not choose Fort Pickens. It is, like all other American works I have seen, strong on the sea faces and weak towards the land. The outer gate was closed, but at a talismanic knock from Captain Barry, the wicket was thrown open by the guard and we passed through a vaulted gallery into the parade ground, which was full of men engaged in strengthening the place, and digging deep pits in the centre as shell traps. The men were United States regulars, not comparable in physique to the Southern volunteers, but infinitely superior in cleanliness and soldierly smartness. The officer on duty led me to one of the angles of the fort and turned in to a covered way, which had been ingeniously contrived by tilting up gun platforms and beams of wood at an angle against the wall, and piling earth and sand banks against them for several feet in thickness. The casemates, which otherwise would have been exposed to a plunging fire in the rear, were thus effectually protected.

Emerging from this dark passage I entered one of the bomb-proofs, fitted up as a bed-room, and thence proceeded to the casemate, in which Colonel Harvey Browne has his head-quarters. After some conversation, he took me out upon the parapet and went all over the defences.

Fort Pickens is an oblique, and somewhat narrow parallelogram, with one obtuse angle facing the sea and the other towards the land. The bastion at the acute angle towards Barrancas is the weakest part of the work, and men were engaged in throwing up an extempore glacis to cover the wall and the casemates from fire. The guns were of what is considered small calibre in these days, 32 and 42 pounders, with four or five heavy columbiads. An immense amount of work has been done within the last three weeks, but as yet the preparations are by no means complete. From the walls, which are made of a hard baked brick, nine feet in thickness, there is a good view of the enemy's position. There is a broad ditch round the work, now dry, and probably not intended for water. The cuvette has lately been cleared out, and in proof of the agreeable nature of the locality, the officers told me that sixty very fine rattle-snakes were killed by the workmen during the operation.

As I was looking at the works from the wall, Captain Vogdes made a sly remark now and then, blinking his eyes and looking closely at my face to see if he could extract any information. "There are the quarters of your friend General Bragg; he pretends, we hear, that it is an hospital, but we will soon have him out when we open fire." "Oh, indeed." "That's their best battery beside the lighthouse; we can't well make out whether there are ten, eleven, or twelve guns in it." Then Captain Vogdes became quite meditative, and thought aloud, "Well, I'm sure, Colonel, they've got a strong entrenched camp in that wood behind their mortar batteries. I'm quite sure of it—we must look to that with our long-range guns." What the engineer saw, must have been certain absurd little furrows in the sand, which the Confederates have thrown up about three feet in front of their tents, but whether to carry off or to hold rain water, or as cover for rattle-snakes, the best judge cannot determine.

The Confederates have been greatly delighted with the idea that Pickens will be almost untenable during the summer for the United States troops, on account of the heat and mosquitos, not to speak of yellow fever; but in fact they are far better off than the troops on shore—the casemates are exceedingly well ventilated, light and airy. Mosquitos, yellow fever, and dysentery, will make no distinction between Trojan and Tyrian. On the whole, I should prefer being inside, to being outside Pickens, in case of a bombardment; and there can be no doubt the entire destruction of the navy yard and station by the Federals can be accomplished whenever they please. Colonel Browne pointed out the tall chimney at Warrington smoking away, and said, "There, sir, is the whole reason of Bragg's forbearance, as it is called. Do you see?—they are casting shot and shell there as fast as they can. They know well if they opened a gun on us I could lay that yard and all their works there in ruin;" and Colonel Harvey Browne seems quite the man for the work—a resolute, energetic veteran, animated by the utmost dislike to secession and its leaders, and full of what are called "Union Principles," which are rapidly becoming the mere expression of a desire to destroy life, liberty, property, anything in fact which opposes itself to the consolidation of the Federal government.

Probably no person has ever been permitted to visit two hostile camps within sight of each other save myself. I was neither spy, herald, nor ambassador; and both sides trusted to me fully on the understanding that I would not make use of any information here, but that it might be communicated to the world at the other side of the Atlantic.

Apropos of this, Colonel Browne told me an amusing story, which shows that 'cuteness is not altogether confined to the Yankees. Some days ago a gentleman was found wandering about the island, who stated he was a correspondent of a New York paper. Colonel Browne was not satisfied with the account he gave of himself, and sent him on board one of the ships of the fleet, to be confined as a prisoner. Soon afterwards a flag of truce came over from the Confederates, carrying a letter from General Bragg, requesting Colonel Browne to give up the prisoner, as he had escaped to the island after committing a felony, and enclosing a warrant signed by a justice of the peace for his arrest. Colonel Browne laughed at the *ruse*, and keeps his prisoner.

As it was approaching evening and I had seen everything in the fort, the hospital, casemates, magazines, bakehouses, tasted the rations, and drank the whisky, I set out for the schooner, accompanied by Colonel Browne and Captain Barry and other officers, and picking up my friends at the bakehouse outside.

Having bidden our acquaintances good-by, we get on board the Diana, which steered towards the Warrington navy yard, to take the rest of the party on board. The sentries along the beach and on the batteries grounded arms, and stared with surprise as the Diana, with her tablecloth flying, crossed over from Fort Pickens, and ran slowly along the Confederate works. Whilst we were spying for the Mobile gentlemen, the mate took it into his head to take up the Confederate bunting, and wave it over the quarter. "Hollo, what's that you're doing?" "It's only a signal to the gentlemen on shore." "Wave some other flag, if you please, when we are in these waters, with a flag of truce flying."

After standing off and on for some time, the Mobilians at last boarded us in a boat. They were full of excitement, quite eager to stay and see the bombardment which must come off in twenty-four hours. Before we left Mobile harbour I had made a bet for a small sum that neither side would attack within the next few days; but now I could not even shake my head one way or the other, and it required the utmost self-possession and artifice of which I was master to evade the acute inquiries and suggestions of my good friends. I was determined to go—they were equally bent upon remaining; and so we parted after a short but very pleasant cruise together.

We had arranged with Mr. Brown that we would look out for him on leaving the harbour, and a bottle of wine was put in the remnants of our ice to drink farewell; but it was almost dark as the Diana shot out seawards between Pickens and M'Rae; and for some anxious minutes we were doubtful which would be the first to take a shot at us. Our tablecloth still fluttered; but the colour might be invisible. A lantern was hoisted astern by my order as soon as the schooner was clear of the forts; and with a cool sea-breeze we glided out into the night, the black form of the Powhattan being just visible, the rest of the squadron lost in the darkness. We strained our eyes for the Oriental, but in vain; and it occurred to us that it would scarcely be a very safe proceeding to stand from the Confederate forts down towards the guard-ship, unless under the convoy of the Oriental. It seemed quite certain she must be cruising some way to the westward, waiting for us.

The wind was from the north, on the best point for our return; and the Diana, heeling over in the smooth water, proceeded on her way towards Mobile, running so close to the shore that I could shy a biscuit on the sand. She seemed to breathe the wind through her sails, and flew with a crest of flame at her bow, and a bubbling wake of meteor-like streams flowing astern, as though liquid metal were flowing from a furnace.

The night was exceedingly lovely, but after the heat of the day the horizon was somewhat hazy. "No sign of the Oriental on our lee-bow?" "Nothing at all in sight, sir, ahead or astern." Sharks and large fish ran off from the shallows as we passed, and rushed out seawards in runs of brilliant light. The Perdida was left far astern.

On sped the Diana, but no Oriental came in view. I felt exceedingly tired, heated, and fagged; had been up early, ridden in a broiling sun, gone through batteries, examined forts, sailed backwards and forwards, so I was glad to turn in out of the night dew and, leaving injunctions to the captain to keep a bright look out for the Federal boarding schooner, I went to sleep without the smallest notion that I had seen my last of Mr. Brown.

I had been two or three hours asleep when I was awoke by the negro cook, who was leaning over the berth, and, with teeth chattering, said, "Monsieur! nous sommes perdus! un bâtiment de guerre nous poursuit—il va tirer bientôt. Nous serons coulé! Oh, Mon Dieu! Oh, Mon Dieu!" I started up and popped my head through the hatchway. The skipper himself was at the helm, glancing from the compass to the quivering reef points of the mainsail. "What's the matter, captain." "Waal, sir," said the captain, speaking very slowly, "There has been a something a running after us for nigh the last two hours, but he ain't a gaining on us. I don't think he'll kitch us up nohow this time; if the wind holds this pint a leetle, Diana will beat him."

The confidence of coasting captains in their own craft is an hallucination which no risk or danger will ever prevent them from cherishing most tenderly. There's not a skipper from Hartlepool to Whitstable who does not believe his Maryanne Smith or the Two Grandmothers is able, "on certain pints," to bump her fat bows, and drag her coal-scuttle shaped stern faster through the sea than any clipper afloat. I was once told by the captain of a Margate Billy Boy he believed he could run to windward of any frigate in Her Majesty's service.

"But, good heavens, man, it may be the Oriental—no doubt it is Mr. Brown who is looking after us."

"Ah! Waal, may be. Whoever it is, he creeped quite close up on me in the dark. It give me quite a sterk when I seen him. 'May be,' says I, 'he is a privateering—pirating—chap.' So I runs in shore as close as I could; gets my centre board in, and, says I, 'I'll see what you're made of, my boy.' And so we goes on. He ain't a-gaining on us, I can tell you."

I looked through the glass, and could just make out, half or three-quarters of a mile astern, and to leeward, a vessel, looking quite black, which seemed to be standing on in pursuit of us. The shore was so close, we could almost have leaped into the surf, for when the centre board was up the Diana did not draw much more than four feet water. The skipper held grimly on. "You had better shake your wind, and see who it is; it may be Mr. Brown." "No, *sir*, Mr Brown or no, I can't help carrying on now; there's a bank runs all along outside of us, and if I don't hold my course I'll be on it in one minute." I confess I was rather annoyed, but the captain was master of the situation. He said, that if it had been the Oriental she would have fired a blank gun to bring us to as soon as she saw us. To my inquiries why he did not awaken me when she was first made out, he innocently replied, "You was in such a beautiful sleep, I thought it would be regular cruelty to disturb you."

By creeping close in shore the Diana was enabled to keep to windward of the stranger, who was seen once or twice to bump or strike, for her sails shivered. "There, she's struck again." "She's off once more," and the chase is renewed. Every moment I expected to have my eyes blinded by the flash of her bow gun, but for some reason or another, possibly because she did not wish to check her way, the Oriental—privateer, or whatever it was—saved her powder.

A stern chase is a long chase. It is two o'clock in the morning—the skipper grinned with delight. "I'll lead him into a pretty mess if he follows me through the 'Swash,' whoever he is." We were but ten miles from Fort Morgan. Nearer and nearer to the shore creeps the Diana.

"Take a cast of the lead, John." "Nine feet." "Good. Again." "Seven feet." "Again." "Five feet." "Charlie, bring the lantern." We were now in the "Swash," with a boiling tideway.

Just at the moment that the negro uncovered the lantern out it went, a fact which elicited the most remarkable amount of imprecations ear ever heard. The captain went dancing mad in intervals of deadly calmness, and gave his commands to the crew, and strange oaths to the cook alternately, as the mate sung out, "Five feet and a-half." "About she goes! Confound you, you black scoundrel, I'll teach you," &c., &c. "Six feet! Eight feet and a-half!" "About she comes again." "Five feet! Four feet and a-half." (Oh, Lord! Six inches under our keel!) And so we went, with a measurement between us and death of inches, not by any means agreeable, in which the captain showed remarkable coolness and skill in the management of his craft, combined with a most unseemly animosity towards his unfortunate cook.

It was very little short of a miracle that we got past the "Elbow," as the most narrow part of the channel is called, for it was just at the critical moment the binnacle light was extinguished, and went out with a splutter, and there we were left in darkness in a channel not one hundred yards wide and only six feet deep. The centre board also got jammed once or twice when it was most important to lie as close to the wind as possible; but at last the captain shouted out, "It's all right, we're in deep water," and calling the mate to the helm proceeded to relieve his mind by chasing Charlie into a corner and belabouring him with a dead shark or dog fish about four feet long, which he picked up from the deck as the handiest weapon he could find. For the whole morning, henceforth, the captain found great comfort in making constant charges on the hapless cook, who at last slyly threw the shark overboard at a favourable opportunity, and forced his master to resort to other varieties of Rhadamantine implements. But where was the Oriental all this time? No one could say; but Charlie, who seemed an authority as to her movements, averred she put her helm round as soon as we entered the "Swash," and disappeared in black night.

The Diana had thus distinguished herself by running the blockade of Pensacola, but a new triumph awaited her. As we approached Fort Morgan a grey streak in the East just offered light enough to distinguish the outlines of the fort and of the Confederate flag which waved above it. A fair breeze carried us abreast of the signal station, one solitary light gleamed from the walls, but neither guard boat put off to board us, nor did sentry hail, nor was gun fired—still we stood on. "Captain, had you not better lie to? They'll be sending a round shot after us presently." "No, *sir*. They are all asleep in that fort," replied the indomitable skipper.

Down went his helm, and away ran the Diana into

Mobile Bay, and was soon safe in the haze beyond shot or shell, running towards the opposite shore. This was glory enough, for the Diana of Mobile. The wind blew straight from the North into our teeth, and at bright sunrise she was only a few miles inside the bay.

All the livelong day was spent in tacking from one low shore to another low shore, through water which looked like pea soup. We had to be sure the pleasure of seeing Mobile from every point of view, east and west, with all the varieties between northing and southing, and numerous changes in the position of steeples, sandhills, and villas, the sun roasting us all the time and boiling the pitch out of the seams.

The greatest excitement of the day was an encounter with a young alligator, making an involuntary voyage out to sea in the tide-way. The crew said he was drowning, having lost his way or being exhausted by struggling with the current. He was about ten feet long, and appeared to be so utterly done up that he would willingly have come aboard as he passed within two yards of us; but desponding as he was, it would have been positive cruelty to have added him to the number of our party.

The next event of the day was dinner, in which Charlie outrivalled himself by a tremendous fry of onions and sliced Bologna sausage, and a piece of pig, which had not decided whether it was to be pork or bacon.

Having been fourteen hours beating some twenty-seven miles, I was landed at last at a wharf in the suburbs of the town about five o'clock in the evening. On my way to the Battle House I met seven distinct companies marching through the streets to drill, and the air was filled with sounds of bugling and drumming. In the evening a number of gentlemen called upon me to inquire what I thought of Fort Pickens and Pensacola, and I had some difficulty in parrying their very home questions, but at last adopted a formula which appeared to please them — I assured my friends I thought it would be an exceedingly tough business whenever the bombardment took place.

One of the most important steps which I have yet heard of has excited little attention, namely, the refusal of the officer commanding Fort MacHenry, at Baltimore, to obey the writ of *habeas corpus* issued by a judge of that city for the person of a soldier of his garrison. This military officer takes upon himself to aver there is a state of civil war in Baltimore, which he considers sufficient legal cause for the suspension of the writ.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Judge Campbell—Dr. Nott—Slavery—Departure for New Orleans—Down the river—Fear of Cruisers—Approach to New Orleans—Duelling—Streets of New Orleans—Unhealthiness of the city—Public opinion as to the war—Happy and contented negroes.

May 18*th.*—An exceedingly hot day, which gives bad promise of comfort for the Federal soldiers, who are coming, as the Washington Government asserts, to put down rebellion in these quarters. The mosquitos are advancing in numbers and force. The day I first came I asked the waiter if they were numerous. "I wish they were a hundred times as many," said he. On inquiring if he had any possible reason for such an extraordinary aspiration, he said, "because we would get rid of these darned black republicans out of Fort Pickens all the sooner." The man seemed to infer they would not bite the Confederate soldiers.

I dined at Dr. Nott's, and met Judge Campbell, who has resigned his high post as one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, and explained his reasons for doing so in a letter, charging Mr. Seward with treachery, dissimulation, and falsehood. He seemed to me a great casuist rather than a profound lawyer, and to delight in subtle distinctions and technical abstractions; but I had the advantage of hearing from him at great length the whole history of the Dred Scot case, and a recapitulation of the arguments used on both sides, the force of which, in his opinion, was irresistibly in favour of the decision of the Court. Mr. Forsyth, Colonel Hardee, and others were of the company.

To me it was very painful to hear a sweet ringing silvery voice, issuing from a very pretty mouth, "I'm so delighted to hear that the Yankees in Fortress Monroe have got typhus fever. I hope it may kill them all." This was said by one of the most charming young persons possible, and uttered with unmistakeable sincerity, just as if she had said, "I hear all the snakes in Virginia are dying of poison." I fear the young lady did not think very highly of me for refusing to sympathise with her wishes in that particular form. But all the ladies in Mobile belong to "The Yankee Emancipation Society." They spend their days sewing cartridges, carding lint, preparing bandages, and I'm not quite sure that they don't fill shells and fuses as well. Their zeal and energy will go far to sustain the South in the forthcoming struggle, and nowhere is the influence of women greater than in America.

As to Dr. Nott, his studies have induced him to take a purely materialist view of the question of slavery, and, according to him, questions of morals and ethics, pertaining to its consideration, ought to be referred to the cubic capacity of the human cranium—the head that can take the largest charge of snipe shot will eventually dominate in some form or other over the head of inferior capacity. Dr. Nott detests slavery, but he does not see what is to be done with the slaves, and how the four millions of negroes are to be prevented from becoming six, eight, or ten millions, if their growth is stimulated by high prices for Southern produce.

There is a good deal of force in the observation which I have heard more than once down here, that Great Britain could not have emancipated her negroes had they been dwelling within her border, say in Lancashire or Yorkshire. No inconvenience was experienced by the English people *per se* in consequence of the emancipation, which for the time destroyed industry and shook society to pieces in Jamaica. Whilst the States were colonies, Great Britain viewed the introduction of slaves to such remote dependencies with satisfaction, and when the United States had established their sovereignty they found the institution of slavery established within their own borders, and an important, if not essential, stratum in their social system. The work of emancipation would have then been comparatively easy, it now is a stupendous problem which no human being has offered to solve.

May 19*th*.—The heat out of doors was so great that I felt little tempted to stir out, but at 2 o'clock Mr. Magee drove me to a pretty place, called Spring Hill, where Mr. Stein, a German merchant of the city, has his country residence. The houses of Mobile merchants are scattered around the rising ground in that vicinity; they look like marble at a distance, but a nearer approach resolves them into painted wood. Stone is almost unknown on all this seaboard region. The worthy German was very hospitable, and I enjoyed a cool walk before dinner under the shade of his grapes, which formed pleasant walks in his garden. The Scuppernung grape, which grew in profusion—a native of North Carolina — has a remarkable appearance. The stalk, which is smooth, and covered with a close grained grey bark, has not the character of a vine, but grows straight and stiff like the branch of a tree, and is crowded with delicious grapes. Cherokee plum and rose trees, and magnificent magnolias, clustered round his house, and beneath their shadow I listened to the worthy German comparing the Fatherland to his adopted country, and now and then letting out the secret love of his heart for the old place. He, like all of the better classes in the South, has the utmost dread of universal suffrage, and would restrict the franchise largely to-morrow if he could.

May 20.—I left Mobile in the steamer Florida for New Orleans this morning at eight o'clock. She was crowded with passengers, in uniform. In my cabin was a notice of the rules and regulations of the steamer. No. 6 was as follows: "All slave servants must be cleared at the Custom House. Passengers having slaves will please report as soon as they come on board."

A few miles from Mobile the steamer, turning to the right, entered one of the narrow channels which perforate the whole of the coast, called "Grant's Pass." An ingenious person has rendered it navigable by an artificial cut; but as he was not an universal philanthropist, and possibly may have come from north of the Tweed, he further erected a series of barriers, which can only be cleared by means of a little pepper-castor iron lighthouse; and he charges toll on all passing vessels. A small island at the pass, just above water-level, about twenty yards broad and one hundred and fifty yards long, was being fortified.

Some of our military friends landed here; and it required a good deal of patriotism to look cheerfully at the prospect of remaining cooped up among the mosquitos in a box, on this miserable sand-bank, which a shell would suffice to blow into atoms.

Having passed this channel, our steamer proceeded up a kind of internal sea, formed by the shore, on the right hand and on the left by a chain almost uninterrupted of reefs covered with sand, and exceedingly narrow, so that the surf of the ocean rollers at the other side could be seen through the foliage of the pine trees which line them. On our right the endless pines closed up the land view of the horizon; the beach was pierced by creeks without number, called bayous; and it was curious to watch the white sails of the little schooners gliding in and out among the trees along the green meadows that seemed to stretch as an impassable barrier to their exit. Immense troops of pelicans flapped over the sea, dropping incessantly on the fish which abounded in the inner water; and long rows of the same birds stood digesting their plentiful meals on the white beach by the ocean foam.

There was some anxiety in the passengers' minds, as it was reported that the United States' cruisers had been seen inside, and that they had even burned the batteries on Ship Island. We saw nothing of a character more formidable than coasting craft and a return steamer from New Orleans till we approached the entrance to Pontchartrain, when a large schooner, which sailed like a witch and was crammed with men, attracted our attention. Through the glass I could make out two guns on her deck, and quite reason enough for any well-filled merchantman sailing under the Stars and Stripes to avoid her close companionship.

The approach to New Orleans is indicated by large hamlets and scattered towns along the sea-shore, hid in the piney woods, which offer a retreat to the merchants and their families from the fervid heat of the unwholesome city in summer time. As seen from the sea, these sanitary settlements have a picturesque effect, and an air of charming freshness and lightness. There are detached villas of every variety of architecture in which timber can be constructed, painted in the brightest hues—greens, and blues, and rose tints—each embowered in magnolias and rhododendrons. From every garden a very long and slender pier, terminated by a bathing-box, stretches into the shallow sea; and the general aspect of these houses, with the light domes and spires of churches rising above the lines of white railings set in the dark green of the pines, is light and novel. To each of these cities there is a jetty, at two of which we touched, and landed newspapers, received or discharged a few bales of goods, and were off again.

Of the little crowd assembled on each, the majority were blacks—the whites, almost without exception, in uniform, and armed. A nearer approach did not induce me to think that any agencies less powerful than epidemics and summer-heats could render Pascagoula, Passchristian, Mississippi City, and the rest of these settlements very eligible residences for people of an active turn of mind.

The live-long day my fellow-passengers never ceased talking politics, except when they were eating and drinking, because the horrible chewing and spitting are not at all incompatible with the maintenance of active discussion. The fiercest of them all was a thin, fiery-eyed little woman, who at dinner expressed a fervid desire for bits of "Old Abe"—his ear, his hair; but whether for the purpose of eating or as curious reliques, she did not enlighten the company.

After dinner there was some slight difficulty among the military gentlemen, though whether of a political or personal character, I could not determine; but it was much aggravated by the appearance of a six-shooter on the scene, which, to my no small perturbation, was presented in a right line with my berth, out of the window of which I was looking at the combatants. I am happy to say the immediate delivery of the fire was averted by an amicable arrangement that the disputants should meet at the St. Charles Hotel at 12 o'clock on the second day after their arrival, in order to fix time, place, and conditions of a more orthodox and regular encounter.

At night the steamer entered a dismal canal, through a swamp which is infamous as the most mosquito haunted place along the infested shore; the mouths of the Mississippi themselves being quite innocent, compared to the entrance of Lake Pontchartrain. When I woke up at daylight, I found the vessel lying alongside a wharf with a railway train alongside, which is to take us to the city of New Orleans, six miles distant.

A village of restaurants or "restaurats," as they are called here, and of bathing boxes has grown up around the terminus; all the names of the owners, the notices and sign-boards being French. Outside the settlement the railroad passes through a swamp, like an

Indian jungle, through which the overflowings of the Mississippi creep in black currents. The spires of New Orleans rise above the underwood and semi-tropical vegetation of this swamp. Nearer to the city lies a marshy plain, in which flocks of cattle, up to the belly in the soft earth are floundering among the clumps of vegetation. The nearer approach to New Orleans by rail lies through a suburb of exceedingly broad lanes, lined on each side by rows of miserable mean one-storied houses, inhabited, if I am to judge from the specimens I saw, by a miserable and sickly population.

A great number of the men and women had evident traces of negro blood in their veins, and of the purer blooded whites many had the peculiar look of the fishy-fleshy population of the Levantine towns, and all were pale and lean. The railway terminus is marked by a dirty, barrack-like shed in the city. Selecting one of the numerous tumble-down hackney carriages which crowded the street outside the station, I directed the man to drive me to the house of Mr. Mure, the British consul, who had been kind enough to invite me as his guest for the period of my stay in New Orleans.

The streets are badly paved, as those of most of the American cities, if not all that I have ever been in, but in other respects they are more worthy of a great city than are those of New York. There is an air thoroughly French about the people—cafés, restaurants, billiard-rooms abound, with oyster and lager-bier saloons interspersed. The shops are all *magazins;* the people in the streets are speaking French, particularly the negroes, who are going out shopping with their masters and mistresses, exceedingly well dressed, noisy, and not unhappy looking. The extent of the drive gave an imposing idea of the size of New Orleans—the richness of some of the shops, the vehicles in the streets and the multitude of well dressed people on the pavements, an impression of its wealth and the comfort of the inhabitants. The Confederate flag was flying from the public buildings and from many private houses. Military companies paraded through the streets, and a large proportion of men were in uniform.

In the day I drove through the city, delivered letters of introduction, paid visits, and examined the shops and the public places; but there is such a whirl of secession and politics surrounding one it is impossible to discern much of the outer world.

Whatever may be the number of the unionists or of the non-secessionists, a pressure too potent to be resisted has been directed by the popular party against the friends of the Federal government. The agent of Brown Brothers, of Liverpool and New York, has closed their office and is going away in consequence of the intimidation of the mob, or as the phrase is here, the "excitement of the citizens," on hearing of the subscription made by the firm to the New York fund, after Sumter had been fired upon. Their agent in Mobile has been compelled to adopt the same course. Other houses follow their example, but as most business transactions are over for the season, the mercantile community hope the contest will be ended before the next season, by the recognition of Southern independence.

The streets are full of Turcos, Zouaves, Chasseurs; walls are covered with placards of volunteer companies there are Pickwick rifles, La Fayette, Beauregard, Mac-

Mahon guards, Irish, German, Italian and Spanish and native volunteers, among whom the Meagher rifles, indignant with the gentleman from whom they took their name, because of his adhesion to the North, are going to rebaptise themselves and to seek glory under one more auspicious. In fact, New Orleans looks like a suburb of the camp at Châlons. Tailors are busy night and day making uniforms. I went into a shop with the consul for some shirts—the mistress and all her seamstresses were busy preparing flags as hard as the sewing machine could stitch them, and could attend to no business for the present. The Irish population, finding themselves unable to migrate Northwards, and being without work, have rushed to arms with enthusiasm to support Southern institutions, and Mr. John Mitchell and Mr. Meagher stand opposed to each other in hostile camps.

May 22nd.—The thermometer to-day marked 95° in the shade. It is not to be wondered at that New Orleans suffers from terrible epidemics. At the side of each street a filthy open sewer flows to and fro with the tide in the blazing sun, and Mr. Mure tells me the city lies so low that he has been obliged to go to his office in a boat along the streets.

I sat for some time listening to the opinions of the various merchants who came in to talk over the news and politics in general. They were all persuaded that Great Britain would speedily recognise the South, but I cannot find that any of them had examined into the effects of such a recognition. One gentleman seemed to think to-day that recognition meant forcing the blockade; whereas it must, as I endeavoured to show him, merely lead to the recognition of the rights of the

United States to establish a blockade of ports belonging to an independent and hostile nation. There are some who maintain there will be no war after all; that the North will not fight, and that the friends of the Southern cause will recover their courage when this tyranny is over. No one imagines the South will ever go back to the Union voluntarily, or that the North has power to thrust it back at the point of the bayonet.

The South has commenced preparations for the contest by sowing grain instead of planting cotton, to compensate for the loss of supplies from the North. The payment of debts to Northern creditors is declared to be illegal, and "stay laws" have been adopted in most of the seceding states, by which the ordinary laws for the recovery of debts in the States themselves are for the time suspended, which may lead one into the belief that the legislators themselves belong to the debtor instead of the creditor class.

May 23*rd*.—As the mail communication has been suspended between North and South, and the Express Companies are ordered not to carry letters, I sent off my packet of despatches to-day, by Mr. Ewell, of the house of Dennistoun & Co.; and resumed my excursions through New Orleans.

The young artist who is stopping at the St. Charles Hotel, came to me in great agitation to say his life was in danger, in consequence of his former connexion with an abolition paper of New York, and that he had been threatened with death by a man with whom he had had a quarrel in Washington. Mr. Mure, to calm his apprehensions, offered to take him to the authorities of the town, who would, no doubt, protect him, as he was merely engaged in making sketches for an English periodical, but the young man declared he was in danger of assassination. He entreated Mr. Mure to give him despatches which would serve to protect him, on his way Northward; and the Consul, moved by his mental distress, promised that if he had any letters of an official character for Washington he would send them by him, in default of other opportunities.

I dined with Major Ranney, the president of one of the railways, with whom Mr. Ward was stopping. Among the company were Mr. Eustis, son-in-law of Mr. Slidell; Mr. Morse, the attorney-general of the State; Mr. Moise, a jew, supposed to have considerable influence with the governor, and a vehement politician; Messrs. Hunt, and others. The table was excellent, and the wines were worthy of the reputation which our host enjoys, in a city where Sallusts and Luculli are said to abound. One of the slave servants who waited at table, an intelligent yellow "boy," was pointed out to me as a son of General Andrew Jackson.

We had a full account of the attack of the British troops on the city, and their repulse. Mr. Morse denied emphatically that there was any cotton bag fortification in front of the lines, where our troops were defeated; he asserted that there were only a few bales, I think seventy-five, used in the construction of one battery, and that they and some sugar hogsheads, constituted the sole defences of the American trench. Only one citizen applied to the state for compensation, on account of the cotton used by Jackson's troops, and he owned the whole of the bales so appropriated.

None of the Southern gentlemen have the smallest apprehension of a servile insurrection. They use the universal formula "our negroes are the happiest, most contented, and most comfortable people on the face of the earth." I admit I have been struck by well-clad and good-humoured negroes in the streets, but they are in the minority; many look morose, ill-clad, and discontented. The patrols I know have been strengthened, and I heard a young lady the other night, say, "I shall not be a bit afraid to go back to the plantation, though mamma says the negroes are after mischief."

CHAPTER XXX.

The first blow struck—The St. Charles hotel—Invasion of Virginia by the Federals—Death of Col. Ellsworth—Evening at Mr. Slidell's—Public comments on the war—Richmond the capital of the Confederacy—Military preparations—General society—Jewish element—Visit to a battle-field of 1815.

May 24th.—A great budget of news to-day, which with the events of the week may be briefly enumerated. The fighting has actually commenced between the United States steamers off Fortress Monroe, and the Confederate battery erected at Sewall's point—both sides claim a certain success. The Confederates declare they riddled the steamer, and that they killed and wounded a number of the sailors. The captain of the vessel says he desisted from want of ammunition, but believes he killed a number of the rebels, and knows he had no loss himself. Beriah Magoffin, governor of the sovereign state of Kentucky, has warned off both Federal and Confederate soldiers from his territory. The Confederate congress has passed an act authorising persons indebted to the United States, except Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky, Missouri and the district of Columbia, to pay the amount of their debts, to the Confederate treasury. The State convention of North Carolina has passed an ordinance of secession. Arkansas has sent its delegates to the

Southern congress. Several Southern vessels have been made prizes, by the blockading squadron; but the event which causes the greatest excitement and indignation here, was the seizure, on Monday, by the United States' marshals, in every large city throughout the Union, of the telegraphic despatches of the last twelve months.

In the course of the day, I went to the St. Charles Hotel, which is an enormous establishment, of the American type, with a Southern character about it. A number of gentlemen were seated in the hall, and front of the office, with their legs up against the wall, and on the backs of chairs, smoking, spitting, and reading the papers. Officers crowded the bar. The bustle and noise of the place would make it anything but an agreeable residence for one fond of quiet; but this hotel is famous for its difficulties. Not the least disgraceful among them, was the assault committed by some of Walker's filibusters, upon Captain Aldham, of the Royal Navy.

The young artist, who has been living in great seclusion, was fastened up in his room; and when I informed him that Mr. Mure had despatches which he might take, if he liked, that night, he was overjoyed to excess. He started off north in the evening, and I saw him no more.

At half-past four, I went down by train to the terminus on the lake where I had landed, which is the New Orleans Richmond, or rather, Greenwich, and dined with Mr. Eustis, Mr. Johnson an English merchant, Mr. Josephs a New Orleans lawyer, and Mr. Hunt. The dinner was worthy of the reputation of the French cook. The terrapin soup excellent, though not comparable, as Americans assert, to the best turtle.

The creature from which it derives its name, is a small tortoise, the flesh is boiled somewhat in the manner of turtle, but the soup abounds in small bones, and the black paws with the white nail-like stumps projecting from them, found amongst the *disjecta membra*, are not agreeable to look upon. The bouillabaisse was unexceptionable, the soft crab worthy of every commendation, but the best dish was, unquestionably, the pompinoe, an odd fish, something like an unusually ugly John Dory, but possessing admirable qualities in all that makes fish good. The pleasures of the evening were enhanced by a most glorious sunset, which cast its last rays through a wilderness of laurel roses in full bloom, which thronged the garden. At dusk, the air was perfectly alive with fire flies and strange beetles. Flies and coleopters buzzed in through the open windows, and flopped among the glasses. At half-past nine, we returned home in cars drawn by horses along the rail.

May 25th.—Virginia has indeed been invaded by the Federals. Alexandria has been seized. It is impossible to describe the excitement and rage of the people; they take, however, some consolation in the fact that Colonel Ellsworth in command of a regiment of New York Zouaves, was shot by J. T. Jackson, the landlord of an inn in the city, called the Marshal House. Ellsworth, on the arrival of his regiment in Alexandria, proceeded to take down the secession flag, which had been long seen from the President's windows. He went out upon the roof, cut it from the staff, and was proceeding with it down stairs, when a man rushed out of a room, levelling a double-barrelled gun, shot Colonel Ellsworth dead, and fired the other barrel at one of his men, who had struck at the piece, when the murderer presented it at the Colonel. Almost instantaneously, the Zouave shot Jackson in the head, and as he was falling dead thrust his sabre bayonet through his body. Strange to say, the people of New Orleans, consider Jackson was completely right, in shooting the Federal colonel, and maintain that the Zouave, who shot Jackson, was guilty of murder. Their theory is that Ellsworth had come over with a horde of ruffianly abolitionists or, as the Richmond *Examiner* has it "the band of thieves, robbers and assassins, in the pay of Abraham Lincoln, commonly known as the United States' Army," to violate the territory of a sovereign state, in order to execute their bloody and brutal purposes, and that he was in the act of committing a robbery, by taking a flag which did not belong to him, when he met his righteous fate.

It is curious to observe how passion blinds man's reason, in this quarrel. More curious still to see, by the light of this event, how differently the same occurrence is viewed by Northerners and Southerners respectively. Jackson is depicted in the Northern papers as a fiend and an assassin; even his face in death is declared to have worn a revolting expression of rage and hate. The Confederate flag which was the cause of the fatal affray, is described by one writer, as having been purified of its baseness, by contact with Ellsworth's blood. The invasion of Virginia is hailed on all sides of the North with the utmost enthusiasm. "Ellsworth is a martyr hero, whose name is to be held sacred for ever."

On the other hand, the Southern papers declare that the invasion of Virginia, is "an act of the

Washington tyrants, which indicates their bloody and brutal purpose to exterminate the Southern people. The Virginians will give the world another proof, like that of Moscow, that a free people, fighting on a free soil, are invincible when contending for all that is dear to man." Again—"A band of execrable cut throats and jail birds, known as the Zouaves of New York, under that chief of all scoundrels, Ellsworth, broke open the door of a citizen, to tear down the flag of the house—the courageous owner met the favourite hero of the Yankees in his own hall, alone, against thousands, and shot him through the heart —he died a death which emperors might envy, and his memory will live through endless generations." Desperate, indeed, must have been the passion and anger of the man who, in the fullest certainty that immediate death must be its penalty, committed such a deed. As it seems to me, Colonel Ellsworth, however injudicious he may have been, was actually in the performance of his duty when taking down the flag of an enemy.

In the evening I visited Mr. Slidell, whom I found at home, with his family, Mrs. Slidell and her sister Madame Beauregard, wife of the general, two very charming young ladies, daughters of the house, and a parlour full of fair companions, engaged, as hard as they could, in carding lint with their fair hands. Among the company was Mr. Slidell's son, who had just travelled from school at the North, under a feigned name, in order to escape violence at the hands of the Union mobs which are said to be insulting and outraging every Southern man. The conversation, as is the case in most creole domestic circles, was carried on in French. I rarely met a man whose features have a greater *finesse* and firmness of purpose than Mr. Slidell's; his keen grey eye is full of life, his thin, firmly-set lips indicate resolution and passion. Mr. Slidell, though born in a Northern state, is perhaps one of the most determined disunionists in the Southern confederacy; he is not a speaker of note, nor a ready stump orator, nor an able writer; but he is an excellent judge of mankind, adroit, persevering, and subtle, full of device, and fond of intrigue; one of those men, who, unknown almost to the outer world, organises and sustains a faction, and exalts it into the position of a party—what is called here a "wire-puller." Mr. Slidell is to the South something greater than Mr. Thurlow Weed has been to his party in the North. He, like every one else, is convinced that recognition must come soon; but, under any circumstances, he is quite satisfied, the government and independence of the Southern confederacy are as completely established as those of any power in the world. Mr. Slidell and the members of his family possess *naïveté*, good sense, and agreeable manners; and the regrets I heard expressed in Washington society, at their absence, had every justification.

I supped at the club, which I visited every day since I was made an honorary member, as all the journals are there, and a great number of planters and merchants, well acquainted with the state of affairs in the South. There were two Englishmen present, Mr. Lingam and another, the most determined secessionists and the most devoted advocates of slavery I have yet met in the course of my travels.

Palmer;

May 26th.—The heat to-day was so great, that I felt a return of my old Indian experiences, and was unable to go, as I intended, to hear a very eminent preacher discourse on the war at one of the principal chapels.

All disposable regiments are on the march to Virginia. It was bad policy for Mr. Jefferson Davis to menace Washington before he could seriously carry out his threats, because the North was excited by the speech of his Secretary at War to take extraordinary measures for the defence of their capital; and General Scott was enabled by their enthusiasm not only to provide for its defence, but to effect a lodgment at Alexandria, as a base of operations against the enemy.

When the Congress at Montgomery adjourned, the other day, they resolved to meet on the 20th of July at Richmond, which thus becomes the capital of the Confederacy. The city is not much more than one hundred miles south of Washington, with which it was in communication by rail and river; and the selection must cause a collision between the two armies in front of the rival capitals. The seizure of the Norfolk navy yard by the Confederates rendered it necessary to reinforce Fortress Monroe; and for the present the Potomac and the Chesapeake are out of danger.

The military precautions taken by General Scott, and the movements attributed to him to hold Baltimore and to maintain his communications between Washington and the North, afford evidence of judgment and military skill. The Northern papers are clamouring for an immediate advance of their raw levies to Richmond, which General Scott resists.

In one respect the South has shown greater sagacity than the North. Mr. Jefferson Davis having seen service in the field, and having been Secretary of War, perceived the dangers and inefficiency of irregular levies, and therefore induced the Montgomery Congress to pass a bill which binds volunteers to serve during the war, unless sooner discharged, and reserves to the President of the Southern Confederacy the appointment of staff and field officers, the right of veto to battalion officers elected by each company, and the power of organising companies of volunteers into squadrons, battalions, and regiments. Writing to the *Times* at this date, I observed: "Although immense levies of men may be got together for purposes of local defence or aggressive operations, it will be very difficult to move these masses like regular armies. There is an utter want of field-trains, equipage, and commissariat, which cannot be made good in a day, a week, or a month. The absence of cavalry, and the utter deficiency of artillery, may prevent either side obtaining any decisive result in one engagement; but there can be no doubt large losses will be incurred whenever these masses of men are fairly opposed to each other in the open field."

May 27th.—I visited several of the local companies, their drill-grounds and parades; but few of the men were present, as nearly all are under orders to proceed to the Camp at Tangipao or to march to Richmond. Privates and officers are busy in the sweltering streets purchasing necessaries for their journey. As one looks at the resolute, quick, angry faces around him, and hears but the single theme, he must feel the South will never yield to the North, unless as a nation which is beaten beneath the feet of a victorious enemy.

In every state there is only one voice audible.

Hereafter, indeed, state jealousies may work their own way; but if words mean anything, all the Southern people are determined to resist Mr. Lincoln's invasion as long as they have a man or a dollar. Still, there are certain hard facts which militate against the truth of their own assertions, "that they are united to a man, and prepared to fight to a man." Only 15,000 are under arms out of the 50,000 men in the state of Louisiana liable to military service.

"Charges of abolitionism" appear in the reports of police cases in the papers every morning; and persons found guilty not of expressing opinions against slavery, but of stating their belief that the Northerners will be successful, are sent to prison for six months. The accused are generally foreigners, or belong to the lower orders, who have got no interest in the support of slavery. The moral suasion of the lasso, of tarring and feathering, head-shaving, ducking, and horse-ponds, deportation on rails, and similar ethical processes are highly in favour. As yet the North have not arrived at such an elevated view of the necessities of their position.

The New Orleans papers are facetious over their new mode of securing unanimity, and highly laud what they call "the course of instruction in the humane institution for the amelioration of the condition of northern barbarians and abolition fanatics, presided over by Professor Henry Mitchell," who, in other words, is the jailer of the workhouse reformatory.

I dined at the Lake with Mr. Mure, General Lewis, Major Ranney, Mr. Duncan Kenner a Mississippi planter, Mr. Claiborne, &c., and visited the club in the evening. Every night since I have been in

New Orleans there have been one or two fires; to-night there were three—one a tremendous conflagration. When I inquired to what they were attributable, a gentleman who sat near, bent over, and looking me straight in the face, said, in a low voice, "The slaves." The flues, perhaps, and the system of stoves, may also bear some of the blame. There is great enthusiasm among the townspeople in consequence of the Washington artillery, a crack corps, furnished by the first people in New Orleans, being ordered off for Virginia.

May 28th.—On dropping in at the Consulate to-day, I found the skippers of several English vessels who are anxious to clear out, lest they be detained by the Federal cruisers. The United States steam frigates Brooklyn and Niagara have been for some days past blockading Pass á l'outre. One citizen made a remarkable proposition to Mr. Mure. He came in to borrow an ensign of the Royal Yacht Squadron for the purpose, he said, of hoisting it on board his yacht, and running down to have a look at the Yankee ships. Mr. Mure had no flag to lend; whereupon he asked for a description by which he could get one made. On being applied to, I asked "whether the gentleman was a member of the Squadron?" "Oh, no," said he, "but my yacht was built in England, and I wrote over some time ago to say I would join the squadron." I ventured to tell him that it by no means followed he was a member, and that if he went out with the flag and could not show by his papers he had a right to carry it, the yacht would be seized. However, he was quite satisfied that he had an English yacht, and a right to hoist an English flag, and went off to an outfitter's to order a *facsimile* of the Squadron ensign, and subsequently cruised among the blockading vessels.

We hear Mr. Ewell was attacked by an Union mob in Tennessee, his luggage was broken open and plundered, and he narrowly escaped personal injury. *Per contra*, "charges of abolitionism" continue to multiply here, and are almost as numerous as the coroner's inquests, not to speak of the difficulties which sometimes attain the magnitude of murder.

I dined with a large party at the Lake, who had invited me as their guest, among whom were Mr. Slidell, Governor Hebert, Mr. Hunt, Mr. Norton, Mr. Fellows, and others. I observed in New York that every man had his own solution of the cause of the present difficulty, and contradicted plumply his neighbour the moment he attempted to propound his own theory. Here I found every one agreed as to the righteousness of the quarrel, but all differed as to the best mode of action for the South to pursue. Nor was there any approach to unanimity as the evening waxed older. Incidentally we had wild tales of Southern life, some good songs, curiously intermingled with political discussions, and what the Northerns call hyphileutin talk.

When I was in the Consulate to-day, a tall and well-dressed, but not very prepossessing-looking man, entered to speak to Mr. Mure on business, and was introduced to me at his own request. His name was mentioned incidentally to-night, and I heard a passage in his life not of an agreeable character, to say the least of it. A good many years ago there was a ball at New Orleans, at which this gentleman was present; he paid particular attention to a lady who, however, preferred the society of one of the company, and in the course of the evening an altercation occurred respecting an engagement to dance, in which violent language was exchanged, and a push or blow given by the favoured partner to his rival, who left the room, and, as it is stated, proceeded to a cutler's shop, where he procured a powerful dagger-knife. Armed with this, he returned, and sent in a message to the gentleman with whom he had quarrelled. Suspecting nothing, the latter came into the antechamber, the assassin rushed upon him, stabbed him to the heart, and left him weltering in his blood. Another version of the story was, that he waited for his victim till he came into the cloak-room, and struck him as he was in the act of putting on his overcoat. After a long delay, the criminal was tried. The defence put forward on his behalf was that he had seized a knife in the heat of the moment when the quarrel took place, and had slain his adversary in a moment of passion; but evidence, as I understand, went strongly to prove that a considerable interval elapsed between the time of the dispute and the commission of the murder. The prisoner had the assistance of able and ingenious counsel; he was acquitted. His acquittal was mainly due to the judicious disposition of a large sum of money; each juror, when he retired to dinner previous to consulting over the verdict, was enabled to find the sum of 1000 dollars under his plate; nor was it clear that the judge and sheriff had not participated in the bounty; in fact, I heard a dispute as to the exact amount which it is supposed the murderer had to pay. He now occupies, under the Confederate Government, the post at New Orleans which he lately held as representative of the Government of the United States.

After dinner I went in company of some of my hosts to the Boston Club, which has, I need not say, no connection with the city of that name. More fires, the tocsin sounding, and so to bed.

May 29*th*.—Dined in the evening with M. Aristide Milten-berger, where I met His Excellency Mr. Moore, the Governor of Louisiana, his military secretary, and a small party.

It is a strange country, indeed; one of the evils which afflicts the Louisianians, they say, is the preponderance and influence of South Carolinian Jews, and Jews generally, such as Moise, Mordecai, Josephs, and Judah Benjamin, and others. The subtlety and keenness of the Caucasian intellect give men a high place among a people who admire ability and dexterity, and are at the same time reckless of means and averse to labour. The Governor is supposed to be somewhat under the influence of the Hebrews, but he is a man quite competent to think and to act for himself—a plain, sincere ruler of a slave state, and an upholder of the patriarchal institute. After dinner we accompanied Madame Milten-berger (who affords in her own person a very complete refutation of the dogma that American women furnish no examples of the charms which surround their English sisters in the transit from the prime of life towards middle age), in a drive along the shell road to the lake and canal; the most remarkable object being a long wall lined with a glorious growth of orange trees: clouds of mosquitoes effectually interfered with an enjoyment of the drive.

May 30*th*.—Wrote in the heat of the day, enlivened by my neighbour, a wonderful mocking bird, whose songs and imitations would make his fortune in any society capable of appreciating native-born genius. His restlessness, courage, activity, and talent ought not to be confined to Mr. Mure's cage, but he seems contented and happy. I dined with Madame and M. Milten-berger, and drove out with them to visit the scene of our defeat in 1815, which lies at the distance of some miles down the river.

A dilapidated farmhouse surrounded by trees and negro huts marks the spot where Pakenham was buried, but his body was subsequently exhumed and sent home to England. Close to the point of the canal which constitutes a portion of the American defences, a negro guide came forth to conduct us round the place, but he knew as little as most guides of the incidents of the fight. The most remarkable testimony to the severity of the fire to which the British were exposed, is afforded by the trees in the neighbourhood of the tomb. In one live oak there are no less than eight round shot embedded, others contain two or three, and many are lopped, rent, and scarred by the flight of cannon ball. The American lines extended nearly three miles, and were covered in the front by swamps, marshes, and water cuts, their batteries and the vessels in the river enfiladed the British as they advanced to the attack.

Among the prominent defenders of the cotton bales was a notorious pirate and murderer named Lafitte, who with his band was released from prison on condition that he enlisted in the defence, and did substantial service to his friends and deliverers.

Without knowing all the circumstances of the case, it would be rash now to condemn the officers who directed the assault; but so far as one could judge from the present condition of the ground, the position must have been very formidable, and should not have been assaulted till the enfilading fire was subdued, and a very heavy covering fire directed to silence the guns in front. The Americans are naturally very proud of their victory, which was gained at a most trifling loss to themselves, which they erroneously conceive to be a proof of their gallantry in resisting the assault. It is one of the events which have created a fixed idea in their minds that they are able to "whip the world."

On returning from my visit I went to the club, where I had a long conversation with Dr. Rushton, who is strongly convinced of the impossibility of carrying on government, or conducting municipal affairs, until universal suffrage is put down. He gave many instances of the terrorism, violence, and assassinations which prevail during election times in New Orleans. M. Miltenberger, on the contrary, thinks matters are very well as they are, and declares all these stories are fanciful: Incendiarism rife again. All the club windows crowded with men looking at a tremendous fire, which burned down three or four stores and houses.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Carrying arms—New Orleans jail—Desperate characters—Executions—Female maniacs and prisoners—The river and levee—Climate of New Orleans — Population—General distress — Pressure of the blockade—Money—Philosophy of abstract rights—The doctrine of state rights—Theoretical defect in the constitution.

May 31*st.*—I went with Mr. Mure to visit the jail. We met the sheriff, according to appointment, at the police court. Something like a sheriff—a great, big, burly, six-foot man, with revolvers stuck in his belt, and strength and arms quite sufficient to enable him to execute his office in its highest degree. Speaking of the numerous crimes committed in New Orleans, he declared it was a perfect hell upon earth, and that nothing would ever put an end to murders, manslaughters, and deadly assaults till it was made penal to carry arms; but by law every American citizen may walk with an armoury round his waist if he likes. Bar-rooms, cock-tails, mint juleps, gambling-houses, political discussions, and imperfect civilization do the rest.

The jail, is a square white-washed building, with cracked walls and barred windows. In front of the open door were seated four men on chairs, with their legs cocked against the wall, smoking and reading newspapers. "Well, what do you want?" said one of them, without rising. "To visit the prison."

"Have you got friends inside, or do you carry an order?" The necessary document from our friend the sheriff was produced. We entered through the doorway, into a small hall, at the end of which was an iron grating and door. A slightly-built young man, who was lolling in his shirt sleeves on a chair, rose and examined the order, and, taking down a bunch of keys from a hook, and introducing himself to us as one of the warders, opened the iron door, and preceded us through a small passage into a square court-yard, formed on one side by a high wall, and on the other three by windowed walls and cells, with doors opening on the court. It was filled with a crowd of men and boys; some walking up and down, others sitting, and groups on the pavement; some moodily apart, smoking or chewing; one or two cleaning their clothes or washing at a small tank. We walked into the midst of them, and the warder, smoking his cigar and looking coolly about him, pointed out the most desperate criminals.

This crowded and most noisome place was filled with felons of every description, as well as with poor wretches merely guilty of larceny. Hardened murderers, thieves, and assassins were here associated with boys in their teens who were undergoing imprisonment for some trifling robbery. It was not pleasant to rub elbows with miscreants who lounged past, almost smiling defiance, whilst the slim warder, in his straw hat, shirt sleeves, and drawers told you how such a fellow had murdered his mother, how another had killed a policeman, or a third had destroyed no less than three persons in a few moments. Here were seventy murderers, pirates, burglars, violaters, and thieves circulating among men who had been proved guilty of no offence, but were merely waiting for their trial.

A verandah ran along one side of the wall, above a row of small cells, containing truckle beds for the inmates. "That's a desperate chap, I can tell you," said the warder, pointing to a man who, naked to his shirt, was sitting on the floor, with heavy irons on his legs, which they chafed notwithstanding the bloody rags around them, engaged in playing cards with a fellow prisoner, and smoking with an air of supreme contentment. The prisoner turned at the words, and gave a kind of grunt and chuckle, and then played his next card. "That," said the warder, in the proud tone of a menagerie keeper exhibiting his fiercest wild beast, "is a real desperate character; his name is Gordon: I guess he comes from your country; he made a most miraculous attempt to escape, and all but succeeded; and you would never believe me if I told you that he hooked on to that little spout, climbed up the angle of that wall there, and managed to get across to the ledge of that window over the outside wall before he was discovered." And indeed it did require the corroborative twinkle in the fellow's eye, as he heard of his own exploit, to make me believe that the feat thus indicated could be performed by mortal man.

"There's where we hang them," continued he, pointing to a small black door, let into the wall, about 18 feet from the ground, with some iron hooks above it. "They walk out on the door, which is shot on a bolt, and when the rope is round their necks from the hook, the door's let flop, and they swing over the court-yard." The prisoners are shut up in their cells during the execution, but they can see what is passing, at least those who get good places at the windows. "Some of them," added the warder, "do die very brave indeed. Some of them abuse as you never heard. But most of them don't seem to like it."

Passing from the yard, we proceeded upstairs to the first floor, where were the debtors' rooms. These were tolerably comfortable, in comparison to the wretched cells we had seen; but the poorer debtors were crowded together, three or four in a room. As far as I could ascertain, there is no insolvency law, but the debtor is free, after ninety days' imprisonment, if his board and lodging be paid for. "And what if they are not?" "Oh, well, in that case we keep them till all is paid, adding of course for every day they are kept."

In one of these rooms, sitting on his bed, looking wicked and gloomy, and with a glare like that of a wild beast in his eyes, was a Doctor Withers, who a few days ago murdered his son-in-law and his wife, in a house close to Mr. Mure's. He was able to pay for this privilege, and "as he is a respectable man," said the warder, "perhaps he may escape the worst."

Turning from this department into another gallery, the warder went to an iron door, above which was painted a death's head and cross-bones, beneath were the words "condemned cell."

He opened the door, which led to a short narrow covered gallery, one side of which looked into a courtyard, admitting light into two small chambers, in which were pallets of straw covered with clean counterpanes.

Six men were walking up and down in the passage. In the first room there was a table, on which were placed missals, neatly bound, and very clean religious books, a crucifix, and *Agnus Dei.* The whitewashed wall of this chamber was covered with most curious drawings in charcoal or black chalk, divided into compartments, and representing scenes in the life of the unhappy artist, a Frenchman, executed some years ago for murdering his mistress, depicting his temptations—his gradual fall from innocence—his society with abandoned men and women—intermingled with Scriptural subjects, Christ walking on the waters, and holding out his hand to the culprit—the murderer's corpse in the grave—angels visiting and lamenting over it;—finally, the resurrection, in which he is seen ascending to heaven!

My attention was attracted from this extraordinary room to an open gallery at the other side of the courtyard, in which were a number of women with dishevelled hair and torn clothes, some walking up and down restlessly, others screaming loudly, while some with indecent gestures were yelling to the wretched men opposite to them, as they were engaged in their miserable promenade.

Shame and horror to a Christian land! These women were maniacs! They are kept here until there is room for them at the State Lunatic Asylum. Night and day their terrible cries and ravings echo through the dreary, waking hours and the fitful slumbers of the wretched men so soon to die.

Two of those who walked in that gallery are to die to-morrow.

What a mockery—the crucifix!—the *Agnus Dei!*—the holy books! I turned with sickness and loathing from the dreadful place. "But," said the keeper, apologetically, "there's not one of them believes he'll be hanged."

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We next visited the women's gallery, where female criminals of all classes are huddled together indiscriminately. On opening the door, the stench from the open verandah, in which the prisoners were sitting, was so vile that I could not proceed further; but I saw enough to convince me that the poor, erring woman who was put in there for some trifling offence, and placed in contact with the beings who were uttering such language as we heard, might indeed leave hope behind her.

The prisoners have no beds to sleep upon, not even a blanket, and are thrust in to lie as they please, five in each small cell. It may be imagined what the tropical heat produces under such conditions as these; but as the surgeon was out, I could obtain no information respecting the rates of sickness or mortality.

I next proceeded to a yard somewhat smaller than that appropriated to serious offenders, in which were confined prisoners condemned for short sentences, for such offences as drunkenness, assault, and the like. Among the prisoners were some English sailors, confined for assaults on their officers, or breach of articles; all of whom had complaints to make to the Consul, as to arbitrary arrests and unfounded charges. Mr. Mure told me that when the port is full he is constantly engaged inquiring into such cases; and I am sorry to learn that the men of our commercial marine occasion a good deal of trouble to the authorities.

I left the prison in no very charitable mood towards the people who sanctioned such a disgraceful institution, and proceeded to complete my tour of the city.

The "Levee," which is an enormous embankment to prevent the inundation of the river, is now nearly deserted except by the river steamers, and those which have been unable to run the blockade. As New Orleans is on an average three feet below the level of the river at high water, this work requires constant supervision; it is not less than fifteen feet broad, and rises five or six feet above the level of the adjacent street, and it is continued in an almost unbroken line for several hundreds of miles up the course of the Mississippi. When the bank gives way, or a "crevasse," as it is technically called, occurs, the damage done to the plantations has sometimes to be calculated by millions of dollars; when the river is very low there is a new form of danger, in what is called the "caving in" of the bank, which, left without the support of the water pressure, slides into the bed of the giant river.

New Orleans is called the "crescent city" in consequence of its being built on a curve of the river, which is here about the breadth of the Thames at Gravesend, and of great depth. Enormous cotton presses are erected near the banks, where the bales are compressed by machinery before stowage on shipboard, at a heavy cost to the planter.

The custom-house, the city-hall, and the United States mint, are fine buildings, of rather pretentious architecture; the former is the largest building in the States, next to the capital. I was informed that on the levee, now almost deserted, there is during the cotton and sugar season a scene of activity, life, and noise, the like of which is not in the world. Even Canton does not show so many boats on the river, not to speak of steamers, tugs, flat boats, and the like; and it may be easily imagined that such is the case, when we know that the value of the cotton sent in the year from this port alone exceeds twenty millions sterling, and that the other exports are of the value of at least fifteen millions sterling, whilst the imports amount to nearly four millions.

As the city of New Orleans is nearly 1700 miles south of New York, it is not surprising that it rejoices in a semi-tropical climate. The squares are surrounded with lemon-trees, orange-groves, myrtle, and magnificent magnolias. Palmettoes and peach-trees are found in all the gardens, and in the neighbourhood are enormous cypresses, hung round with the everlasting Spanish moss.

The streets of the extended city are different in character from the narrow chaussées of the old town, and the general rectangular arrangement common in the United States, Russia, and British Indian cantonments is followed as much as possible. The markets are excellent, each municipality, or grand division, being provided with its own. They swarm with specimens of the composite races which inhabit the city, from the thorough-bred, woolly-headed negro, who is suspiciously like a native-born African, to the Creole who boasts that every drop of blood in his veins is purely French.

I was struck by the absence of any whites of the labouring classes, and when I inquired what had become of the men who work on the levee and at the cotton presses in competition with the negroes, I was told they had been enlisted for the war.

I forgot to mention that among the criminals in the prison there was one Mr. Bibb, a respectable citizen, who had a little affair of his own on Sunday morning.

Mr. Bibb was coming from market, and had secured an early copy of a morning paper. Three citizens, anxious for news, or, as Bibb avows, for his watch and purse, came up and insisted that he should read the paper for them. Bibb declined, whereupon the three citizens, in the full exercise of their rights as a majority, proceeded to coerce him; but Bibb had a casual revolver in his pocket, and in a moment he shot one of his literary assailants dead, and wounded the two others severely, if not mortally. The paper which narrates the circumstances, in stating that the successful combatant had been committed to prison, adds, "great sympathy is felt for Mr. Bibb." If the Southern minority is equally successful in its resistance to *force majeure* as this eminent citizen, the fate of the Confederacy cannot long be doubtful.

June 1*st*. The respectable people of the city are menaced with two internal evils in consequence of the destitution caused by the stoppage of trade with the North and with Europe. The municipal authorities, for want of funds, threaten to close the city schools, and to disband the police; at the same time employers refuse to pay their workmen on the ground of inability. The British Consulate was thronged to-day by Irish, English, and Scotch, entreating to be sent North or to Europe. The stories told by some of these poor fellows were most pitiable, and were vouched for by facts and papers; but Mr. Mure has no funds at his disposal to enable him to comply with their prayers. Nothing remains for them but to enlist. For the third or fourth time I heard cases of British subjects being forcibly carried off to fill the ranks of so-called volunteer companies and regiments. In some instances they have been knocked down, bound, and confined in barracks, till in despair they consented to serve. Those who have friends aware of their condition were relieved by the interference of the Consul; but there are many, no doubt, thus coerced and placed in involuntary servitude without his knowledge. Mr. Mure has acted with energy, judgment, and success on these occasions; but I much wish he could have, from national sources, assisted the many distressed English subjects who thronged his office.

The great commercial community of New Orleans, which now feels the pressure of the blockade, depends on the interference of the European Powers next October. They have, among them men who refuse to pay their debts to Northern houses, but they deny that they intend to repudiate, and promise to pay all who are not black Republicans when the war is over. Repudiation is a word out of favour, as they feel the character of the Southern States and of Mr. Jefferson Davis himself has been much injured in Europe by the breach of honesty and honour of which they have been guilty; but I am assured on all sides that every State will eventually redeem all its obligations. Meantime, money here is fast vanishing. Bills on New York are worth nothing, and bills on England are at 18 per cent. discount from the par value of gold; but the people of this city will endure all this and much more to escape from the hated rule of the Yankees.

Through the present gloom come the rays of a glorious future, which shall see a grand slave confederacy enclosing the Gulf in its arms, and swelling to the shores of the Potomac and Chesapeake, with the entire control of the Mississippi and a monopoly of the great staples on which so much of the manufactures and commerce of England and France depend. They believe themselves, in fact, to be masters of the destiny of the world. Cotton is king—not alone king but czar; and coupled with the gratification and profit to be derived from this mighty agency, they look forward with intense satisfaction to the complete humiliation of their hated enemies in the New England States, to the destruction of their usurious rival New York, and to the impoverishment and ruin of the states which have excited their enmity by personal liberty bills, and have outraged and insulted them by harbouring abolitionists and an anti-slavery press.

The abolitionists have said, "We will never rest till every slave is free in the United States." Men of larger views than those have declared, "They will never rest from agitation until a man may as freely express his opinions, be they what they may, on slavery, or anything else, in the streets of Charleston or of New Orleans as in those of Boston or New York." "Our rights are guaranteed by the Constitution," exclaim the South. "The Constitution," retorts Wendel Phillips, "is a league with the devil,—a covenant with hell."

The doctrine of State Rights has been consistently advocated not only by Southern statesmen, but by the great party who have ever maintained there was danger to liberty in the establishment of a strong central Government; but the contending interests and opinions on both sides had hitherto been kept from open collision by artful compromises and by ingenious contrivances, which ceased with the election of Mr. Lincoln.

There was in the very corner-stone of the republican edifice a small fissure, which has been widening as the grand structure increased in height and weight. The early statesmen and authors of the Republic knew of its existence, but left to posterity the duty of dealing with it and guarding against its consequences. Washington himself was perfectly aware of the danger; and he looked forward to a duration of some sixty or seventy years only for the great fabric he contributed to erect. He was satisfied a crisis must come, when the States whom in his farewell address he warned against rivalry and faction would be unable to overcome the animosities excited by different interests, and the passions arising out of adverse institutions; and now that the separation has come, there is not, in the Constitution, or out of it, power to cement the broken fragments together.

It is remarkable that in New Orleans, as in New York, the opinion of the most wealthy and intelligent men in the community, so far as I can judge, regards universal suffrage as organised confiscation, legalised violence and corruption, a mortal disease in the body politic. The other night, as I sat in the club-house, I heard a discussion in reference to the operations of the Thugs in this city, a band of native-born Americans, who at election times were wont deliberately to shoot down Irish and German voters occupying positions as leaders of their mobs. These Thugs were only suppressed by an armed vigilance committee, of which a physician who sat at table was one of the members.

Having made some purchases, and paid all my visits, I returned to prepare for my voyage up the Mississippi and visits to several planters on its banks—my first being to Governor Roman.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Up the Mississippi—Free negroes and English policy—Monotony of the river scenery—Visit to M. Ronan—Slave quarters—A slave-dance—Slave-children—Negro hospital—General opinion—Confidence in Jefferson Davis.

June 2nd. My good friend the Consul was up early to see me off; and we drove together to the steamer J. L. Cotten. The people were going to mass as we passed through the streets; and it was pitiable to see the children dressed out as Zouaves, with tin swords and all sorts of pseudo-military tomfoolery; streets crowded with military companies; bands playing on all sides.

Before we left the door a poor black sailor came up to entreat Mr. Mure's interference. He had been sent by Mr. Magee, the Consul at Mobile, by land to New Orleans, in the hope that Mr. Mure would be able to procure him a free passage to some British port. He had served in the Royal Navy, and had received a wound in the Russian war. The moment he arrived in New Orleans he had been seized by the police. On his stating that he was a free-born British subject, the authorities ordered him to be taken to Mr. Mure; he could not be allowed to go at liberty on account of his colour; the laws of the State forbad such dangerous experiments on the feelings of the slave population; and if the Consul did not provide for him, he would be arrested and kept in prison, if no worse fate befell him. He was suffering from the effect of his wound, and was evidently in ill health. Mr. Mure gave him a letter to the Sailors' Hospital, and some relief out of his own pocket. The police came as far as the door with him, and remained outside to arrest him if the Consul did not afford him protection and provide for him, so that he should not be seen at large in the streets of the city. The other day a New Orleans privateer captured three northern brigs, on board which were ten free negroes. The captain handed them over to the Recorder, who applied to the Confederate States' Marshal to take charge of them. The Marshal refused to receive them, whereupon the Recorder, as a magistrate and a good citizen, decided on keeping them in jail, as it would be a bad and dangerous policy to let them loose upon the community.

I cannot help feeling that the position taken by England in reference to the question of her coloured subjects is humiliating and degrading. People who live in London may esteem this question a light matter; but it has not only been inconsistent with the national honour; it has so degraded us in the opinion of Americans themselves, that they are encouraged to indulge in an insolent tone and in violent acts towards us, which will some day leave Great Britain no alternative but an appeal to arms. Free coloured persons are liable to seizure by the police, and to imprisonment, and may be sold into servitude under certain circumstances.

On arriving at the steamer I found a considerable party of citizens assembled to see off their friends. Governor

Roman's son apologised to me for his inability to accompany me up the river, as he was going to the drill of his company of volunteers. Several other gentlemen were in uniform; and when we had passed the houses of the city, I observed companies and troops of horse exercising on both sides of the banks. On board were Mr. Burnside, a very extensive proprietor, and Mr. Forstal, agent to Messrs. Baring, who claims descent from an Irish family near Rochestown, though he speaks our vernacular with difficulty, and is much more French than British. He is considered one of the ablest financiers and economists in the United States, and is certainly very ingenious, and well crammed with facts and figures.

The aspect of New Orleans from the river is marred by the very poor houses lining the quays on the levee. Wide streets open on long vistas bordered by the most paltry little domiciles; and the great conceptions of those who planned them, notwithstanding the prosperity of the city, have not been realised.

As we were now floating nine feet higher than the level of the streets, we could look down upon a sea of flat roofs and low wooden houses, painted white, pierced by the domes and spires of churches and public buildings. Grass was growing in many of these streets. At the other side of the river there is a smaller city of shingle-roofed houses, with a background of low timber.

The steamer stopped continually at various points along the levee, discharging commissariat stores, parcels, and passengers; and after a time glided up into the open country, which spread beneath us for several miles at each side of the banks, with a continuous background of forest. All this part of the river is called the

Coast, and the country adjacent is remarkable for its fertility. The sugar plantations are bounded by lines drawn at right angles to the banks of the river, and extending through the forest. The villas of the proprietors are thickly planted in the midst of the green fields, with the usual porticoes, pillars, verandahs, and green blinds; and in the vicinity of each are rows of whitewashed huts, which are the slave quarters. These fields, level as a billiard-table, are of the brightest green with crops of maize and sugar.

But few persons were visible; not a boat was to be seen; and in the course of sixty-two miles we met only two steamers. No shelving banks, no pebbly shoals, no rocky margins mark the course or diversify the outline of the Mississippi. The dead, uniform line of the levee compresses it at each side, and the turbid waters flow without let in a current of uniform breadth between the monotonous banks. The gables and summit of one house resemble those of another; and but for the enormous scale of river and banks, and the black faces of the few negroes visible, a passenger might think he was on board a Dutch "treckshuyt." In fact, the Mississippi is a huge trench-like canal draining a continent.

At half-past three P.M. the steamer ran alongside the levee at the right bank, and discharged me at "Cahabanooze," in the Indian tongue, or "The ducks' sleeping place," together with an English merchant of New Orleans, M. La Ville Beaufevre, son-in-law of Governor Roman, and his wife. The Governor was waiting to receive us in the levee, and led the way through a gate in the paling which separated his ground from the roadside, towards the house, a substantial, square, two-storied mansion, with a verandah all round it, embosomed amid venerable trees, and surrounded by magnolias. By way of explaining the proximity of his house to the river, M. Roman told me that a considerable portion of the garden in front had a short time ago been carried off by the Mississippi; nor is he at all sure the house itself will not share the same fate; I hope sincerely it may not. My quarters were in a detached house, complete in itself, containing four bedrooms, library, and sitting-room, close to the mansion, and surrounded, like it, by fine trees.

After we had sat for some time in the shade of the finest group, M. Roman, or, as he is called, the Governor—once a captain always a captain—asked me whether I would like to visit the slave quarters. I assented, and the Governor led the way to a high paling at the back of the house, inside which the scraping of fiddles was audible. As we passed the back of the mansion some young women flitted past in snow white dresses, crinolines, pink sashes, and gaudily coloured handkerchiefs on their heads, who were, the Governor told me, the domestic servants going off to a dance at the sugar-house; he lets his slaves dance every Sunday. The American planters who are not Catholics, although they do not make the slaves work on Sunday except there is something to do, rarely grant them the indulgence of a dance, but a few permit them some hours of relaxation on each Saturday afternoon.

We entered, by a wicket gate, a square enclosure, lined with negro huts, built of wood, something like those which came from Malta to the Crimea in the early part of the campaign. They are not furnished with windows—a wooden slide or grating admits all the air a negro desires. There is a partition dividing the hut into two departments, one of which is used as the sleeping-room, and contains a truckle bedstead and a mattrass stuffed with cotton wool, or the hair-like fibres of dried Spanish moss. The wardrobes of the inmates hang from nails or pegs driven into the wall. The other room is furnished with a dresser, on which are arranged a few articles of crockery and kitchen utensils. Sometimes there is a table in addition to the plain wooden chairs, more or less dilapidated, constituting the furniture —a hearth, in connection with a brick chimney outside the cottage, in which, hot as the day may be, some embers are sure to be found burning. The ground round the huts was covered with litter and dust, heaps of old shoes, fragments of clothing and feathers, amidst which pigs and poultry were recreating. Curs of low degree scampered in and out of the shade, or around two huge dogs, *chiens de garde,* which are let loose at night to guard the precincts; belly deep, in a pool of stagnant water, thirty or forty mules were swinking in the sun and enjoying their day of rest.

The huts of the negroes engaged in the house are separated from those of the slaves devoted to field labour out of doors by a wooden paling. I looked into several of the houses, but somehow or other felt a repugnance, I dare say unjustifiable, to examine the penetralia, although invited—indeed, urged, to do so by the Governor. It was not that I expected to come upon anything dreadful, but I could not divest myself of some regard for the feelings of the poor creatures, slaves though they were, who stood by, shy, curtseying, and silent, as I broke in upon their family circle, felt their beds, and turned over their clothing. What right had I to do so?

Swarms of flies, tin cooking utensils attracting them by remnants of molasses, crockery, broken and old, on the dressers, more or less old clothes on the wall, these varied over and over again, were found in all the huts; not a sign of ornament or decoration was visible; not the most tawdry print, image of Virgin or Saviour; not a prayerbook or printed volume. The slaves are not encouraged, or indeed permitted to read, and some communities of slave-owners punish heavily those attempting to instruct them.

All the slaves seemed respectful to their master; dressed in their best, they curtseyed, and came up to shake hands with him and with me. Among them were some very old men and women, the canker-worms of the estate, who were dozing away into eternity, mindful only of hominy, and pig, and molasses. Two negro fiddlers were working their bows with energy in front of one of the huts, and a crowd of little children were listening to the music, together with a few grown-up persons of colour, some of them from the adjoining plantations. The children are generally dressed in a little sack of coarse calico, which answers all reasonable purposes, even if it be not very clean.

It might be an interesting subject of inquiry to the natural philosophers who follow crinology to determine why it is that the hair of the infant negro, or child, up to six or seven years of age, is generally a fine red russet, or even gamboge colour, and gradually darkens into dull ebon. These little bodies were mostly large-stomached, well fed, and not less happy than freeborn children, although much more valuable—for if once they get over juvenile dangers, and advance toward nine or ten years of age, they rise in value to £100 or more, even in times when the market is low and money is scarce.

The women were not very well-favoured; one yellow girl, with fair hair and light eyes, whose child was quite white, excepted; the men were disguised in such strangely cut clothes, their hats, and shoes, and coats so wonderfully made, that one could not tell what their figures were like. On all faces there was a gravity which must be the index to serene contentment and perfect comfort, for those, who ought to know best, declare they are the happiest race in the world.

It struck me more and more, however, as I examined the expression of the faces of the slaves, that deep dejection is the prevailing, if not universal, characteristic of the race. Here there were abundant evidences that they were well treated; they had good clothing of its kind, food, and a master who wittingly could do them no injustice, as he is, I am sure, incapable of it. Still, they all looked sad, and even the old woman who boasted that she had held her old owner in her arms when he was an infant, did not smile cheerfully, as the nurse at home would have done, at the sight of her ancient charge.

The negroes rear domestic birds of all kinds, and sell eggs and poultry to their masters. The money is spent in purchasing tobacco, molasses, clothes, and flour; whisky, their great delight, they must not have. Some seventy or eighty hands were quartered in this part of the estate.

Before leaving the enclosure I was taken to the hospital, which was in charge of an old negress. The naked rooms contained several flock beds on rough stands, and five patients, three of whom were women. They sat listlessly on the beds, looking out into space; no books to amuse them, no conversation—nothing but their own dull thoughts, if they had any. They were suffering from pneumonia and swellings of the glands of the neck; one man had fever. Their medical attendant visits them regularly, and each plantation has a practitioner, who is engaged by the term for his services. If the growth of sugar-cane, cotton, and corn, be the great end of man's mission on earth, and if all masters were like Governor Roman, slavery might be defended as a natural and innocuous institution. Sugar and cotton are, assuredly, two great agencies in this latter world. The older one got on well enough without them.

The scraping of the fiddles attracted us to the sugar-house, where the juice of the cane is expressed, boiled, granulated, and prepared for the refinery, a large brick building, with a factory-looking chimney. In a space of the floor unoccupied by machinery some fifteen women and as many men were assembled, and four couples were dancing a kind of Irish jig to the music of the negro musicians—a double shuffle in a thumping ecstasy, with loose elbows, pendulous paws, angulated knees, heads thrown back, and backs arched inwards — a glazed eye, intense solemnity of mien.

At this time of year there is no work done in the sugar-house, but when the crushing and boiling are going on the labour is intensely trying, and the hands work in gangs night and day; and, if the heat of the fires be superadded to the temperature in September, it may be conceded that nothing but "involuntary servitude" could go through the toil and suffering required to produce sugar.

In the afternoon the Governor's son came in from the company which he commands: his men are of the best families in the country—planters and the like. We sauntered about the gardens, diminished, as I have said, by a freak of the river. The French creoles love gardens; the Anglo-Saxons hereabout do not much affect them, and cultivate their crops up to the very doorway.

It was curious to observe so far away from France so many traces of the life of the old seigneur—the early meals, in which supper took the place of dinner—frugal simplicity—and yet a refinement of manner, kindliness and courtesy not to be exceeded.

In the evening several officers of M. Alfred Roman's company and neighbouring planters dropped in, and we sat out in the twilight, under the trees in the verandah, illuminated by the flashing fireflies, and talking politics. I was struck by the profound silence which reigned all around us, except a low rushing sound, like that made by the wind blowing over cornfields, which came from the mighty river before us. Nothing else was audible but the sound of our own voices and the distant bark of a dog. After the steamer which bore us had passed on, I do not believe a single boat floated up or down the stream, and but one solitary planter, in his gig or buggy, traversed the road, which lay between the garden palings and the bank of the great river.

Our friends were all creoles — that is, natives of Louisiana—of French or Spanish descent. They are kinder and better masters, according to universal repute, than native Americans or Scotch; but the

New England Yankee is reputed to be the severest of all slave-owners. All these gentlemen to a man are resolute that England must get their cotton or perish. She will take it, therefore, by force; but as the South is determined never to let a Yankee vessel carry any of its produce, a question has been raised by Monsieur Baroche, who is at present looking around him in New Orleans, which causes some difficulty to the astute and statistical Mr. Forstall. The French economist has calculated that if the Yankee vessels be excluded from the carrying trade, the commercial marine of France and England together will be quite inadequate to carry Southern produce to Europe.

But Southern faith is indomitable. With their faithful negroes to raise their corn, sugar, and cotton, whilst their young men are at the wars; with France and England to pour gold into their lap with which to purchase all they need in the contest, they believe they can beat all the powers of the Northern world in arms. Illimitable fields, tilled by multitudinous negroes, open on their sight, and they behold the empires of Europe, with their manufactures, their industry, and their wealth, prostrate at the base of their throne, crying out, "Cotton! More cotton! That is all we ask!"

Mr. Forstall maintains the South can raise an enormous revenue by a small direct taxation; whilst the North, deprived of Southern resources, will refuse to pay taxes at all, and will accumulate enormous debts, inevitably leading to its financial ruin. He, like every Southern man I have as yet met, expresses unbounded confidence in Mr. Jefferson Davis. I am asked invariably, as the second question from a stranger, "Have you seen our President, sir? don't you think him a very able man?" This unanimity in the estimate of his character, and universal confidence in the head of the State, will prove of incalculable value in a civil war.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Ride through the maize-fields—Sugar plantation ; negroes at work—Use of the lash—Feeling towards France—Silence of the country—Negroes and dogs—Theory of slavery—Physical formation of the negro—The defence of slavery—The masses for negro souls—Convent of the Sacré Cœur—Ferry house—A large landowner.

June 3rd. At five o'clock this morning, having been awakened an hour earlier by a wonderful chorus of riotous mocking-birds, my old negro attendant brought in my bath of Mississippi water, which, Nile like, casts down a strong deposit, and becomes as clear, if not so sweet, after standing. "Le seigneur vous attend;" and already I saw, outside my window, the Governor mounted on a stout cob, and a nice chestnut horse waiting, led by a slave. Early as it was, the sun felt excessively hot, and I envied the Governor his slouched hat as we rode through the fields, crisp with dew. In a few minutes our horses were traversing narrow alleys between the tall fields of maize, which rose far above our heads. This corn, as it is called, is the principal food of the negroes; and every planter lays down a sufficient quantity to afford him, on an average, a supply all the year round. Outside this spread vast fields, hedgeless, wall-less, and unfenced, where the green cane was just learning to wave its long shoots in the wind—a lake of bright green sugar-sprouts, along the margin of which, in the distance, rose an unbroken boundary of forest, two miles in depth, up to the swampy morass, all to be cleared and turned into arable land in process of time. From the river front to this forest, the fields of rich loam, unfathomable, and yielding from one to one and a half hogsheads of sugar per acre under cultivation, extend for a mile and a half in depth. In the midst of this expanse white dots were visible like Sowars seen on the early march, in Indian fields, many a time and oft. Those are the gangs of hands at work—we will see what they are at presently. This little reminiscence of Indian life was further heightened by the negroes who ran beside us to whisk flies from the horses, and to open the gates in the plantation boundary. When the Indian corn is not good, peas are sowed, alternately, between the stalks, and are considered to be of much benefit; and when the cane is bad, corn is sowed with it, for the same object. Before we came up to the gangs we passed a cart on the road containing a large cask, a bucket full of molasses, a pail of hominy, or boiled Indian corn, and a quantity of tin pannikins. The cask contained water for the negroes, and the other vessels held the materials for their breakfast; in addition to which, they generally have each a dried fish. The food was ample, and looked wholesome; such as any labouring man would be well content with. Passing along through maize on one side, and cane at another, we arrived at last at a patch of ground where thirty-six men and women were hoeing.

Three gangs of negroes were at work: one gang of men, with twenty mules and ploughs, was engaged in running through the furrows between the canes, cutting up the weeds and clearing away the grass, which is the enemy of the growing shoot. The mules are of a fine, large, good-tempered kind, and understand their work almost as well as the drivers, who are usually the more intelligent hands on the plantation. The overseer, a sharp-looking creole, on a lanky pony, whip in hand, superintended their labours, and, after a salutation to the Governor, to whom he made some remarks on the condition of the crops, rode off to another part of the farm. With the exception of crying to their mules, the negroes kept silence at their work.

Another gang consisted of forty men, who were hoeing out the grass in Indian corn. The third gang, of thirty-six women, were engaged in hoeing out cane. Their clothing seemed heavy for the climate; their shoes, ponderous and ill-made, had worn away the feet of their thick stockings, which hung in fringes over the upper leathers. Coarse straw hats and bright cotton handkerchiefs protected their heads from the sun. The silence which I have already alluded to, prevailed among these gangs also—not a sound could be heard but the blows of the hoe on the heavy clods. In the rear of each gang stood a black overseer, with a heavy-thonged whip over his shoulder. If "Alcíbíade" or "Pompée" were called out, he came with outstretched hand to ask "How do you do," and then returned to his labour; but the ladies were coy, and scarcely looked up from under their flapping *chapeaux de paille* at their visitors.

Those who are mothers leave their children in the charge of certain old women, unfit for anything else, and "suckers," as they are called, are permitted to go home, at appointed periods in the day, to give the infants the breast. The overseers have power to give ten lashes; but heavier punishment ought to be reported to the Governor; however, it is not likely a good overseer would be checked, in any way, by his master. The anxieties attending the cultivation of sugar are great, and so much depends upon the judicious employment of labour, it is scarcely possible to exaggerate the importance of experience in directing it, and of power to insist on its application. When the frost comes, the cane is rendered worthless—one touch destroys the sugar. But if frost is the enemy of the white planter, the sun is scarcely the friend of the black man. The sun condemns him to slavery, because it is the heat which is the barrier to the white man's labour. The Governor told me that, in August, when the crops are close, thick set, and high, and the vertical sun beats down on the labourers, nothing but a black skin and head covered with wool can enable a man to walk out in the open and live.

We returned to the house in time for breakfast, for which our early cup of coffee and biscuit and the ride had been good preparation. Here was old France again. One might imagine a lord of the seventeenth century in his hall, but for the black faces of the servitors and the strange dishes of tropical origin. There was the old French abundance, the numerous dishes and efflorescence of napkins, and the long-necked bottles of Bordeaux, with a steady current of pleasant small talk I saw some numbers of a paper called *La Misachibée,* which was the primitive Indian name of the grand river, not improved by the addition of sibilant Anglo-Saxon syllables.

The Americans, not unmindful of the aid to which, at the end of the War of Independence, their efforts were merely auxiliary, delight, even in the North, to exalt France above her ancient rival; but, as if to show the innate dissimilarity of the two races, the French creoles exhibit towards the New Englanders and the North an animosity, mingled with contempt, which argues badly for a future amalgamation or reunion. As the South Carolinians declare, they would rather return to their allegiance under the English monarchy, so the Louisianans, although they have no sentiment in common with the people of republican and imperial France, assert they would far sooner seek a connection with the old country than submit to the yoke of the Yankees.

After breakfast, the Governor drove out by the ever-silent levée for some miles, passing estate after estate, where grove nodded to grove, each alley saw its brother. One could form no idea, from the small limited frontage of these plantations, that the proprietors were men of many thousands a year, because the estates extend on an average for three or four miles back to the forest. The absence of human beings on the road was a feature which impressed one more and more. But for the tall chimneys of the factories and the sugar-houses, one might believe that these villas had been erected by some pleasure-loving people who had all fled from the river banks for fear of pestilence. The gangs of negroes at work were hidden in the deep corn, and their quarters were silent and deserted. We met but one planter, in his gig, until we arrived at the estate of Monsieur Potier, the Governor's brother-in-law. The proprietor was at home, and received us very kindly, though suffering from the effects of a recent domestic calamity. He is a grave, earnest man, with a face like

Jerome Bonaparte, and a most devout Catholic; and any man more unfit to live in any sort of community with New England Puritans one cannot well conceive; for equal intensity of purpose and sincerity of conviction on their part could only lead them to mortal strife. His house was like a French château erected under tropical influences, and he led us through a handsome garden laid out with hothouses, conservatories, orange-trees, and date-palms, and ponds full of the magnificent Victoria Regia in flower. We visited his refining factories and mills, but the heat from the boilers, which seemed too much even for the all-but-naked negroes who were at work, did not tempt us to make a very long sojourn inside. The ebony faces and polished black backs of the slaves were streaming with perspiration as they toiled over boilers, vat, and centrifugal driers. The good refiner was not gaining much money at present, for sugar has been rapidly falling in New Orleans, and the 300,000 barrels produced annually in the South will fall short in the yield of profits, which on an average may be taken at 11*l.* a hogshead, without counting the molasses for the planter. With a most perfect faith in States Rights, he seemed to combine either indifference or ignorance in respect to the power and determination of the North to resist secession to the last. All the planters hereabouts have sown an unusual quantity of Indian corn, to have food for the negroes if the war lasts, without any distress from inland or sea blockade. The absurdity of supposing that a blockade can injure them in the way of supply is a favourite theme to descant upon. They may find out, however, that it is no contemptible means of warfare.

At night, there are regular patrols and watchmen, who look after the levée and the negroes. A number of dogs are also loosed, but I am assured that the creatures do not tear the negroes; they are taught "merely" to catch and mumble them, to treat them as a well-broken retriever uses a wounded wild duck.

At six A.M., Moïse came to ask me if I should like a glass of absinthe, or anything stomachic. At breakfast was Doctor Laporte, formerly a member of the Legislative Assembly of France, who was exiled by Louis Napoleon; in other words, he was ordered to give in his adhesion to the new *régime*, or to take a passport for abroad. He preferred the latter course, and now, true Frenchman, finding the Emperor has aggrandised France and added to her military reputation, he admires the man on whom but a few years ago he lavished the bitterest hate.

The carriage is ready, and the word farewell is spoken at last. M. Alfred Roman, my companion, has travelled in Europe, and learned philosophy; is not so orthodox as many of the gentlemen I have met who indulge in ingenious hypotheses to comfort the consciences of the anthropoproprietors. The negro skull won't hold as many ounces of shot as the white man's. Potent proof that the white man has a right to sell and to own the creature! He is plantigrade, and curved as to the tibia! Cogent demonstration that he was made expressly to work for the arch-footed, straight-tibiaed Caucasian. He has a *rete mucosum* and a coloured pigment! Surely he cannot have a soul of the same colour as that of an Italian or a Spaniard, far less of a flaxen-haired Saxon! See these peculiarities in the frontal sinus—in sinciput or occiput! Can you doubt that the being with a head of that shape was made only to till, hoe, and dig for another race? Besides, the Bible says that he is a son of Ham, and prophecy must be carried out in the rice-swamps, sugar-canes, and maize-fields of the Southern Confederation. It is flat blasphemy to set yourself against it. Our Saviour sanctions slavery because he does not say a word against it, and it is very likely that St. Paul was a slave-owner. Had cotton and sugar been known, the apostle might have been a planter! Furthermore, the negro is civilised by being carried away from Africa and set to work, instead of idling in native inutility. What hope is there of Christianising the African races, except by the agency of the apostles from New Orleans, Mobile, or Charleston, who sing the sweet songs of Zion with such vehemence, and clamour so fervently for baptism in the waters of the "Jawdam?"

If these high physical, metaphysical, moral and religious reasonings do not satisfy you, and you are bold enough to venture still to be unconvinced and to say so, then I advise you not to come within reach of a mass meeting of our citizens, who may be able to find a rope and a tree in the neighbourhood.

As we jog along in an easy rolling carriage drawn by a pair of stout horses, a number of white people meet us coming from the Catholic chapel of the parish, where they had been attending the service for the repose of the soul of a lady much beloved in the neighbourhood. The black people must be supposed to have very happy souls, or to be as utterly lost as Mr. Shandy's homunculus was under certain circumstances, for I have failed to find that any such services are ever considered necessary in their case, although they may have been very good—or, where the service would be most desirable—very bad Catholics. The dead, leaden uniformity of the scenery forced one to converse, in order to escape profound melancholy: the levée on the right hand, above which nothing was visible but the sky; on the left plantations with cypress fences, whitewashed and pointed wooden gates leading to the planters' houses, and rugged gardens surrounded with shrubs, through which could be seen the slave quarters. Men making eighty or ninety hogsheads of sugar in a year lived in most wretched tumble-down wooden houses not much larger than ox sheds.

As we drove on the storm gathered overhead, and the rain fell in torrents—the Mississippi flowed lifelessly by—not a boat on its broad surface.

At last we reached Governor Manning's place, and went to the house of the overseer, a large heavy-eyed old man.

"This rain will do good to the corn," said the overseer. "The niggers has had sceerce nothin' to do leetly, as they 'eve clearied out the fields pretty well."

At the ferry-house I was attended by one stout young slave, who was to row me over. Two flat-bottomed skiffs lay on the bank. The negro groped under the shed, and pulled out a piece of wood like a large spatula, some four feet long, and a small round pole a little longer. "What are those?" quoth I. "Dem's oars, Massa," was my sable ferryman's brisk reply. "I'm very sure they are not; if they were spliced they might make an oar between them." "Golly, and dat's the trute, Massa." "Then go and get oars, will you?" While he was hunting about we entered the shed at the ferry for shelter from the rain. We found "a solitary woman sitting" smoking a pipe by the ashes on the hearth, blear-eyed, low-browed and morose —young as she was. She never said a word nor moved as we came in, sat and smoked, and looked through her gummy eyes at chickens about the size of sparrows, and at a cat not larger than a rat which ran about on the dirty floor. A little girl, some four years of age, not overdressed—indeed, half-naked, "not to put too fine a point upon it"—crawled out from under the bed, where she had hid on our approach. As she seemed incapable of appreciating the use of a small piece of silver presented to her—having no precise ideas in coinage or toffy—her parent took the obolus in charge, with unmistakeable decision; but still the lady would not stir a step to aid our guide, who now insisted on the "key ov de oar-house." The little thing sidled off and hunted it out from the top of the bedstead, and when it was found, and the boat was ready, I was not sorry to quit the company of the silent woman in black. The boatman pushed his skiff, in shape a snuffer-dish, some ten feet long and a foot deep, into the water—there was a good deal of rain in it. I got in too, and the conscious waters immediately began vigorously spurting through the cotton wadding wherewith the craft was caulked. Had we gone out into the stream we should have had a swim for it, and they do say that the Mississippi is the most dangerous river in the known world, for that healthful exercise. "Why! deuce take you" (I said at least that, in my wrath), "don't you see the boat is leaky?" "See it now for true, Massa. Nobody able to tell dat till Massa get in though." Another skiff proved to be more staunch. I bade good-bye to my friend

Roman, and sat down in my boat, which was forced by the negro against the stream close to the bank, in order to get a good start across to the other side. The view from my lonely position was curious, but not at all picturesque. The world was bounded on both sides by a high bank, which constricted the broad river, just as if one were sailing down an open sewer of enormous length and breadth. Above the bank rose the tops of tall trees and the chimneys of sugar-houses, and that was all to be seen save the sky.

A quarter of an hour brought us to the levée on the other side. I ascended the bank, and across the road, directly in front appeared a carriage gateway and wickets of wood, painted white, in a line of park palings of the same material, which extended up and down the road far as the eye could see, and guarded wide-spread fields of maize and sugar-cane. An avenue lined with trees, with branches close set, drooping and overarching a walk paved with red brick, led to the house, the porch of which was visible at the extremity of the lawn, with clustering flowers, rose, jessamine, and creepers clinging to the pillars supporting the verandah. The view from the belvedere on the roof was one of the most striking of its kind in the world.

If an English agriculturist could see six thousand acres of the finest land in one field, unbroken by hedge or boundary, and covered with the most magnificent crops of tasseling Indian corn and sprouting sugar-cane, as level as a billiard-table, he would surely doubt his senses. But here is literally such a sight—six thousand acres, better tilled than the finest patch in all the Lothians, green as Meath pastures, which can be turned up for a hundred years to come without requiring manure, of depth practically unlimited, and yielding an average profit on what is sold off it of at least 20*l.* an acre, at the old prices and usual yield of sugar. Rising up in the midst of the verdure are the white lines of the negro cottages and the plantation offices and sugar-houses, which look like large public edifices in the distance. My host was not ostentatiously proud in telling me that, in the year 1857, he had purchased this estate for 300,000*l.* and an adjacent property, of 8000 acres, for 150,000*l.*, and that he had left Belfast in early youth, poor and unfriended, to seek his fortune, and indeed scarcely knowing what fortune meant, in the New World. In fact, he had invested in these purchases the greater part, but not all, of the profits arising from the business in New Orleans, which he inherited from his master; of which there still remained a solidnucleus in the shape of a great woollen magazine and country house. He is not yet fifty years of age, and his confidence in the great future of sugar induced him to embark this enormous fortune in an estate which the blockade has stricken with paralysis.

I cannot doubt, however, that he regrets he did not invest his money in a certain great estate in the North of Ireland, which he had nearly decided on buying; and, had he done so, he would now be in the position to which his unaffected good sense, modesty, kindliness, and benevolence, always adding the rental, entitle him. Six thousand acres on this one estate all covered with sugar-cane, and 16,000 acres more of Indian corn, to feed the slaves;—these were great possessions, but not less than 18,000 acres still remained, covered with brake and forest and swampy, to be reclaimed and turned into gold. As easy to persuade the owner of such wealth that slavery is indefensible as to have convinced the Norman baron that the Saxon churl who tilled his lands ought to be his equal.

I found Mr. Ward and a few merchants from New Orleans in possession of the bachelor's house. The service was performed by slaves, and the order and regularity of the attendants were worthy of a well-regulated English mansion. In Southern houses along the coast, as the Mississippi above New Orleans is termed, beef and mutton are rarely met with, and the more seldom the better. Fish, also, is scarce, but turkeys, geese, poultry, and preparations of pig, excellent vegetables, and wine of the best quality, render the absence of the accustomed dishes little to be regretted.

The silence which struck me at Governor Roman's is not broken at Mr. Burnside's; and when the last thrill of the mocking-bird's song has died out through the grove, a stillness of Avernian profundity settles on hut, field, and river.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Negroes—Sugar-cane plantations—The negro and cheap labour—Mortality of blacks and whites—Irish labour in Louisiana—A sugar-house—Negro children—Want of education—Negro diet—Negro hospital—Spirits in the morning—Breakfast—More slaves—Creole planters.

June 5*th*.—The smart negro who waited on me this morning spoke English. I asked him if he knew how to read and write.—"We must not do that, sir." "Where were you born?"—"I were raised on the plantation, Massa, but I have been to New Orleens;" and then he added, with an air of pride, "I sp'ose, sir, Massa Burnside not take less than 1500 dollars for me." Downstairs to breakfast, the luxuries of which are fish, prawns, and red meat which has been sent for to Donaldsonville by boat rowed by an old negro. Breakfast over, I walked down to the yard, where the horses were waiting, and proceeded to visit the saccharine principality. Mr. Seal, the overseer of this portion of the estate, was my guide, if not philosopher and friend. Our road lay through a lane formed by a cart-track, between fields of Indian corn just beginning to flower—as it is called technically, to "tassel"—and sugar-cane. There were stalks of the former twelve or fifteen feet in height, with three or four ears each, round which the pea twined in leafy masses. The maize affords food to the negro, and the husks are eaten by the horses and mules, which also fatten on the peas in rolling time.

The wealth of the land is inexhaustible: all the soil requires is an alternation of maize and cane; and the latter, when cut in the stalk, called "ratoons," at the end of the year, produces a fresh crop, yielding excellent sugar. The cane is grown from stalks which are laid in pits during the winter till the ground has been ploughed, when each piece of cane is laid longitudinally on the ridge and covered with earth, and from each joint of the stalk springs forth a separate sprout when the crop begins to grow. At present the sugar-cane is waiting for its full development, but the negro labour around its stem has ceased. It is planted in long continuous furrows, and although the palm-like tops have not yet united in a uniform arch over the six feet which separates row from row, the stalks are higher than a man. The plantation is pierced with waggon roads, for the purpose of conveying the cane to the sugar-mills, and these again are intersected by and run parallel with drains and ditches, portions of the great system of irrigation and drainage, in connection with a canal to carry off the surplus water to a bayou. The extent of these works may be estimated by the fact that there are thirty miles of road and twenty miles of open deep drainage through the estate, and that the main canal is fifteen feet wide, and at present four feet deep; but in the midst of this waste of plenty and wealth, where are the human beings who produce both? One must go far to discover them; they are buried in sugar and in maize, or hidden in negro quarters. In truth, there is no trace of them, over all this expanse of land, unless one knows where to seek; no "ploughboy whistles o'er the lea;" no rustic stands to do his own work, but the gang is moved off in silence from point to point, like a corps d'armée of some despotic emperor manœuvring in the battle field.

Admitting everything that can be said, I am the more persuaded, from what I see, that the real foundation of slavery in the Southern States lies in the power of obtaining labour at will at a rate which cannot be controlled by any combination of the labourers. Granting the heat and the malaria, it is not for a moment to be argued that planters could not find white men to do their work if they would pay them for the risk. A negro, it is true, bears heat well, and can toil under the blazing sun of Louisiana, in the stifling air between the thick-set sugar-canes, but the Irishman who is employed in the stoke-hole of a steamer is exposed to a higher temperature and physical exertion even more arduous. The Irish labourer can, however, set a value on his work; the African slave can only determine the amount of work to be got from him by the exhaustion of his powers. Again, the indigo planter in India, out from morn till night amidst his ryots, or the sportsman toiling under the midday sun through swamp and jungle, proves that the white man can endure the utmost power of the hottest sun in the world as well as the native. More than that, the white man seems to be exempt from the inflammatory disease, pneumonia, and attacks of the mucous membrane and respiratory organs to which the blacks are subject; and if the statistics of negro mortality were rigidly examined, I doubt that they would exhibit as large a proportion of mortality and sickness as would be found amongst gangs of white men under similar circumstan ces. But the slave is subjected to rigid control; he is deprived of stimulating drinks in which the free white labourer would indulge; and he is obliged to support life upon an antiphlogistic diet, which gives him, however, sufficient strength to execute his daily task.

It is in the supposed cheapness of slave labour and its profitable adaptation in the production of Southern crops, that the whole gist and essence of the question really lie. The planter can get from the labour of a slave for whom he has paid 200*l*., a sum of money which will enable him to use up that slave in comparatively a few years of his life, whilst he would have to pay to the white labourer a sum that would be a great apparent diminution of his profits, for the same amount of work. It is calculated that each field-hand, as an able-bodied negro is called, yields seven hogsheads of sugar a year, which, at the rate of fourpence a pound, at an average of a hogshead an acre, would produce to the planter 140*l*. for every slave. This is wonderful interest on the planter's money; but he sometimes gets two hogheads an acre, and even as many as three hogsheads have been produced in good years on the best lands; in other words, two and a quarter tons of sugar and refuse stuff, called "bagasse," have been obtained from an acre of cane. Not one planter of the many I have asked has ever given an estimate of the annual cost of a slave's maintenance; the idea of calculating it never comes into their heads.

Much depends upon the period at which frost sets in; and if the planters can escape till January without any cold to nip the juices and the cane, their crop is increased in value each day; but it is not till

October they can begin to send cane to the mill, in average seasons; and if the frost does not come till December, they may count upon the fair average of a hogshead of 1200 pounds of sugar to every acre.

The labour of ditching, trenching, cleaning the waste lands, and hewing down the forests is generally done by Irish labourers, who travel about the country under contractors, or are engaged by resident gangsmen for the task. Mr. Seal lamented the high prices of this work; but then, as he said, "It was much better to have Irish to do it, who cost nothing to the planter if they died, than to use up good field-hands in such severe employment." There is a wonderful mine of truth in this observation. Heaven knows how many poor Hibernians have been consumed and buried in these Louisianian swamps, leaving their earnings to the dramshop keeper and the contractor, and the results of their toil to the planter. This estate derives its name from an Indian tribe called Houmas; and when Mr. Burnside purchased it for 300,000*l.* he received in the first year 63,000*l.* as the clear value of the crops on his investment.

The first place I visited with the overseer was a new sugar-house, which negro carpenters and masons were engaged in erecting. It would have been amusing had not the subject been so grave, to hear the overseer's praises of the intelligence and skill of these workmen, and his boast that they did all the work of skilled labourers on the estate, and then to listen to him, in a few minutes, expatiating on the utter helplessness and ignorance of the black race, their incapacity to do any good, or even to take care of themselves.

There are four sugar-houses on this portion of

Mr. Burnside's estate, consisting of grinding-mills, boiling-houses, and crystallising sheds.

The sugar-house is the capital of the negro quarters, and to each of them is attached an enclosure, in which there is a double row of single-storied wooden cottages, divided into two or four rooms. An avenue of trees runs down the centre of the negro street, and behind each hut are rude poultry-hutches, which, with geese and turkeys and a few pigs, form the perquisites of the slaves, and the sole source from which they derive their acquaintance with currency. Their terms are strictly cash. An old negro brought up some ducks to Mr. Burnside last night, and offered the lot of six for three dollars. "Very well, Louis; if you come to-morrow, I'll pay you." "No, massa; me want de money now." "But won't you give me credit, Louis? Don't you think I'll pay the three dollars?" "Oh, pay some day, massa, sure enough. Massa good to pay de tree dollar; but this nigger want money now to buy food and things for him leetle famly. They will trust massa at Donaldsville, but they won't trust this nigger." I was told that a thrifty negro will sometimes make ten or twelve pounds a year from his corn and poultry; but he can have no inducement to hoard; for whatever is his, as well as himself, belongs to his master.

Mr. Seal conducted me to a kind of forcing-house, where the young negroes are kept in charge of certain old crones too old for work, whilst their parents are away in the cane and Indian corn. A host of children of both sexes were seated in the verandah of a large wooden shed, or playing around it, very happily and noisily. I was glad to see the boys and girls of nine, ten, and eleven years of age were at this season, at all events, exempted from the cruel fate which befalls poor children of their age in the mining and manufacturing districts of England. At the sight of the overseer the little ones came forward in tumultuous glee, babbling out, "Massa Seal," and evidently pleased to see him.

As a jolly agriculturist looks at his yearlings or young beeves, the kindly overseer, lolling in his saddle, pointed with his whip to the glistening fat ribs and corpulent paunches of his woolly-headed flock. "There's not a plantation in the State," quoth he, "can show such a lot of young niggers. The way to get them right is not to work the mothers too hard when they are near their time; to give them plenty to eat, and not to send them to the fields too soon." He told me the increase was about five per cent. per annum. The children were quite sufficiently clad, ran about round us, patted the horses, felt our legs, tried to climb up on the stirrup, and twinkled their black and ochrey eyes at Massa Seal. Some were exceedingly fair; and Mr. Seal, observing that my eye followed these, murmured something about the overseers before Mr. Burnside's time being rather a bad lot. He talked about their colour and complexion quite openly; nor did it seem to strike him that there was any particular turpitude in the white man who had left his offspring as slaves on the plantation.

A tall, well-built lad of some nine or ten years stood by me, looking curiously into my face. "What is your name?" said I. "George," he replied. "Do you know how to read or write?" He evidently did not understand the question. "Do you go to church or chapel?" A dubious shake of the head. "Did you ever hear of our Saviour?" At this point Mr. Seal interposed, and said, "I think we had better go on, as the sun is getting hot," and so we rode gently through the little ones; and when we had got some distance he said, rather apologetically, "We don't think it right to put these things into their heads so young, it only disturbs their minds, and leads them astray."

Now, in this one quarter there were no less than eighty children, some twelve and some even fourteen years of age. No education—no God—their whole life—food and play, to strengthen their muscles and fit them for the work of a slave. "And when they die?" "Well," said Mr. Seal, "they are buried in that field there by their own people, and some of them have a sort of prayers over them, I believe." The overseer, it is certain, had no fastidious notions about slavery; it was to him the right thing in the right place, and his *summum bonum* was a high price for sugar, a good crop, and a healthy plantation. Nay, I am sure I would not wrong him if I said he could see no impropriety in running a good cargo of regular black slaves, who might clear the great backwood and swampy undergrowth, which was now exhausting the energies of his field-hands, in the absence of Irish navvies.

Each negro gets 5 lbs. of pork a week, and as much Indian corn bread as he can eat, with a portion of molasses, and occasionally they have fish for breakfast. All the carpenters and smiths' work, the erection of sheds, repairing of carts and ploughs, and the baking of bricks for the farm buildings, are done on the estate by the slaves. The machinery comes from the manufacturing cities of the North; but great efforts are made to procure it from New Orleans, where factories have been already established. On the borders of the forest the negroes are allowed to plant corn for their own use, and sometimes they have an overplus, which they sell to their masters. Except when there is any harvest pressure on their hands, they have from noon on Saturday till dawn on Monday morning to do as they please, but they must not stir off the plantation on the road, unless with special permit, which is rarely granted.

There is an hospital on the estate, and even shrewd Mr. Seal did not perceive the conclusion that was to be drawn from his testimony to its excellent arrangements. "Once a nigger gets in there, he'd like to live there for the rest of his life." But are they not the happiest, most contented people in the world—at any rate, when they are in hospital? I declare that to me the more orderly, methodical, and perfect the arrangements for economising slave labour—regulating slaves—are, the more hateful and odious does slavery become. I would much rather be the animated human chattel of a Turk, Egyptian, Spaniard, or French creole, than the labouring beast of a Yankee or of a New England capitalist.

When I returned back to the house I found my friends enjoying a quiet *siesta,* and the rest of the afternoon was devoted to idleness, not at all disagreeable with a thermometer worthy of Agra. Even the mocking-birds were roasted into silence, and the bird which answers to our rook or crow sat on the under branches of the trees, gaping for air with his bill wide open. It must be hot indeed when the mocking-bird loses his activity. There is one, with its nest in a rose-bush trailed along the verandah under my window, which now sits over its young ones with outspread wings, as if to protect them from being baked; and it is so courageous and affectionate, that when I approach quite close, it merely turns round its head, dilates its beautiful dark eye, and opens its beak, within which the tiny sharp tongue is saying, I am sure, "Don't for goodness sake disturb me, for if you force me to leave, the children will be burned to death."

June 6th.—My chattel Joe, "adscriptus mihi domino," awoke me to a bath of Mississippi water with huge lumps of ice in it, to which he recommended a mint-julep as an adjunct. It was not here that I was first exposed to an ordeal of mint-julep, for in the early morning a stranger in a Southern planter's house may expect the offer of a glassful of brandy, sugar, and peppermint beneath an island of ice—an obligatory panacea for all the evils of climate. After it has been disposed of, Pompey may come up again with glass number two: "Massa say fever very bad this morning—much dew." It is possible that the degenerate Anglo-Saxon stomach has not the fine tone and temper of that of an Hibernian friend of mine, who considered the finest thing to counteract the effects of a little excess was a tumbler of hot whiskey and water the moment the sufferer opened his eyes in the morning. Therefore, the kindly offering may be rejected. But on one occasion before breakfast the negro brought up mint-julep number three, the acceptance of which he enforced by the emphatic declaration, "Massa says, sir, you had better take this, because it'll be the last he make before breakfast."

Breakfast is served: there is on the table a profusion of dishes—grilled fowl, prawns, eggs and ham, fish from New Orleans, potted salmon from England, preserved meats from France, claret, iced water, coffee and tea, varieties of hominy, mush, and African vegetable preparations. Then come the newspapers, which are perused eagerly with ejaculations, "Do you hear what they are doing now—infernal villains! that Lincoln must be mad!" and the like. At one o'clock, in spite of the sun, I rode out with Mr. Lee, along the road by the Mississippi, to Mr. Burnside's plantation, called Orange Grove, from a few trees which still remain in front of the overseer's house. We visited an old negro, called "Boatswain," who lives with his old wife in a wooden hut close by the margin of the Mississippi. His business is to go to Donaldsonville for letters, or meat, or ice for the house—a tough row for the withered old man. He is an African born, and he just remembers being carried on board ship and taken to some big city before he came upon the plantation.

"Do you remember nothing of the country you came from, Boatswain?" "Yes, sir. Jist remember trees and sweet things my mother gave me, and much hot sand I put my feet in, and big leaves that we play with—all us little children—and plenty to eat, and big birds and shells." "Would you like to go back, Boatswain?" "What for, sir? no one know old Boatswain there. My old missus Sally inside." "Are you quite happy, Boatswain?" "I'm getting very old, massa. Massa Burnside very good to Boatswain, but who care for such dam old nigger? Golla Mighty gave me fourteen children, but he took them all away again from Sally and me. No budy care much for dam old nigger like me."

Further on Mr. Seal salutes us from the verandah of his house, but we are bound for overseer Gibbs, who meets us, mounted, by the roadside—a man grim in beard and eye, and silent withal, with a big whip in his hand and a large knife stuck in his belt. He leads us through a magnificent area of cane and maize, the latter towering far above our heads; but I was most anxious to see the forest primæval which borders the clear land at the back of the estate, and spreads away over alligator-haunted swamps into distant bayous. It was not, however, possible to gratify one's curiosity very extensively beyond the borders of the cleared land, for rising round the roots of the cypress, swamp pine, and live oak there was a barrier of undergrowth and bush twined round the cane brake which stands some sixteen feet high, so stiff that the united force of man and horse could not make way against the rigid fibres, and indeed, as Mr. Gibbs told us, "When the niggers take to the cane brake they can beat man or dog, and nothing beats them but snakes and starvation."

He pointed out some sheds around which were broken bottles where the last Irish gang had been working, under one "John Loghlin," of Donaldsonville, a great contractor, who, he says, made plenty of money out of his countrymen, whose bones are lying up and down the Mississippi. "They due work like fire," he said. "Loghlin does not give them half the rations we give our negroes, but he can always manage them with whiskey, and when he wants them to do a job he gives them plenty of 'forty rod,' and they have their fight out—reglar free fight, I can tell you, while it lasts. Next morning they will sign anything and go anywhere with him."

On the Orange Grove Plantation, although the crops were so fine, the negroes unquestionably seemed less comfortable than those in the quarters of Houmas, separated from them by a mere nominal division. Then, again, there were more children with fair complexions to be seen peeping out of the huts; some of these were attributed to the former overseer, one Johnson by name, but Mr. Gibbs, as if to vindicate his memory, told me confidentially he had paid a large sum of money to the former proprietor of the estate for one of his children, and had carried it away with him when he left. "You could not expect him, you know," said Gibbs, "to buy them all at the prices that were then going in '56. All the children on the estate," added he, "are healthy, and I can show my lot against Seal's over there, though I hear tell he had a great show of them out to you yesterday."

The bank of the river below the large plantation was occupied by a set of small Creole planters, whose poor houses were close together, indicating very limited farms, which had been subdivided from time to time, according to the French fashion; so that the owners have at last approached pauperism; but they are tenacious of their rights, and will not yield to the tempting price offered by the large planters. They cling to the soil without enterprise and without care. The Spanish settlers along the river are open to the same reproach, and prefer their own ease to the extension of their race in other lands, or to the aggrandisement of their posterity; and an Epicurean would aver, they were truer philosophers than the restless creatures who wear out their lives in toil and labour, to found empires for the future.

It is among these men that, at times, slavery assumes its harshest aspect, and that the negroes are exposed to the severest labour; but it is also true that the slaves have closer relations with the families of their owners, and live in more intimate connection with them than they do under the strict police of the large plantations. These people sometimes get forty bushels of corn to the acre, and a hogshead and a half of sugar. We saw their children going to school, whilst the heads of the houses sat in the verandah smoking, and their mothers were busy with household duties; and the signs of life, the voices of women and children, and the activity visible on the little farms, contrasted not unpleasantly with the desert-like stillness of the larger settlements. Rode back in a thunderstorm.

At dinner in the evening Mr. Burnside entertained a number of planters in the neighbourhood — M. Bringier, M. Coulon (French creoles), Mr. Duncan Kenner, a medical gentleman named Cotmann, and others—the last-named gentleman is an Unionist, and does not hesitate to defend his opinions; but he has during a visit to Russia formed high ideas of the necessity and virtues of an absolute and centralised government.

CHAPTER XXXV.

War-rumours, and military movements—Governor Manning's slave plantations—Fortunes made by slave-labour—Frogs for the table—The forest—Cotton and sugar—A thunderstorm.

June 7th.—The Confederate issue of ten millions sterling, in bonds payable in twenty years, is not sufficient to meet the demands of Government; and the four millions of small Treasury notes, without interest, issued by Congress, are being rapidly absorbed. Whilst the Richmond papers demand an immediate movement on Washington, the journals of New York are clamouring for an advance upon Richmond. The planters are called upon to accept the Confederate bonds in payment of the cotton to be contributed by the States.

Extraordinary delusions prevail on both sides. The North believe that battalions of scalping Indian savages are actually stationed at Harper's Ferry. One of the most important movements has been made by Major-General M'Clellan, who has marched a force into Western Virginia from Cincinnati, has occupied a portion of the line of the Baltimore and Ohio railway, which was threatened with destruction by the Secessionists; and has already advanced as far as Grafton. Gen. M'Dowell has been appointed to the command of the Federal forces in Virginia. Every day regiments are pouring down from the North to Washington. General Butler, who is in command at Fortress Monroe, has determined to employ negro fugitives, whom he has called "Contrabands," in the works about the fort, feeding them, and charging the cost of their keep against the worth of their services; and Mr. Cameron, the Secretary of War, has ordered him to refrain from surrendering such slaves to their masters, whilst he is to permit no interference by his soldiers with the relations of persons held to service under the laws of the States in which they are in.

Mr. Jefferson Davis has arrived at Richmond. At sea the Federal steamers have captured a number of Southern vessels; and some small retaliations have been made by the Confederate privateers. The largest mass of the Confederate troops have assembled at a place called Manassas Junction, on the railway from Western Virginia to Alexandria.

The Northern papers are filled with an account of a battle at Philippi, and a great victory, in which no less than two of their men were wounded and two were reported missing as the whole casualties; but Napoleon scarcely expended so much ink over Austerlitz as is absorbed on this glory in the sensation headings of the New York papers.

After breakfast I accompanied a party of Mr. Burnside's friends to visit the plantations of Governor Manning, close at hand. One plantation is as like another as two peas. We had the same paths through tasseling corn, high above our heads, or through wastes of rising sugar-cane; but the slave quarters on Governor Manning's were larger, better built, and more comfortable-looking than any I have seen.

Mr. Bateman, the overseer, a dour strong man, with spectacles on nose, and a quid in his cheek, led us over the ground. As he saw my eye resting on a large knife in a leather case stuck in his belt, he thought it necessary to say, "I keep this to cut my way through the cane brakes about; they are so plaguey thick."

All the surface water upon the estate is carried into a large open drain, with a reservoir in which the fans of a large wheel, driven by steam-power, are worked so as to throw the water over to a cut below the level of the plantation, which carries it into a bayou connected with the lower Mississippi.

In this drain one of my companions saw a prodigious frog, about the size of a tortoise, on which he pounced with alacrity; and on carrying his prize to land he was much congratulated by his friend. "What on earth will you do with the horrid reptile?" "Do with it! why, eat it to be sure." And it is actually true, that on our return the monster 'crapaud' was handed over to the old cook, and presently appeared on the breakfast-table, looking very like an uncommonly fine spatchcock, and was partaken of with enthusiasm by all the company.

From the draining-wheel we proceeded to visit the forest, where negroes were engaged in clearing the trees, turning up the soil between the stumps, which marked where the mighty sycamore, live oak, gum-trees, and pines had lately shaded the rich earth. In some places the Indian corn was already waving its head and tassels above the black gnarled roots; in other spots the trees, girdled by the axe, but not yet down, rose up from thick crops of maize; and still deeper in the wood negroes were guiding the ploughs, dragged with pain and difficulty by mules, three abreast, through the tangled roots and rigid earth, which will next year be fit for sowing. There were one hundred and twenty negroes at work; and these, with an adequate number of mules, will clear four hundred and fifty acres of land this year. "But it's death on niggers and mules," said Mr. Bateman. "We generally do it with Irish, as well as the hedging and ditching; but we can't get them now, as they are all off to the wars."

Although the profits of sugar are large, the cost of erecting the machinery, the consumption of wood in the boiler, and the scientific apparatus demand a far larger capital than is required by the cotton planter, who, when he has got land, may procure negroes on credit, and only requires food and clothing till he can realise the proceeds of their labour, and make a certain fortune. Cotton will keep where sugar spoils. The prices are far more variable in the latter, although it has a protective tariff of 20 per cent.

The whole of the half million of hogsheads of the sugar grown in the South is consumed in the United States, whereas most of the cotton is sent abroad; but in the event of a blockade the South can use its sugar *ad nauseam,* whilst the cotton is all but useless in consequence of the want of manufacturers in the South.

When I got back, Mr. Burnside was seated in his verandah, gazing with anxiety, but not with apprehension, on the marching columns of black clouds, which were lighted up from time to time by heavy flashes, and shaken by rolls of thunder. Day after day the planters have been looking for rain, tapping glasses, scrutinising aneroids, consulting negro weather prophets, and now and then their expectations were excited by clouds moving down the river, only to be disappointed by their departure into space, or, worse than all, their favouring more distant plantations with a shower that brought gold to many a coffer. "Did you ever see such luck? Kenner has got it again! That's the third shower Bringier has had in the last two days."

But it was now the turn of all our friends to envy us a tremendous thunder-storm, with a heavy, even downfall of rain, which was sucked up by the thirsty earth almost as fast as it fell, and filled the lusty young corn with growing pains, imparting such vigour to the cane that we literally saw it sprouting up, and could mark the increase in height of the stems from hour to hour.

My good host is rather uneasy about his prospects this year, owing to the war; and no wonder. He reckoned on an income of £100,000 for his sugar alone; but if he cannot send it North it is impossible to estimate the diminution of his profits. I fancy, indeed, he more and more regrets that he embarked his capital in these great sugar-swamps, and that he would gladly now invest it at a loss in the old country, of which he is yet a subject; for he has never been naturalised in the United States. Nevertheless, he rejoices in the finest clarets, and in wines of fabulous price, which are tended by an old white-headed negro, who takes as much care of the fluid as if he was accustomed to drink it every day.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Visit to Mr. M'Call's plantation—Irish and Spaniards—The planter—A Southern sporting man—The creoles—Leave Houmas—Donaldsonville—Description of the City—Baton Rouge—Steamer to Natchez—Southern feeling; faith in Jefferson Davis—Rise and progress of prosperity for the planters—Ultimate issue of the war to both North and South.

June 8th.—According to promise, the inmates of Mr. Burnside's house proceeded to pay a visit to-day to the plantation of Mr. M'Call, who lives at the other side of the river some ten or twelve miles away. Still the same noiseless plantations, the same oppressive stillness, broken only by the tolling of the bell which summons the slaves to labour, or marks the brief periods of its respite! Whilst waiting for the ferry-boat, we visited Dr. Cotmann, who lives in a snug house near the levée, for, hurried as we were, 'twould nevertheless have been a gross breach of etiquette to have passed his doors; and I was not sorry for the opportunity of making the acquaintance of a lady so amiable as his wife, and of seeing a face with tender, pensive eyes, serene brow, and lovely contour, such as Guido or Greuse would have immortalised, and which Miss Cotmann, in the seclusion of that little villa on the banks of the Mississippi, scarcely seemed to know, would have made her a beauty in any capital in Europe.

The Doctor is allowed to rave on about his Union propensities and political power, as Mr. Petigru is permitted to indulge in similar vagaries in Charleston, simply because he is supposed to be helpless. There is, however, at the bottom of the Doctor's opposition to the prevailing political opinion of the neighbourhood, a jealousy of acres and slaves, and a sentiment of animosity to the great seigneurs and slave-owners, which actuate him without his being aware of their influence. After a halt of an hour in his house, we crossed in the ferry to Donaldsonville, where, whilst we were waiting for the carriages, we heard a dialogue between some drunken Irishmen and some still more inebriated Spaniards in front of the public-house at hand. The Irishmen were going off to the wars, and were endeavouring in vain to arouse the foreign gentlemen to similar enthusiasm; but, as the latter were resolutely sitting in the gutter, it became necessary to exert eloquence and force to get them on their legs to march to the head-quarters of the Donaldsonville Chasseurs. "For the love of the Virgin and your own sowl's sake, Fernandey, get up and cum along wid us to fight the Yankees." "Josey, are you going to let us be murdered by a set of damned Protestins and rascally niggers?" "Gomey, my darling, get up; it's eleven dollars a month, and food and everything found. The boys will mind the fishing for you, and we'll come back as rich as Jews."

What success attended their appeals I cannot tell, for the carriages came round, and, having crossed a great bayou which runs down into an arm of the Mississippi near the sea, we proceeded on our way to Mr. M'Call's plantation, which we reached just as the sun was sinking into the clouds of another thunderstorm.

The more one sees of a planter's life the greater is the conviction that its charms come from a particular turn of mind, which is separated by a wide interval from modern ideas in Europe. The planter is a denomadised Arab;—he has fixed himself with horses and slaves in a fertile spot, where he guards his women with Oriental care, exercises patriarchal sway, and is at once fierce, tender, and hospitable. The inner life of his household is exceedingly charming, because one is astonished to find the graces and accomplishments of womanhood displayed in a scene which has a certain sort of savage rudeness about it after all, and where all kinds of incongruous accidents are visible in the service of the table, in the furniture of the house, in its decorations, menials, and surrounding scenery.

It was late in the evening when the party returned to Donaldsonville; and when we arrived at the other side of the bayou there were no carriages, so that we had to walk on foot to the wharf where Mr. Burnside's boats were supposed to be waiting—the negro ferryman having long since retired to rest. Under any circumstances a march on foot through an unknown track covered with blocks of timber and other impedimenta which represented the road to the ferry, could not be agreeable; but the recent rains had converted the ground into a sea of mud filled with holes, with islands of planks and beams of timber, lighted only by the stars—and then this in dress trousers and light boots!

We plunged, struggled, and splashed till we reached the levée, where boats there were none; and so Mr. Burnside shouted up and down the river, so did Mr. Lee, and so did Mr. Ward and all the others, whilst I sat on a log affecting philosophy and indifference, in spite of tortures from mosquitoes innumerable, and severe bites from insects unknown.

The city and river were buried in darkness; the rush of the stream, which is sixty feet deep near the banks, was all that struck upon the ear in the intervals of the cries, "Boat ahoy!" "Ho! Batelier!" and sundry ejaculations of a less regular and decent form. At length a boat did glide out of the darkness, and the man who rowed it stated he had been waiting all the time up the bayou, till by mere accident he came down to the jetty, having given us up for the night. In about half an hour we were across the river, and had per force another interview with Dr. Cotmann, who regaled us with his best in story and in wine till the carriages were ready, and we drove back to Mr. Burnside's, only meeting on the way two mounted horsemen with jingling arms, who were, we were told, the night patrol;—of their duties I could, however, obtain no very definite account.

June 9th.—A thunder-storm, which lasted all the morning and afternoon till three o'clock. When it cleared I drove, in company with Mr. Burnside and his friends, to dinner with Mr. Duncan Kenner, who lives some ten or twelve miles above Houmas. He is one of the sporting men of the South, well known on the Charleston race-course, and keeps a large stable of racehorses and brood mares, under the management of an Englishman. The jocks were negro lads; and when we arrived, about half a dozen of them were giving the colts a run in the paddock. The calveless legs and hollow thighs of the negro adapts him admirably for the pigskin; and these little fellows sat their horses so well, one might have thought, till the turn in the course displayed their black faces and grinning mouths, he was looking at a set of John Scott's young gentlemen out training.

The Carolinians are true sportsmen, and in the South the Charleston races create almost as much sensation as our Derby at home. One of the guests at Mr. Kenner's knew all about the winners of Epsom Oaks, and Ascot, and took delight in showing his knowledge of the "Racing Calendar."

It is observable, however, that the creoles do not exhibit any great enthusiasm for horse-racing, but that they apply themselves rather to cultivate their plantations and to domestic duties; and it is even remarkable that they do not stand prominently forward in the State Legislature, or aspire to high political influence and position, although their numbers and wealth would fairly entitle them to both. The population of small settlers, scarcely removed from pauperism, along the river banks, is courted by men who obtain larger political influence than the great landowners, as the latter consider it beneath them to have recourse to the arts of the demagogue.

June 10th.—At last *venit summa dies et ineluctabile tempus*. I had seen as much as might be of the best phase of the great institution—less than I could desire of a most exemplary, kind-hearted, clear-headed, honest man. In the calm of a glorious summer evening we crossed the Father of Waters, waving an adieu to the good friend who stood on the shore, and turning our backs to the home we had left behind us. It was dark when the boat reached Donaldsonville on the opposite "coast."

I should not be surprised to hear that the founder of this remarkable city, which once contained the archives of the State, now transferred to Baton Rouge, was a North Briton. There is a simplicity and economy in the plan of the place not unfavourable to that view, but the motives which induced Donaldson to found his Rome on the west of Bayou La Fourche from the Mississippi must be a secret to all time. Much must the worthy Scot have been perplexed by his neighbours, a long-reaching colony of Spanish creoles, who toil not and spin nothing but fishing-nets, and who live better than Solomon, and are probably as well dressed, *minus* the barbaric pearl and gold of the Hebrew potentate. Take the odd, little, retiring, modest houses which grow in the hollows of Scarborough, add to them the least imposing mansions in the town of Folkstone, cast these broadsown over the surface of the Essex marshes, plant a few trees in front of them, then open a few *cafés billard* of the camp sort along the main street, and you have done a very good Donaldsonville.

A policeman welcomes us on the landing, and does the honours of the market, which has a beggarly account of empty benches, a Texan bull done into beef, and a coffee-shop. The policeman is a tall, lean, west countryman; his story is simple, and he has it to tell. He was one of Dan Rice's company—a travelling Astley. He came to Donaldsonville, saw, and was conquered by one of the Spanish beauties, married her, become tavern-keeper, failed, learned French, and is now constable of the parish. There was, however, a weight on his mind. He had studied the matter profoundly, but he was not near the bottom. How did the friends, relatives, and tribe of his wife live? No one could say. They reared chickens, and they caught fish; when there was a pressure on the planters, they turned out to work for 6*s.* 6*d.* a-day, but those were rare occasions. The policeman had become quite grey with excogitating the matter, and he had "nary notion how they did it."

Donaldsonville has done one fine thing. It has furnished two companies of soldiers—all Irishmen—to the wars, and the third is in the course of formation. Not much hedging, ditching, or hard work these times for Paddy! The blacksmith, a huge tower of muscle, claims exemption on the ground that "the divil a bit of him comes from Oireland; he nivir hird af it, barrin' from the buks he rid," and is doing his best to remain behind, but popular opinion is against him.

As the steamer could not be up from New Orleans till dawn, it was a relief to saunter through Donaldsonville to see society, which consisted of several gentlemen and various Jews playing games unknown to Hoyle, in oaken bar-rooms flanked by billiard tables. Doctor Cotmann, who had crossed the river to see patients suffering from an attack of euchre, took us round to a little club, where I was introduced to a number of gentlemen, who expressed great pleasure at seeing me, shook hands violently, and walked away; and, finally, melted off into a cloud of mosquitoes by the river bank, into a box prepared for them, which was called a bedroom.

These rooms were built of timber on the stage close by the river. "Why can't I have one of those rooms?" asked I, pointing to a larger mosquito box. "It is engaged by ladies." "How do you know?" "*Parceque elles ont envoyé leur butin.*" It was delicious to meet the French "plunder" for baggage—the old phrase, so nicely rendered—in the mouth of the Mississippi boatman.

Having passed a night of discomfiture with the winged demons of my box, I was aroused by the booming of the steam drum of the boat, dipped my head in water among drowned mosquitoes, and went forth upon the landing. The policeman had just arrived. His eagle eye lighted upon a large flat moored alongside, on the stern of which was inscribed in chalk, "Pork, corn, butter, beef," &c. Several "spry" citizens were also on the platform. After salutations and compliments, policeman speaks—"When did *she* come in?" (meaning flat.) First citizen—"In the night, I guess." Second citizen—"There's a lot of whisky aboord, too." Policeman (with pleased surprise)—"Yeu never mean it?" First citizen—"Yes, sir; one hundred and twenty gallons!" Policeman (inspired by patriotism)—"It's a west-çountry boat; why *don't* the citizens seize it? And whisky rising from 17c. to 35c. a gallon!" Citizens murmur approval, and I feel the whisky part of the cargo is not safe. "Yes, sir," says citizen three, "they seize all our property at Cairey (Cairo), and I'm making an example of this cargo."

Further reasons for the seizure were adduced, and it is probable they were as strong as the whisky, which has, no doubt, been drunk long ago on the very purest principles. In course of conversation with the committee of taste which had assembled, it was revealed to me that there was a strict watch kept over those boats which are freighted with whisky forbidden to the slaves, and with principles, when they come from the west country, equally objectionable. "Did you hear, sir, of the chap over at Duncan Kenner's, as was caught the other day?" "No, sir, what was it?" "Well, sir, he was a man that came here and went over among the niggers at Kenner's to buy their chickens from them. He was took up, and they found he'd a lot of money about him." "Well, of course, he had money to buy the chickens." "Yes, sir, but it looked suspeec-ious. He was a west-country fellow, tew, and he might have been tamperin' with 'em. Lucky for him he was not taken in the arternoon." "Why so?" "Because, if the citizens had been drunk, they'd have hung him on the spot."

The Acadia was now alongside, and in the early morning Donaldsonville receded rapidly into trees and clouds. To bed, and make amends for mosquito visits, and after a long sleep look out again on the scene. It is difficult to believe that we have been going eleven miles an hour against the turbid river, which is of the same appearance as it was below—the same banks, bends, driftwood, and trees. Large timber rafts, navigated by a couple of men, who stood in the shade of a few upright boards, were encountered at long intervals. White egrets and blue herons rose from the marshes. At every landing the whites who came down were in some sort of uniform. There were two blacks placed on board at one of the landings in irons—captured runaways—and very miserable they looked at the thought of being restored to the bosom of the patriarchal family from which they had, no doubt, so prodigally eloped. I fear the fatted calf-skin would be applied to their backs.

June 11*th.*—Before noon the steamer hauled alongside a stationary hulk at Baton Rouge, which once "walked the waters" by the aid of machinery, but which was now used as a floating hotel, depôt, and storehouse—315 feet long, and fully thirty feet on the upper deck above the level of the river. The Acadia stopped, and I disembarked. Here were my quarters till the boat for Natchez should arrive. The proprietor of the floating hotel was somewhat excited because one of his servants was away. The man presently came in sight. "Where have you been, you ——?" "Away to buy de newspaper, Massa." "For who, you ——?" "Me buy 'em for no one, Massa; me sell 'um agin, Massa." "See, now, you ——, if ever you goes aboard them steamers to meddle with newspapers, I'm —— but I'll kill you, mind that!"

Baton Rouge is the capital of the State of Louisiana, and the State House thereof is a very quaint and very new example of bad taste. The Deaf and Dumb Asylum near it is in a much better style. It was my intention to have visited the State Prison and Penitentiary, but the day was too hot, and the distance too great, and so I dined at the oddest little creole restaurant, with the funniest old hostess, and the strangest company in the world.

On returning to the boat hotel, Mr. Conrad, one of the citizens of the place, and Mr. W. Avery, a judge of the district court, were good enough to call and to invite me to remain some time, but I was obliged to decline. These gentlemen were members of the home guard, and drilled assiduously every evening. Of the 1300 voters at Baton Rouge, more than 750 are already off to the wars, and another company is being formed to follow them. Mr. Conrad has three sons in the field, and another is anxious to follow, and he and his friend, Mr. Avery, are quite ready to die for the disunion. The waiter who served out drinks in the bar wore a uniform, and his musket lay in the corner among the brandy bottles. At night a patriotic meeting of citizen soldiery took place in the bow, with which song and whisky had much to do, so that sleep was difficult.

Precisely at seven o'clock on Wednesday morning the Mary T. came alongside, and soon afterward bore me on to Natchez, through scenery which became wilder and less cultivated as she got upwards. Of the 1500 steamers on the river, not a tithe are now in employment, and the owners of these profitable flotillas are "in a bad way." It was late at night when the steamer arrived at Natchez, and next morning early I took shelter in another engineless steamer beside the bank of the river at Natchez-under-the-hill, which was thought to be a hotel by its owners.

In the morning I asked for breakfast. "There is nothing for breakfast; go to Curry's on shore." Walk up hill to Curry's—a bar-room occupied by a waiter and flies. "Can I have any breakfast?" "No, sir-ree; it's over half-an-hour ago." "Nothing to eat at all?" "No, sir." "Can I get some anywhere else?" "I guess not." It had been my belief that a man with money in his pocket could not starve in any country *soi-disant* civilized. I chewed the cud of fancy *faute de mieux*, and became the centre of attraction to citizens, from whose conversation I learned that this was "Jeff. Davis' fast day." Observed one, "It quite puts me in mind of Sunday; all the stores closed." Said another, "We'll soon have Sunday every day, then, for

I 'spect it won't be worth while for most shops to keep open any longer." Natchez, a place of much trade and cotton export in the season, is now as dull—let us say, as Harwich without a regatta. But it is ultra-secessionist, *nil obstante.*

My hunger was assuaged by Mr. Marshall, who drove me to his comfortable mansion through a country like the wooded parts of Sussex, abounding in fine trees, and in the only lawns and park-like fields I have yet seen in America.

After dinner, my host took me out to visit a wealthy planter, who has raised and armed a cavalry corps at his own expense. We were obliged to get out of the carriage at a narrow lane and walk toward the encampment on foot in the dark; a sentry stopped us, and we observed that there was a semblance of military method in the camp. The captain was walking up and down in the verandah of the poor hut, for which he had abandoned his home. A book of tactics — Hardee's — lay on the table of his little room. Our friend was full of fight, and said he would give all he had in the world to the cause. But the day before, and a party of horse, composed of sixty gentlemen in the district, worth from £20,000 to £50,000 each, had started for the war in Virginia. Everything to be seen or heard testifies to the great zeal and resolution with which the South have entered upon the quarrel. But they hold the power of the United States and the loyalty of the North to the Union at far too cheap a rate.

Next day was passed in a delightful drive through cotton fields, Indian corn, and undulating woodlands, amid which were some charming residences. I crossed the river at Natchez, and saw one fine plantation, in which the corn, however, was by no means so good as the crops I have seen on the coast. The cotton looks well, and some had already burst into flower—bloom, as it is called—which has turned to a flagrant pink, and seems saucily conscious that its boll will play an important part in the world.

The inhabitants of the tracts on the banks of the Mississippi, and on the inland regions hereabout, ought to be, in the natural order of things, a people almost nomadic, living by the chase, and by a sparse agriculture, in the freedom which tempted their ancestors to leave Europe. But the Old World has been working for them. All its trials have been theirs; the fruits of its experience, its labours, its research, its discoveries, are theirs. Steam has enabled them to turn their rivers into highways, to open primeval forests to the light of day and to man. All these, however, would have availed them little had not the demands of manufacture abroad, and the increasing luxury and population of the North and West at home, enabled them to find in these swamps and uplands sources of wealth richer and more certain than all the gold mines of the world.

There must be gnomes to work those mines. Slavery was an institution ready to their hands. In its development there lay every material means for securing the prosperity which Manchester opened to them, and in supplying their own countrymen with sugar. The small, struggling, deeply-mortgaged proprietors of swamp and forest set their negroes to work to raise levées, to cut down trees, to plant and sow. Cotton at ten cents a pound gave a nugget in every boll. Land could be had for a few dollars an acre. Negroes were cheap in proportion. Men who made a few thousand dollars invested them in more negroes, and more land, and borrowed as much again for the same purpose. They waxed fat and rich —there seemed no bounds to their fortune.

But threatening voices came from the North—the echoes of the sentiments of the civilised world repenting of its evil pierced their ears, and they found their feet were of clay, and that they were nodding to their fall in the midst of their power. Ruin inevitable awaited them if they did not shut out these sounds and stop the fatal utterances.

The issue is to them one of life and death. Whoever raises it hereafter, if it be not decided now, must expect to meet the deadly animosity which is now displayed towards the North. The success of the South —if they can succeed—must lead to complications and results in other parts of the world, for which neither they nor Europe are prepared. Of one thing there can be no doubt—a slave state cannot long exist without a slave trade. The poor whites who have won the fight will demand their share of the spoils. The land for tilth is abundant, and all that is wanted to give them fortunes is a supply of slaves. They will have that in spite of their masters, unless a stronger power than the Slave States prevents the accomplishment of their wishes.

The gentleman in whose house I was stopping was not insensible to the dangers of the future, and would, I think, like many others, not at all regret to find himself and property safe in England. His father, the very day of our arrival, had proceeded to Canada with his daughters, but the Confederate authorities are now determined to confiscate all property belonging to persons who endeavour to evade the responsibilities of patriotism. In such matters the pressure of the majority is irresistible, and a sort of mob law supplants any remissness on the part of the authorities. In the South, where the deeds of the land of cypress and myrtle are exaggerated by passion, this power will be exercised very rigorously. The very language of the people is full of the excesses generally accepted as types of Americanism. Turning over a newspaper this morning, I came upon a "card" as it is called, signed by one "Mr. Bonner," relating to a dispute between himself and an Assistant-Quarter-Master-General, about the carriage of some wood at Mobile, which concludes with the sentence that I transcribe, as an evidence of the style which is tolerated, if not admired, down South:—

"If such a Shylock-hearted, caitiff scoundrel does exist, give me the evidence, and I will drag him before the bar of public opinion, and consign him to an infamy so deep and damnable that the hand of the Resurrection will never reach him."

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